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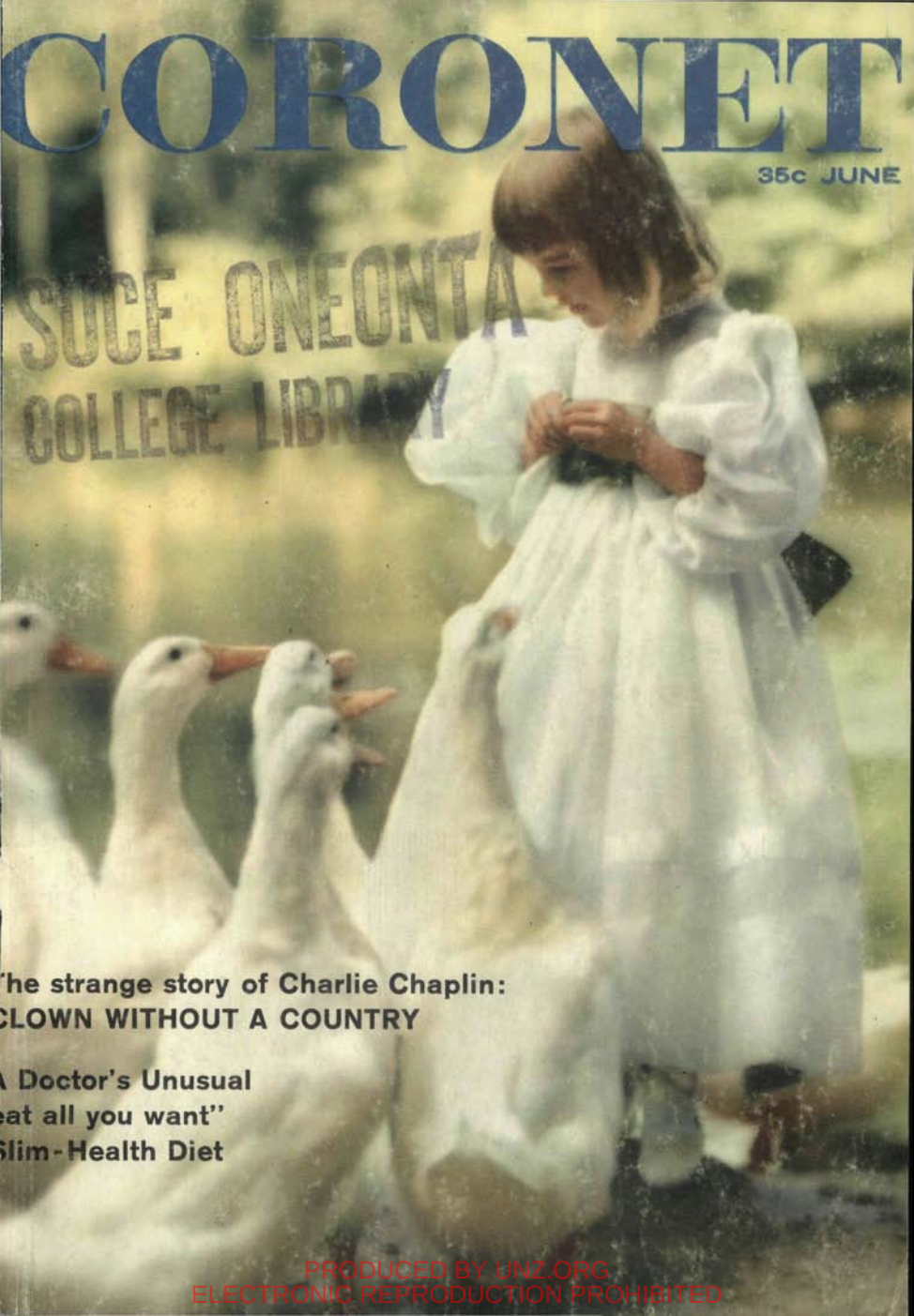

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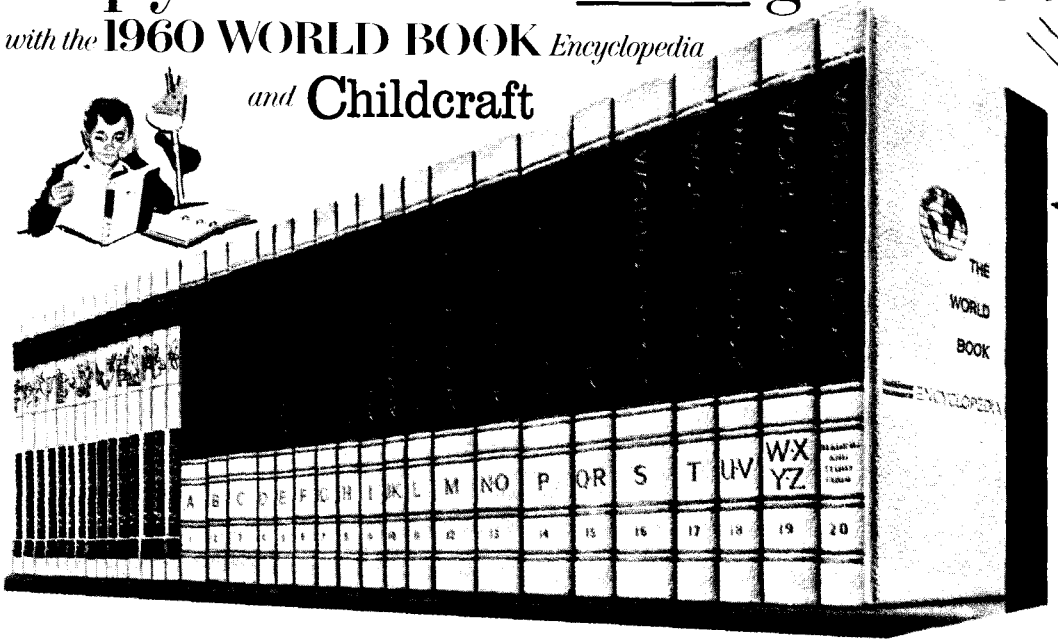

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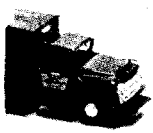

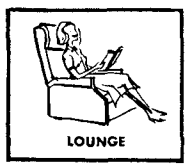

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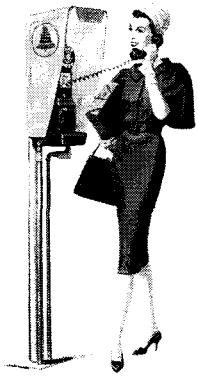

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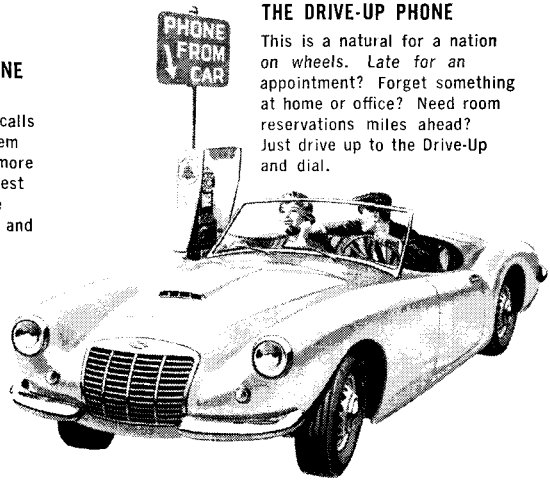

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Oboler: diminutive dynamo.

THE SUSPENSE AND DRAMA in the real-life episode "My Jackasses and the Fire" (p. 33) are elements Arch Oboler has made his hallmark in 40 years of creative writing. And since Oboler was born in Chicago 50 years ago, that means he began at ten with a newspaper science-fiction story. As a teenager, he earned $75 a week from his weird tales and considered himself such a "pro" he quit the University of Chicago. "Futuristic" was the first of Oboler's 800 radio plays. It was broadcast during the 1931 dedication of Radio City and revealed his characteristic fascination for the uncanny. Employing unusual sound effects "to make the listener participate in the theater of his mind," Oboler helped create a radio art form. This fall he'll do his first TV drama. "TV is full of adaptations, like radio when I started," says Oboler. "The one-shot geniuses have shot their bolt. But my batteries are recharged and I'm ready. I made a mound of money with *Bwana Devil,* the first 3-D feature film; I'd won all the radio awards, including the 1945 Peabody award for drama, so I took off a few years to think." A ready-made retreat was his Frank Lloyd Wright-designed house in California's Malibu hills. There in 1950 he'd made *Five,* a gripping film about atomic disaster, which won an Academy Award nomination. And there in 1956 he wrote *Night of the Auk,* a play about people returning to earth from a satellite which pre-Sputnik critics found too fantastic. Oboler, his wife Eleanor and their three sons helped build the house. It contains the family rock collection, a hobby dating from Oboler's early ambition to be a paleontologist. Traces of the fire are almost gone now, Oboler reports, "and now I've got enough equipment up there to put out Vesuvius." The jackasses? "Eating everything in sight. Peter is 44 and Tony will be 24 this year."

The Editors

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all about you

Spurs for executives; how headaches start; married women live longer

STATUS BAIT

Life for many Americans has become so agreeable there isn't enough incentive to get to the top. This may be democracy, but it plays hob with top brass recruitment. It's now being proposed that executive salaries be upped sharply, VIP offices be luxuriously decorated and that corporation help be extended to finance upper-crust housing and country-club fees for valuable executives. These inducements to make talented men drive toward the executive-suite league were suggested by University of Michigan Professor George S. Odiorne at a meeting of the American Management Association. Those who make the grade, he warned, must expect less leisure time for reading, playing with their children or other relaxation. They'll be corporation men 24 hours a day. Even with greater rewards, Dr. Odiorne predicted, few men will be willing to pay the price.

HUSBANDS TAKE NOTE

When a vexed young wife snaps, "You'll be the death of me," at her mess-making husband, she is flying in the face of the facts, or at least facts reported in the *Journal of Chronic Diseases*. An article in the publication claims that women between 20 and 45 who are, or have been, married are less likely to die of most causes than single women. At 30, twice as many single women die of influenza, tuberculosis, pneumonia and diabetes as do wives, widows or divorcées. After 45, though, the spinsters get the edge and wives begin to feel the toll, becoming more susceptible to a number of diseases—including cirrhosis of the liver, sometimes attributed to too much drinking. The researcher, Julia Zalokar of Yale University doesn't say whether wives take to the bottle nor does she offer any comment on an important side of the story: what about the longevity of husbands?

HEADACHES

Laboratory animals used in medical research have one thing to be thankful for: they can't be made to suffer headaches. The headache is peculiarly human, perhaps dating to the moment of tension when Adam and Eve argued over the

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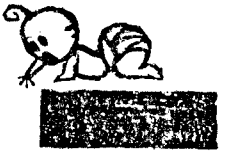
all about YOU

continued

apple. Tension is the commonest cause and about 95 percent of headaches actually have no *source* in the *head* at all, says Dr. Adrian Ostfeld of the University of Illinois. Most often pain is triggered when muscles become overstrained. The ensuing headache is probably the result of a release of a "pain substance" from nerve ends in the scalp, at the same time that arteries in the head have become dilated. This sometimes happens when we concentrate on something too long. Reading, TV, driving or prolonged preoccupation with one subject can do it. So can poor ventilation, skipping a meal or fever. Changing position, relaxing and that old stand-by, aspirin, are the best remedies. But a really infallible headache pill is still years away, Dr. Ostfeld says.

IT'S HOW YOU SAY IT

People who stutter can take comfort in the knowledge that many great men have shared their problem; among them Moses, Aesop, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Virgil and Erasmus. A New York psychiatrist who overcame his own stammer and now specializes in speech problems, Dr. Dominick Barbara, believes most such problems are caused when the speaker tries to give the listener a false impression of himself. Some strain to appear brilliant, others try to exude confidence or charm. Behind the effort is usually a feeling of inadequacy; and forcing bogus attitudes leads to flustered failure, according to Dr. Barbara. The more the speaker strains, the more he calls attention away from his words and toward his way of speaking. Even men and women with normal speech often fail to get their message across because of the tone they employ. The answer, Dr. Barbara says, is always to be yourself and speak in a warm, sympathetic manner.



NOT FALL GUYS

Babies have more sense—depth sense—than they get credit for, experiments by Cornell psychologists Prof. Richard Walk and Mrs. Eleanor Gibson reveal. They placed babies as young as seven months on tables with clear glass extensions and urged them to crawl off the visible edge onto the glass. More than 92 percent of the babies could not be coaxed from the table, though they'd crawl to the glass and look down before shying away. When placed on the glass over the void they became uneasy. The experiment is said to explode the theory that babies who crawl out windows and fall from furniture do so because they can't distinguish heights and see everything on a single plane.

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Spotlight on Stack

HE WAS NOT the first choice for the part: the producers had vainly tried to sign Van Heflin, then Van Johnson. Finally they asked Robert Stack to play Eliot Ness, leader of a small band of U. S. Treasury agents in **The Untouchables.**

"The idea was to do a feature movie for European release, then cut it into two one-hour television shows," Stack recalls. "Then a sponsor asked to bankroll it as a weekly series." Stack was offered 25 percent of the show to continue as Ness. "I had 12 hours to decide—I was sailing for Japan to make a movie—*The Last Voyage*—and I wasn't sure I wanted to play in a regular TV series," he says. "I preferred movies. But I figured the producer, Desi Arnaz, was a shrewd man and too few movies were being made. So I took it."

Stack surprised producers and himself by scoring a hit in the A.B.C.-TV series. The vest-wearing, tight-lipped, man-against-crime role seemed to be cut to ultra-conservative Stack's specifications. Although he was nominated for an Academy Award for *Written on the Wind* in 1957, his movie career was bogged down until TV gave it fresh impetus. And Stack isn't hiding his glee. He was originally scheduled to act in only 11 of the first 26 episodes. But his initial success made the ambitious Stack eager to do more. Also, *Untouchables* gives him a sympathetic, "leading man" role, a public image Stack is anxious to build after playing film neurotics.

Robert Stack: third-choice winner.

Stack, 6'1" with matinee-idol features and a solid, 180-pound physique, photographs younger than his 41 years and still hopes to break through as a romantic figure on the screen. His TV series' success has hiked his movie salary about $30,000, to over $120,000 a film.

Money, however, has never been a worry in Stack's life. A fifth-generation scion of a wealthy California family, he lives with his wife, former actress Rosemarie Bowe on the Stack family estate. They have two children: Elizabeth, three, and Charles Robert, two. Stack's contemporary Tahitian home is surrounded by palm trees imported from the islands. In it he displays trophies won as a member of the All-American skeet shooting team of 1936-37.

In Stack's first break in 1939, he gave Deanna Durbin her first screen kiss. "I had to fight this 'pretty boy' stigma for 15 years," he says. "Looks like TV has helped me finally lick it."

—MARK NICHOLS

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Threepenny actors pose before show's trade-mark.

BROADWAY's soaring costs have kept its 27 theaters catering largely to theater parties and the expense account trade. Other audiences are discovering cheaper seats and new vitality in 30 little theaters "**off-Broadway**," scattered around Manhattan. These remodeled cellars and lofts proffer a potpourri of revivals of classics, musicals, experimental plays and readings.

Longest running in the U. S. is the lusty *Threepenny Opera*, in its fifth year. It sparked two revivals of the song *Mack the Knife* and provides work for a revolving doorful of unemployed Broadway actors.

The newest hit is an "affectionate satire" of the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operetta—*Little Mary Sunshine*. Little Mary is played by Eileen Brennan, 24, whose tongue-in-cheek portrayal, she claims, "was inspired by Snow White."

José Quintero, acclaimed for his Broadway staging of *Long Day's Journey into Night*, prefers the freedom of off-Broadway. As a part owner of Circle in the Square, he has produced moving revivals of *Our Town*, *Summer and Smoke*, *The Iceman Cometh*. His new project: Jean Genet's controversial *The Balcony*, fascinating cameos of people seeking escape in fantasy.

In *The Connection*, Jack Gelber's startling drama about narcotics addicts, a "junkie" solicits money for a "fix" at intermission. Samuel (*Waiting for Godot*) Beckett's surrealistic short play, *Krapp's Last Tape*, employs one actor and a tape recorder. The Orestes legend is excitingly retold in Jack Richardson's *The Prodigal*. And repertory stages cater to Chekhov, Shakespeare and Gilbert & Sullivan buffs.

Nostalgia compensates for dated plot in the revival of the Jerome Kern collegiate musical, *Leave It to Jane*. Its cast of talented youngsters romp through the tuneful score with an enthusiasm typical of off-Broadway today. —M.N.

"Little Mary" Brennan: shades of Snow White.

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Making a big splash

"GOING OFF the deep end has its rewards," quips **Lloyd Bridges**, star of the Ziv-U.A. syndicated underwater series, *Sea Hunt*. He expects his "take" from the show, now in its third year, to swell to $1,000-000 by the end of 1960.

Sea Hunt is seen over 200 stations in the U.S. and in 20 foreign nations, including Russia. "We wanted a versatile actor rather than a single-gaited action star to play Mike Nelson, our sleuthing hero," explains producer Ivan Tors. "The role seemingly involves more brawn than brains, because two-thirds of each episode is filmed underwater. But it requires keen imagination and flexibility. Bridges has both."

"This series is more pleasure than work for me," Bridges claims. "I love the ocean; I'm in the water every chance I get. And television has taken me out of 'B' pictures and made me a star." Despite his success, however, Bridges spends time off from *Sea Hunt* working in other TV dramas and on the stage.

The blue-eyed, sandy-haired 6′2″ Bridges exercises regularly to keep down to a muscular 175 pounds for his tough underwater chore. "I work myself awake every morning with calisthenics, and keep a bar across one door for chin-ups every time I pass it," he says.

Soft-spoken and reserved, Bridges, 47, answers to the nickname "Bud." He and his wife Dorothy, sweethearts since college, have three children: Lloyd III ("Beau"), 18; Cindy, 17, and Jeff, ten. They live in a $90,000 house in the Westwood section of Los Angeles, and their beach house is within a 15-minute drive.

Lloyd Bridges as Mike Nelson: happy when wet.

The flipper-footed TV star was one of two children born to a hotel-owner and his wife in Petaluma, California. An all-round athlete at UCLA while studying law, he switched to acting, pounded Broadway pavements and struggled in summer stock until a movie talent scout spotted him.

Bridges says he's worn out six pairs of bathing trunks so far. His contract allows him to direct four shows a year for Ziv-U.A., but he finds acting more satisfying.—M.N.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Se•cur'ance (sē•kūr'ăns), *n.* A new program for true family security, originated by Nationwide Insurance. A method of providing through one representative all (or part) of one's *insurance* – life, health, home, car, property; may include car and home *financing*. Also refers to the unique system of *democratic participation* through which Nationwide's member-customers help to determine the direction and scope of their company's services.

SECURANCE offers you a choice of 129 insurance plans, plus financing assistance for home and car purchases – all through your Nationwide agent. ¶ Shopping for life insurance? Nationwide's choice of plans is among the widest offered *anywhere*. And each plan is "styled" to fit your family's needs in a sensible way. ¶ One example: our *Family Income Plan* can pay your family as much as 3 times its face amount when the children are young. A $10,000 20-year plan can actually pay $30,000 if death occurs in the early policy years. ¶ If you're in the market for *any* kind of life protection, call your Nationwide man. Ask him how SECURANCE can work for *you!*

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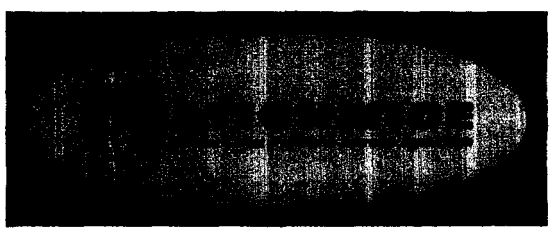

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Accord and Discord, Ltd.

NONE OF THE OLDER musical comedies can compare in continuing popularity with *The Mikado, H.M.S. Pinafore* and *The Yeomen of the Guard.* Their lyrics have become quotations. Would-be lampoonists, eager to put together a sure-fire skit, are quick to turn to (and copiously "borrow") the clipped wit and rhythms of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. So much have the two names become the expression of *one* authorship that even reasonably well-informed people have difficulty remembering who was the librettist and who the composer. (Make the test; ask your friends!)

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert was the playwright and Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan the musician. If their *Mikado*'s "object all sublime" was to let the punishment fit the crime, theirs was to fit seemingly unsingable topsy-turvy phrases to melodious music. In this they collaborated with unparalleled brilliance, despite their diametrically opposed personalities, which constantly sparked mutual exasperation.

Gilbert came from middle-class English stock and was in government service before he turned to full-time writing. Sullivan, son of a military bandmaster of Irish descent, grew up in London's cockney district of Lambeth. Gilbert did not know a note of music and was tone-deaf. Some said that was what kept him from saying a good word about his collaborator's tunes. Sullivan at eight played every wind instrument in his father's band. Gilbert was tall, fair and dignified; Sullivan plump, dark and Bohemian. Gilbert was bad-tempered, thin-skinned, nagging and pugnacious, with a talent for making an enemy of the most benevolent friend. He was disdainful of everyone, including himself. Sullivan was full of fun, gregarious and happy-go-lucky. Gilbert was married, Sullivan a bachelor who traveled with a valet, a housekeeper, a dog and a parrot which could whistle Sullivan's tunes.

Both men were successful before they met. Gilbert had become rich by writing trashy Victorian dramas, and famous by composing nonsense verse. Sullivan was a highly respected conductor and composer of serious and sacred music, including *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and *The Lost Chord.* The man who brought the two together, Richard D'Oyly Carte, was a high-minded business and theatrical entrepreneur with a great flair for success. The Savoy Theatre he built in London was full of innovations: the first

Sullivan and Gilbert.

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Nobody's done so much to make—and keep—you happy

Chevrolet, for example, knows that people like lots of room and concentrated on seating space instead of outside bulk. And, of all the leading low-priced cars, Chevy's the only one that gives you the hushed comfort that comes from Full Coil springs at all four wheels and "tuned" butyl rubber body mounts. Your dealer's got all the details on all the things Chevy's done to make you happy (including budget-pleasing prices for '60):

Roomier Body by Fisher (*with wide, soft seats, stretch-out space from head to foot*).

Pride-pleasing style (*combines good looks with good sense*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (*makes friends fast by getting up to 10% better mileage*).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (*24 combinations—for the most finicky driver*).

Hi-Thrift 6 (*with economy camshaft and carburetion—and Chevy's famous dependability*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts*).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (*specially designed for long lining wear*).

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

CHEVROLET

There's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. The Bel Air 4-Door Sedan.

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Music, cont.

public building entirely lighted by electricity "contributing to the purity of air" and equipped with the newly invented fire extinguishers; the first to distribute free programs; the first to arrange queues for the standing-room audience and the first to serve whisky.

Carte, who acted as production director, was a clever publicist. When he brought a touring company to the U. S. he opened with *Iolanthe*—on the same night the show had its première in London. He utilized the five-hour difference between London and New York time to prepare for his audience printed copies of the cabled London newspaper reviews.

During the company's subsequent tour he hurled a barrage of law suits at a number of American theaters, which were reaping a fortune by presenting pirated versions of Gillbert and Sullivan plays.

After 20 years of collaboration and ten successful operettas, the team broke up. The immediate cause was trifling. A carpet costing £140 had been purchased for the theater. Tempers flared over whether the expense was necessary. Bitter letters were exchanged. The men—each of whom had contributed to the other's fame and riches—tried to go separate ways. Not for long, though. A reconciliation was arranged. But everything they jointly wrote and composed thereafter was pale and witless. Sullivan—who for decades had suffered from a kidney ailment, relying through the years on morphine to allay his pain—died in 1900 at the age of 58. In 1911, Gilbert, 74 years old, lost his life while trying to rescue a drowning girl in the lake on his estate. —FRED BERGER

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Beethoven, Octet; Mozart, Serenade No. 11: Prague Woodwind Octet; Vanguard 1046, *VSD 2043
Beethoven, Symphony No. 7: Szell, Cleveland Orch.; Epic LC 3658, *BC 1066
Brahms, Symphony No. 4: Walter, Columbia Symph.; Columbia ML 5439, *MS 6113
Chopin, Scherzos: Rubinstein, RCA Victor LM 2368, *LSC 2368
Grieg/Schumann, Piano Concertos: Solomon, Menges, Philh. Orch.; Capitol G 7191, *SG 7191
Handel, Water Music; Royal Fireworks Music: Prohaska, Appia, Vienna State Opera Orch.; Vanguard SRV 115, *SRV 115 SD
Mozart, Serenades Nos. 11, 12: Jenkins, Woodwind Octet; Everest 6042, *3042
Birgit Nilsson sings Beethoven, Weber, Mozart: Wallberg, Philharmonia Orch.; Angel 35719, *S 35719
Opera For People Who Hate Opera; RCA Victor LM 2391, *LSC 2391
Ravel, Mother Goose Suite, etc.: Whittemore & Lowe; Capitol P 8513, *SP 8513
Saint-Saëns, Symphony No. 3: Munch, Boston Symph.; RCA Victor LM 2341, *LSC 2341
Schubert, Symphony No. 8, Music from "Rosamunde": Kletzki, Royal Philharmonic Orch.; Angel 35779, *S 35779
Shostakovitch, Symphony No. 5: Bernstein, N. Y. Philh.; Columbia ML 5445, *MS 6115
Strauss, Ein Heldenleben: Karajan, Berlin Philh.; Decca 12022, *712022
Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 5: Ormandy, Phila. Orch.; Columbia ML 5435, *MS 6109

*denotes stereophonic

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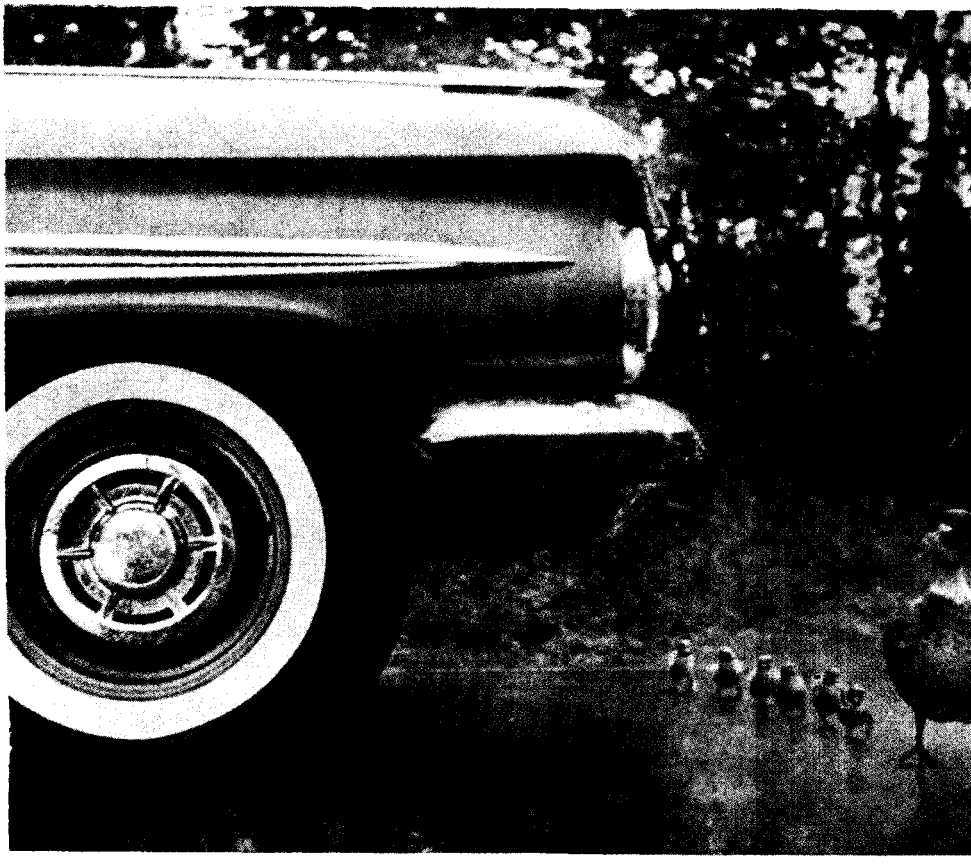
Nice weather for Butyl tires, too!



Tires of Butyl stop faster on wet roads than others do on dry. This new, proved miracle rubber — developed by Esso Research — outperforms in other ways, too. Butyl tires are squeal-free even on the sharpest turn. They age better — won't crack. They absorb thumps and bumps, cushioning the road and adding greater comfort to your ride. Once again, **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

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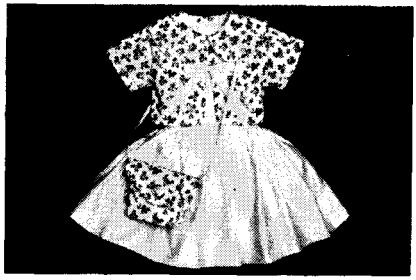
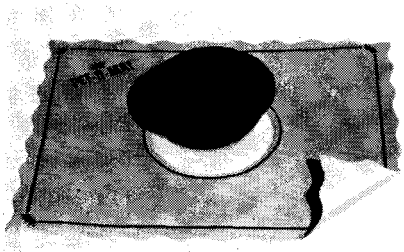
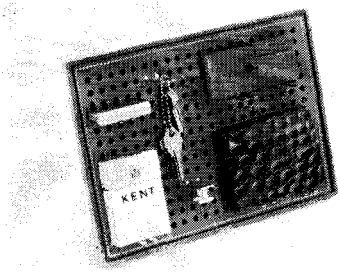


Fit for a little princess. Blue or yellow cotton sateen sun dress has matching print jacket and shoulder strap bag. Dress and jacket washable and colorfast. Sizes 3 to 6X. By "Lil" Airess. $6.40 pp. Strawbridge & Clothier, C-1, Market at 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pet-O-Mat protects floor when your four-legged friend dines. Slipproof foam rubber corners and center keep mat and bowl from sliding. Of two-tone vinyl plastic; measures 14″ x 18″. Personalized with pet's name. $2.23 pp. Medford Products, C, Box 39, Bethpage, New York.

Bee Hive Bonnet is an attractive camouflage for your hair when it is set in curlers. Washable and made of frilly nylon tricot topped by a dainty rose. Choice of pastel pink, blue, white. $3.25 pp. Bancroft's Inc., Dept. CM-744, 2170 South Canalport Ave., Chicago 8, Illinois.



Leather Peg-Bar Caddy is handsome and useful gift for Dad on his day. Adjustable miniature shelving holds all his most-used pocket items. Can be put on his dressing table or hung on wall. $7.95 pp. Myers Luggage, Dept. CM, 231 Worth Ave., Palm Beach, Fla.

 Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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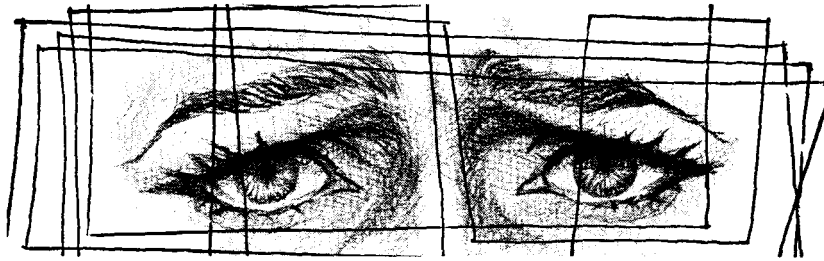

How to ease the pain of sinus headache...

Sinus disease is one of the more widespread and painful ills of our time. It occurs when the sinus openings in the head are blocked and cannot drain. Pressure is then exerted on the sinus walls—and the inevitable sinus headache results.

When recovering from a cold or any infection that lowers your resistance, you may be prey to acute sinusitis, which later may become chronic. You can also get the disease if you swim—and especially if you dive—when you have a cold.

Sinus headache is one of the most prominent and painful symptoms of sinus congestion. And as sinus pain builds up, nervousness and irritability can result. That's when many sinus sufferers turn to Bufferin®. Bufferin quickly relieves the throbbing, irritating pain. In fact, clinical studies prove that Bufferin's great benefit for millions is that it actually works twice as fast as plain aspirin. And Bufferin helps relax ragged nerves, makes a person feel better all over—fast.

A dulling sinus headache can plague a person for a day or two, even longer. Here, again, Bufferin is particularly effective. Plain aspirin and similar remedies can cause stomach discomfort when taken repeatedly. Not so with Bufferin. Bufferin can be taken —as directed—without fear of stomach discomfort. That's because Bufferin contains an exclusive combination of anti-acids, known as Di-Alminate*, which only Bufferin adds to aspirin. The result is welcome pain relief without stomach discomfort.

Whenever your sinuses signal another bout with headache, take two Bufferin. You'll find that Bufferin can ease your tormenting headache speedily, safely and effectively.

*Bristol-Myers Registered Trademark for aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.

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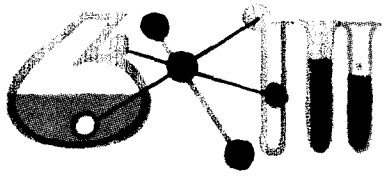
New Coronet films for High Schools and Colleges



Chemistry

27 16mm motion picture films produced for the classroom by The University of Akron

In this period of increasing high school and college enrollments, large classes, and growing pressures on academic facilities, these new films—tested in the classroom—should be welcome for instructors and their students.

Instructors will find that the films save hours of valuable preparation time and the need for expensive equipment. Students—who are often unable to perform these basic experiments because of the lack of time, equipment, and cost—will find that the films add greatly to an understanding of basic chemistry concepts.

Produced with the aid of a grant from The Fund for the Advancement of Education, the Chemistry Laboratory Series presents all the major laboratory demonstrations and experiments normally conducted in a full year's general chemistry course.

The series has been tested experimentally at The University of Akron. One group used the films without performing the experiments; another group did the experiments without the films. Tests at the end of one year indicated that the level of achievement of the groups was without significant difference.

The films, prepared under the supervision of Dr. Thomas Sumner, Head of the Department of Chemistry, The University of Akron, are being distributed internationally by Coronet Films and its worldwide sales organization.

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*Chromium and Manganese (37 min.)
Demonstrating the Gas Laws (21 min.)
Determination of Atomic Weight (18 min.)
*Elements, Compounds, Mixtures (30 min.)
*Hard Water (28 min.)
Heat of Solution (16 min.)
*Indicators and pH (28 min.)
*Ionic Equilibrium (16 min.)
Molecular Weight of Oxygen (11 min.)
Molecular Weight of Solutes (8 min.)
Nitrous Acid and Sodium Nitrite (18 min.)
Oxides of Nitrogen (16 min.)
Phosphorus (18 min.)
*Physical and Chemical Change (28 min.)
Preparation and Properties of the Halogens (32 min.)
Preparation and Properties of Hydrogen (18 min.)
*Preparation and Properties of Nitric Acid (21 min.)
*Principles of Ionization (13 min.)
*Properties of Acids, Bases, and Salts (28 min.)
*Properties of Solutions (28 min.)
Rate of Reaction (28 min.)
*Standard Solutions and Titration (21 min.)
Sulphur and Hydrogen Sulfide (21 min.)
Sulfur Dioxide and Sulfurous Acid (24 min.)
Sulfuric Acid (16 min.)
Synthesis of A Compound (13 min.)

*All the films listed are available in full, natural color and in black-and-white. All will be more interesting in color, but an asterisk (*) indicates those which are highly recommended in color.

These films will be especially effective in industrial training programs where a review of basic experimental techniques is required. In other instances, chemical manufacturers and other organizations can build good will and develop future personnel by sponsoring the use of these films in schools and colleges. For full details, use the coupon or write to Coronet Films.

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For a descriptive list of the twenty-seven films and complete information on how they may be previewed and purchased, simply use the coupon to request a new brochure, "The Chemistry Laboratory Series." We shall also be pleased to send information on other Coronet films for instruction in Chemistry.

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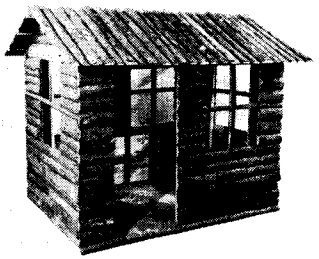
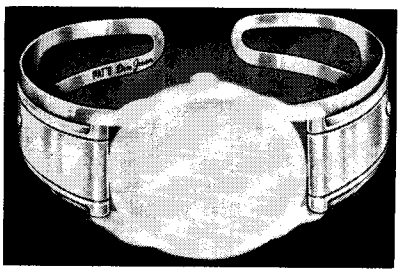
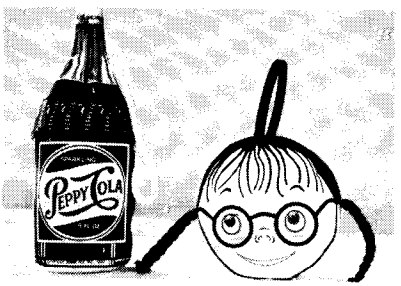


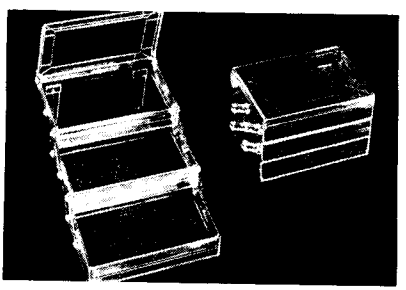
Playhouse for moppets. Rustic cabin of cedar logs comes pre-assembled in six sections; easily put together. 4′ x 5′ x 5½′, $19.88; 5′ x 7′ x 6½′, $38.95; with shutters and doors, $52.95. Shipped freight collect. Cedar Products, Box 84CE, North Baldwin, N. Y.



Give Dad this new clasp-on watch band contoured to fit his wrist. Made of resilient stainless steel with adjustable gold-filled clips. Perspiration-proof, will not tarnish. State wrist measurement and lug width. $10.50 pp. Don Juan, 8 S. Wabash St., Chicago 3, Ill.



Conversation-piece beach bags are waterproof and have zipper openings. Both of heavy cotton twill. 20″ high Peppy Cola bottle, $4.33. Betsy Braids in choice of yellow, red or black, $3.33 pp. By Bonne Age. Gift House, Dept. COR-1, 15 Beekman Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.



Pop-out trays in this three-decker are fine for storing odds and ends. Folds compactly into single unit measuring 4″ x 2¾″ x 2½″. Made of durable plastic in pink, blue or clear white. $1.00 ea.; 6 for $5.50 pp. Edes & Co., Dept. C, 112 N. 13th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

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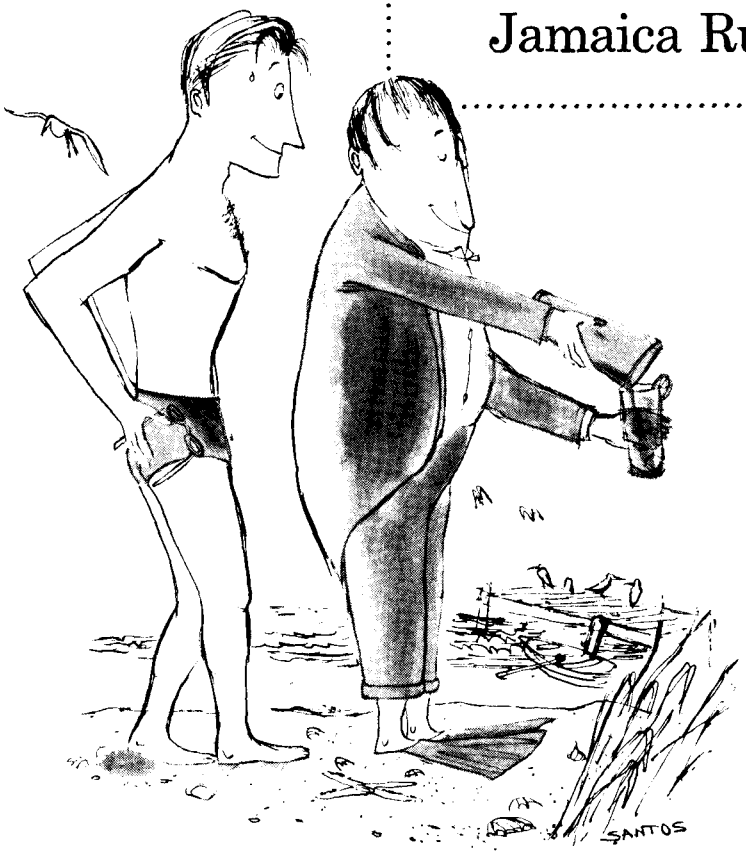
The classic Collins demands Myers Jamaica Rum!



We're not arbitrary. Labor-saving novelties, such as Collins mixers, are perfectly acceptable. But Myers Jamaica Rum in a Collins is mandatory! You'll know Myers by the unique russet color and smoldering flavor, tinged with Jamaica sunshine, it imparts to this classic cooler. For a Collins with character, insist on Myers Jamaica Rum.

For the newest in rum cookery and drinkery, write for our free booklet on Myers Jamaica Rum.
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y., MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM, 97 PROOF

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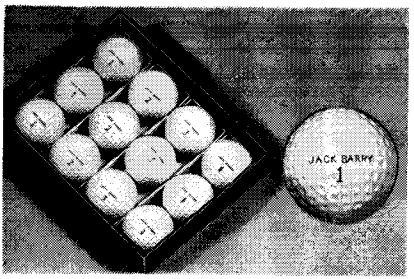
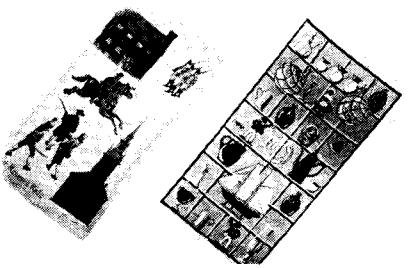
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



If Dad's a golfing man, he'll appreciate these liquid-center golf balls imprinted with his full name. High-compression balls have durable vulcanized covers. State name (18 spaces maximum). Set of 12, $8.97 pp. Spencer Gifts, Dept. C, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, New Jersey.



Early American kitchen towels are hand printed on absorbent cotton crash. Paul Revere towel in red and blue on white. Cape Cod Window has red and green display pieces on turquoise. $1.15 ea.; both $2.15 pp. Sturbridge Yankee Workshop, 3 Brimfield Turnpike, Sturbridge, Mass.

Gifts for the girl graduate. Sterling silver charms signify that important day in her life. Cap with cultured pearl and tassel, $5.50. Diploma, $1.50; matching sterling silver bracelet, $1.80 pp. Charms Unlimited, Dept. C6, P.O. Box 59, Carle Place, Long Island, N. Y.

Shoe find for the big man. Handsome glove-leather casual comes in extra large sizes. Natural tan color; cushion crepe soles. Sizes 10 to 16 in medium or narrow width. Catalogue of other styles available on request. $10.60 pp. King Size, Dept. C-1, 7640 Brockton, Mass.

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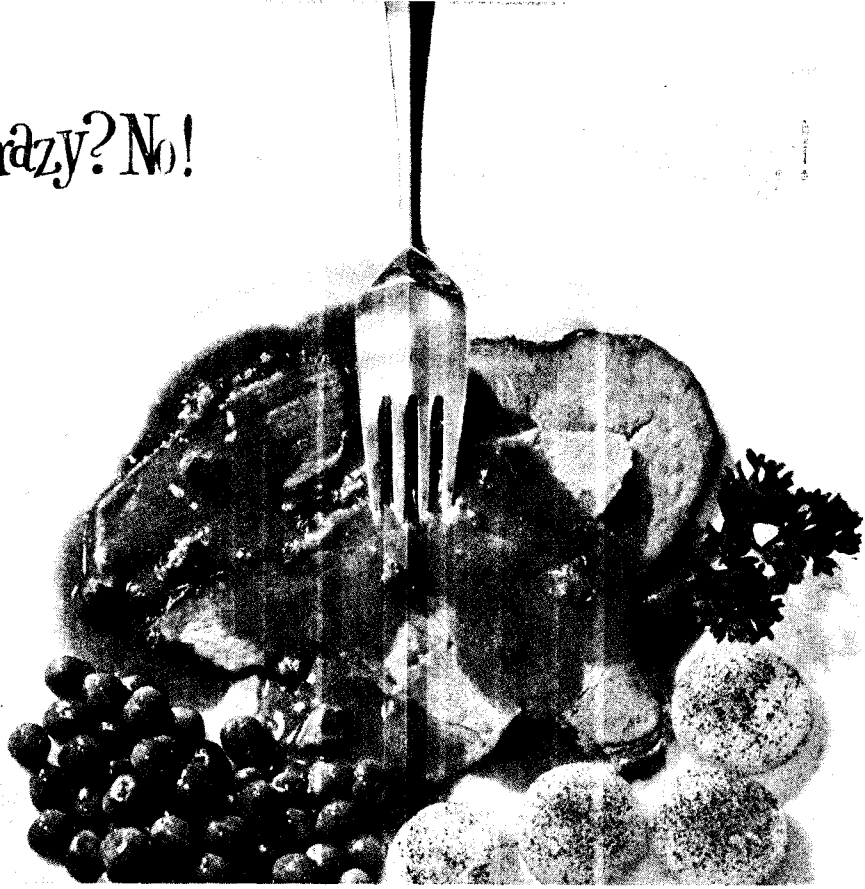
Crazy? No!



O.K., you've got your doubts. How can roast turkey with real giblet gravy be good if you don't spend hours making it? Ma'am, DINNER-REDY spends the hours—you and your family do the enjoying. Just pop the DINNER-REDY sealed foil envelope into boiling water. Heat 4 minutes, open and serve—proudly! Get DINNER-REDY Roast Turkey Slices with Giblet Gravy—and Virginia Ham Slices in Raisin Sauce—at your grocer's frozen food cabinet. Expensive? They only taste that way!

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Individual serving. No defrosting.

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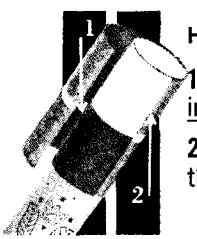
Filters for flavor as no single filter can



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2. with a pure white outer filter. Together they bring you the best of the best tobaccos—the mildness and taste that pay off in pleasure!

NEW DUAL FILTER **Tareyton**

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BY ARCH OBOLER

They were snickering, snorting and ornery.
But faced with a flaming ordeal,
they helped turn impending disaster into triumph

AT MY SIDE my wife murmured sleepily, "They've been braying for an hour! Would you please go out and see what those dear jackasses of yours want?"

Of course! Peter and Tony, our father and son jackass team! For over 20 years they had welcomed the dawn for us with a hee-haw paean to the new day.

I looked at the radium glow of my watch. It was not quite five on the morning of the day after Christmas. When I stumbled outside I was instantly wide awake. There was the smell of burning in the air!

"Father! There's a forest fire!" Guy, Steven and David, trailed by small brother Peter, ran toward me. "We saw it from up the hill."

I sprinted up the path, the boys behind me. Around us, echoing from the surrounding Santa Monica Mountains, was the continuing hee-haw of our long-eared fire alarms. At the crest of the rise I froze in shock at what I saw before me. Beyond the great valley that curved below our plateau toward the mountain ridges paralleling the ocean,

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the dark of the sky was reddened.

One of the boys gasped, "Aren't we lucky it's such a long way off?"

As I stood there a car roared into the driveway. We ran down the hill to be met by a young sheriff's deputy who excitedly told us that the fire was spreading in all directions. It had already burned out a dozen houses along the ocean to the south; if the wind changed, he said, the flames would quickly leapfrog to us. We must evacuate at once!

I suddenly realized that the faces of my wife Eleanor and my small sons were lifted toward me. "Well," I said. "You heard what the man said. We'll load up—just necessities—and head for town."

The boys pulled at me: "But, father, the dogs! And Tony and Peter!"

I said, "We'll take the dogs in the station wagon. We'll tie the jackasses to the jeep. Start packing."

Even as I said the words, I could see that the glow in the sky was brighter.

At the station wagon I found the boys already arriving with a miscellany of favorite clothes, sports equipment, books and just-received Christmas presents.

I said, "That'll be quite enough, boys. Between all of that, and us, and the dogs, we'll be full up."

At the woebegone look that flashed over each face, I quickly added, "All right, take one thing more! Most precious to you!"

We pleaded with them, pulled, pushed and whacked them. They wouldn't budge.

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"What one special thing are you going to take?" I asked my wife.

It was already in the suitcase; she unwrapped a fold of clothing and I saw the serene face of the little ceramic Chinese mandarin we had purchased on a happy voyage to Italy many years before. Beyond its beauty, the statue held the memory of a time when the days of our lives had stretched endlessly in youth. . . .

"And you," Eleanor asked, "what will you take?"

My plays, my books? My favorite tools? Clothes? Something irreplaceable from my travels?

No! Suddenly I realized that the safety of my wife, the children and the animals was all that mattered.

Out at the car, the boys were back, each with his treasure to be packed. One boy had his precious crystals from his mineral collection. Another his space travel books. Another the small tarnished cup which proved that he was the best High Sierra camper of 1956. And blessed five-year-old Peter came clutching his own most valued possession—a tattered piece, out of an ancient fur coat, which had been his constant bed companion since babyhood.

I said, "All right, boys. Come help me get Tony and Peter out of the corral."

For 20 years my jackass pair had devoted all their non-eating time to plotting escape. One rusted strand of wire or one age-weakened pole, and long-eared father and son had invariably blasted forth to lead me a very unmerry chase as they orbited around the most inaccessible parts of my craggy ranch.

But now, the gate wide open, they moved not an inch. We pleaded with them, shouted at them, pulled, pushed, whacked their broad sterns, but they set their powerful legs, lowered their heads and dropped their ears in the standard position of jackasses who have made up their minds to be just plain obstinate jackasses.

The boys and I rushed back to where the station wagon stood loaded, and at Eleanor's question, I said, "They won't move and I can't leave them here. You'd better start off with the children and the dogs. I'll be along with the jackasses later. We can meet at the schoolhouse. Or leave word there where you've gone."

She said quietly, "Please, be care-

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ful." In a few moments I watched the sagging rear-end of the overloaded station wagon moving out.

The darkness was going quickly; on a broadening front before me was the twisting grey and black of lifting smoke, the red heart of the fire still hidden by the intervening ridges of the mountains.

City-bred, I had built in blessed isolation. I began to remember all that it had meant to build this house. I remember the day we had moved into this, the very first home of our marriage. I looked at the copper and red stained rocks in the walls; I had helped mix the concrete that now bound them into the form that looked so enduring, but which the oncoming flames could blacken and split and twist as it fed on the redwood above.

I shuddered at the thought; I hurried down to the corral, where Father Peter and Son Tony still stood stubbornly by the open gate. Once more I tried to get them out, but they remained as solidly rooted as the surrounding mountains.

I went back into the house; the rooms were empty, echoing with loneliness. I turned on the radio receiver; the fire bulletins were unending, pounding away that this would doubtless be the worst brush fire in California's history. At Zuma Canyon, in Escondido Canyon, in Latigo Canyon—all places that reached up from the nearby ocean toward our mountain range—the rush of flames had already left many of my neighbors homeless.

I rushed outside again and drove the jeep down to the corral. I looped a chain around the elder jackass' thick neck, tied the other end to the rear bumper and eased the vehicle into gear. Looking back, I saw the chain tighten. Peter's front feet dug in. His eyes began to bulge. I quickly slammed foot to brake and disengaged the gears, for it was obvious that, even at the cost of a broken neck, my infernal, stubborn jackass was determined not to be moved.

I removed the chain from the animal's neck and hurried to the tool house for brush saw and axe. If I was going to stay until the jackasses panicked and ran out of their corral, at least I would cut a firebreak between the edge of our plateau and the oncoming fire as a delaying factor until the fire department moved into this sector. In any event, I told myself, any time I chose I could get out of there in the waiting jeep.

When night came, the jackasses still stood in their corral. In the darkened sky a red ballet ran across the clouds. In the house the rooms were strangely quiet, the only sound the wind outside. I looked about me. Everything was so familiar, so full of our lives. Yet cold fright moved within me as I thought of that crawling red hell to the south.

The ring of the telephone startled me. My wife and the boys were safe in a motel near town. They were worried about me. They loved Tony and Peter, but I must be sensible!

I assured my wife that the flames were still far distant; I promised her that as soon as they got close, even if the jackasses remained stubborn, I would cut and run.

After I hung up, I sat trying to de-

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cide if I really should leave at once, but I was too weary from the hours of brush-cutting to think sensibly; I dozed off into bedeviled dreams.

I awoke suddenly to a close-up chorus of brays. I rushed outside to see, in amazement, that both jackasses had finally left the corral and were now awaiting me at the edge of the terrace by the house. I ran up the hill, the jackasses after me. When I stood on the observation point, I saw that the billowing, mushrooming smoke was closer, much closer, the flames hidden now only by the last ridge of rocks. Tony and Peter crowded close to me.

I turned to my snickering pair of jackasses. I said, "All right, I'll go get the jeep and we'll get out of here!"

As I started downhill, I heard the shriek of an approaching siren. The auto was the gleaming red of an official Los Angeles County Fire Department car. The fire official was very weary and amazed to find I was still there. He told me that the fire remained hopelessly out of control. Isolated houses such as ours might have to wait for protection until the last possible moment.

"But I'm glad you're here," the fireman went on. "There's been too much panic, official and otherwise." He looked toward the tank on the hill, then said quietly, "Use whatever water you have to wet the roof. That's your danger point when the sparks begin to fly." Then he was off to another critical area.

I began to fill pails and lift them to strategic points on the roof. Peter and Tony came over and watched with critical eyes and tilted ears. With amazing docility, they stood still for harnessing, then followed me eagerly as I led them to the new firebreak. In the past, an hour of physical effort and Peter and Son would freeze in place until I took off their halters. But now they worked steadily, hour after hour, clearing the ground as if, with me, they wanted to forget, in the rhythm of physical labor, the red devils beyond the hills.

By early afternoon, when I stood on top of the hill with the jackasses, I could see great leaping fingers of red on the crest of the last high ridge beyond us. I saw a grove of eucalypti trees growing there; as I watched in awe, the timber exploded into a terrible tower of fire.

I RUSHED BACK to the house; I clicked on the radio to find an announcer in the midst of a special bulletin: the Fire Chief had decided to continue to mass equipment at threatened populated areas and permit the fire to burn itself out, unless there was a rapid change in conditions. Suddenly I realized that the doomed area included the land on which I stood! I jumped to my feet. Beyond the windows, the sky to the south was a cauldron. Suddenly panic exploded in me. I turned to run out of the house: I would get into the jeep and get out of these doomed mountains.

As I moved quickly toward the door, beyond the glass I saw Tony and Peter gazing at me mournfully. It was stupid to stay any longer! How could that miserable little

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break in the brush hold back what was roaring toward me? How could I expect to beat out the fiery hail that would soon fall on the roof? I was getting out, *now!*

But at the door I stopped. I suddenly saw the future as clearly as if I were seeing it on a television screen. If I ran now, and the house was destroyed and the jackasses hurt or killed, for the rest of my days I would grind away at myself wondering whether, if I had stayed, the tragedy might not have happened.

I reached for the telephone. I would call my wife, tell her of my decision to stay and fight until the last moment. I would point out to her that should I fail and the house burn, the metal canopy of the jeep would shield my escape even if the road out became a corridor of flames. If I ran now before the flames actually reached our plateau, I would lose more than stone and mortar and redwood.

But the telephone in my hand was dead now; I hung up the receiver slowly, turned, and went outside to the waiting jackasses. I scratched the long ears and said, "All right, let's get back to work."

The hours of backbreaking labor on the firebreak ran one into the other until I was completely exhausted. At nightfall I wearily climbed up to the lookout point; it was like looking down from a great height at a tremendous battlefield alive with a thousand thousand blazing guns.

I began to think of my wife and my children; I thought of the millions of other families that had run from their homes all over the world as other oncoming tides of revolution or racial hatred or war itself had flamed toward them. Now I knew the cold reality of it happening to me.

At midnight the flames were less than a quarter of a mile from the base of our mountain, and I got up and started down from the observation point. Now was the time to wet down the roofs and prepare for that last stand.

As I came toward the house, my jackasses following me, a great roar echoed around the bend of the road and twin lights cut the night.

In a few moments a huge truck, towing a monstrous trailer on which sat an equally gargantuan bulldozer, moved into our driveway.

A couple of weary, grim-faced men climbed out of the cab of the truck. They told me that they had been sent up by the Fire Department with instructions to stay and help me only if I was still there.

I think I began to gambol as friskily as the jackasses; in a little while, electric lantern in hand, I was leading the way for the huge diesel-engined behemoth as it began rooting a great semi-circle at the edge of the plateau where the jackasses and I had been working so very long to make an open area between us and that tornado of fire below.

At three in the morning we had cut all that we could. Weary handshakes and the begrimed men ran their lumbering apparatus up on the trailer and roared down the road toward another critical point.

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Alone again, the jackasses and I went up to our lookout point. Now the advancing front was one great flame, massive, unbelievably alive as it lifted and fell in its all-consuming, inexorable movement forward.

I began to shout at the fire, threatening, pleading, as if the flames had ears to hear my wild imprecations. Then, in exhaustion, I fell asleep there on the upthrust rocks.

I awoke suddenly cold, and as I leaped to my feet, I realized that it was the wind that had awakened me, a new wind, a strong wind. And it was blowing away from us toward the fire area, hard, and when I looked below, I saw that in the night the flames had reached up to the wide firebreak that the jackasses, and I and the bulldozer blade had cleared. And there the sudden opposing wind had turned the fire back upon itself, and unfed, the flames had died. Before me was a smoking, blackened battlefield. Only this hilltop and the plateau where the house stood was a safe little oasis of green.

And suddenly Peter and Tony began to gambol up and down the hillside in their favorite game of follow-the-leader, hee-hawing merrily, and my laughter arose to join with theirs.

Late in the day my wife and the children came back. They were strangely silent, a look on their faces as if the familiar walls had new meaning and importance to them.

Suddenly the dogs began to bark and leap their joy, and my family began to chatter and bustle about, returning their belongings to their rooms. The boys were full of statistics out of the morning papers: $100,000,000 of damage had been done to property and watershed. An area of over 40,000 acres had been burned over. Seventy-two family homes had gone up in flames.

And I looked over to the corral where Peter and Son were hee-hawing merrily, and I blessed them for being obstinate jackasses and, through their obstinacy, making me stay where I belonged.

NO ROADBLOCKS HERE

SEVERAL FARMERS, IDLING AWAY a rainy day at the crossroads filling station, got to arguing the merits of various church denominations. All expressed opinions except one old, gray-bearded man who sat quietly whittling but listening attentively.

Finally, someone asked, "What do you think, Grandpa?"

"I'm thinkin'," replied the old man, "that there are three ways from here to the cotton gin. But when you get there, the ginner ain't goin' to ask which way you took. He's goin' to ask, 'How good is your cotton?' "

—Wall Street Journal

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HUMAN COMEDY

A SERVICE CLUB was holding a business meeting and the discussion of its financial affairs hit a snag on the question of devoting a large sum of club money to a civic project which might not be self-supporting. One notoriously careful member based his opposition on the grounds that the plan was "unbusinesslike no matter how much good it might do."

To emphasize his position, he finally snorted, "Let me warn you, before you approve the spending of this money, that I have never yet remained with any organization that was operated with a deficit."

There was a long silence. Then another member looked at him with a slight smile and asked: "You're still an American citizen, aren't you?" —*Quote*

RECENTLY our four-year-old son and his little sister were fascinated with the sight of their first street fair, particularly the amusement rides.

Several days later I took them along to the meat market. In one corner the store has a large rotisserie. My tots stood hand in hand in front of it, staring through the glass door. When I asked them to join me while I did my shopping, Stephen replied, "We'll be all right, mommy. Me and Brenda want to watch the chickens ride the Ferris wheel."

—DOROTHY M. ROEDER

THE FOLLOWING was turned in by a young girl in Mountain View, Oklahoma, when assigned by teacher to write a paragraph about something she hates:

"I thought and thought but I guess I like everything, except boys. This doesn't include men, just boys. I really don't hate boys, they just bother me. I know the world wouldn't be anywhere without them, but sometimes I wish they weren't here. They'll always be here so I'll just have to get used to them. I hope I do pretty quick because I know some real cute ones."

—*Birmingham Post-Herald*

A HIGHLY inebriated man boarded a loading bus and began insulting his neighboring passengers. Finally the driver boarded the bus. Turning to the man, he said, "Behave yourself, buddy, or you don't go to Columbus on this bus."

"Columbus!" exclaimed the tipsy one. "I want to go to Pittsburgh!" And he clambered out with a burst of profanity. Then the quick-witted driver started his motor and the bus swung out—to Pittsburgh, of course.

—W. T. DUVALL

DISTRICT MANAGER introducing the guest speaker at a business meeting: "We are happy to have him with us again. He always makes such expiring speeches." —C. D. MC CORY

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A NEIGHBOR'S small daughter was visiting me recently as I talked with two high-school friends about the merits of college. The conversation turned to the amount of reading assigned and the younger students' inability to read quickly. We exchanged helpful hints for a few minutes, every word being carefully noted by the little one. Finally she decided to give us some advice on the matter and with all the wisdom of a first grader announced gravely, "I've found that you can read much faster if you don't stop to color the pictures." —ANTONIA M. BARNES

SPEAKING before a local P.T.A. meeting, a child psychologist was asked if he believed in spanking. "It is permissible," he said, "if you have a definite end in view."

—CLARENCE ROESER

MANY YEARS AGO, in a rural district, a farmer was helping at the delivery of his latest offspring by holding the kerosene lamp. When the doctor had produced not one but two fine babies, the farmer bolted out of the room. "Come back with that lamp," shouted the doctor.

"I will not," was the answer. "It's the light that's attracting them."

—ANNE BROOKS

NEW YORK'S traffic problem is one of the world's worst, yet most of us who live there take it for granted. Proof of this was demonstrated one noon hour as I stood on a Madison Avenue corner, waiting for the light to change. Cars were lined up for blocks, horns were honking, taxi drivers were red-faced and impatient. Two men carrying briefcases stopped in front of me. One glanced at his watch and looked at the traffic.

"Hmm," he said to his companion, "do we have time to take a cab or shall we walk?" —HELEN K. SHENEFIELD

THE BOSS and his sales manager looked gloomily at the sales chart on the wall. In one corner was a graph showing the company's descending grosses. The rest of the chart contained a map of the territory, with pins stuck in it showing the location of the various salesmen.

"Frankly," the boss sighed, "We have only one hope. Let's take the pins out of the map and stick them in the salesmen." —MARIE H. BREWER

FOUR-YEAR-OLD JOYCE was plainly disappointed at her failure to win a prize at a friend's birthday party.

"Why didn't I get anything?" she demanded of her hostess.

"Because you didn't win any of the games," was the reply.

"But," persisted Joyce, "don't I even get a gift for appearing on the program?" —DOLORES JUSKO

ONE SUNDAY RECENTLY, my young nephew attended church services. When the offering was taken, he watched as his mother put a dollar bill in the plate. The lady on the other side of him made her contribution in a small envelope which the church provides for the purpose.

The seven-year-old was puzzled by this, but only momentarily. Turning to his mother, he commented in a loud whisper "Mommy, that lady just uses her credit card." —MRS. H. DOLE

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THE REMARKABLE

THE MOST RECENT medical research proves that you can lose your excess weight—right down to your ideal weight—and lose it without starving yourself. In other words, you can diet on a generous 2,000 to 3,000 calories a day—not on the stingy 1,000 calories or less so many starvation-type diets recommend.

Twenty men and women lost an average of 22 pounds each in three-and-one-half months, or about one-and-one-half pounds per week on this new type of diet. Their diet included unrestricted amounts of high-fat and high-protein foods (meat, fish, eggs, cheese, butter, etc.) and very small amounts of carbohydrate foods (sugars and starches). Because this diet allows sizable portions of satisfying food, you can develop a permanent eating pattern that is

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BY DR. RICHARD MACKARNESS

easy and pleasurable to follow—so that there is no reason ever to become overweight again.

Today, a lot more is known than ever before about how and why fat people get fat. In the past ten years, atomic research has given the physiologist enormous help in unraveling the biochemical reactions which go on in the body. Radioactive isotopes have been used to "tag" chemical substances so that their progress through the body could be followed. As a result, doctors have found that there are two basic reasons why some people get fat easily and have trouble losing weight:

1. Easy-fatteners cannot handle excess foods the way others can.

2. People who put on weight easily have a defective mechanism in their bodies for handling *carbohydrates.*

Thus, people can now be divided into two groups, according to the way they deal with excess food. Prof. Charles Dodds of the Middlesex Hospital in London, England, took people whose weights had been constant for years and persuaded them to eat double or triple their normal amount of food. They did *not* put on weight. He showed that this was not due to a failure to digest or assimilate the extra food. He then overfed people whose weights had *not* remained constant in the past and found that they became fat.

The conclusion: "The composition of the diet can alter the expenditures of calories in obese persons, increasing it when fat and proteins are given and decreasing it when carbohydrates are given." In other words, doctors now have

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scientific justification for basing anti-obesity diets on reduction of carbohydrates rather than on restriction of calories and fat.

Why do fat people fail to burn up excess carbohydrates? Because of a block in the chain of chemical reactions leading from glucose to the release of heat and energy in the body. Glucose is the form in which most carbohydrates are absorbed into the body. Every bit of starchy or sugary food you eat has to be broken down by your digestive juices into glucose or other simple sugars before it can be used by the body. What is not needed for immediate conversion to heat and energy is stored in the liver as a complex sugar called glycogen; and further storage can take place by changing glycogen into fat.

In people whose weight remains constant, these chemical changes go smoothly and are reversible. Fat can be quickly broken down again to supply energy and, by stepping up their internal combustion, these individuals soon burn up any excess carbohydrates they have eaten. Thus, they keep their weight steady.

Why can't fat-prone individuals do likewise? Because they lack a substance necessary for the quick conversion of carbohydrates into energy. But they *can* deal efficiently with fat and protein.

Carbohydrate foods are the cheapest foods and are usually most readily at hand for snacks. Therefore, if people are going to overeat, they will probably tend to eat too much starch and sugar. But most carbohydrates are turned into unusable fat. The rest of the body's tissues then suffer a relative deprivation of nutriment and naturally the individual feels hungry and eats more carbohydrates, which in turn form more fat and still leave him hungry. The vicious circle goes on and he gets fatter.

This is particularly true when one tries to reduce on a low-calorie diet containing carbohydrates: this spiral of weight-gain and unsatisfied hunger will continue until a certain degree of obesity has been reached. The weight will then level off at this excessive figure and stay there.

This curious fact is hard to explain in terms of the popular "fat-comes-from-overeating" theory of obesity. A possible explanation is that there are two phases of obesity: the *dynamic,* in which weight is actively gained or lost; and the *static,* in which a state of equilibrium has been reached between the internal forces contributing toward weight gain and loss.

In the static phase, the fat man's lowered rate of fat mobilization has been compensated for by an increase in his total fat mass. So he levels off at this excessive weight, relying upon his body's increased mass of fat to compensate for his inability to convert carbohydrates into energy.

Thus obesity should be regarded as an overgrowth of the fatty tissues by a body incapable of using carbohydrates properly. Cut off the carbohydrates and the stimulus to make fat will be removed.

By substituting a fat-and-protein diet, with a minimum of carbohydrates, you will step up your metabo-

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lism so that combustion of fat for energy increases and you lose weight. On such a diet, a high-calorie intake (2,000 to 3,000 a day) can mean a weight loss of seven to 12 pounds a month. No need to go hungry or count calories ever again!

Before starting the diet, it is essential to understand clearly what you must do.

1. Wherever possible, avoid all foods containing starch and sugar.

2. Obtain nourishment mainly from fat and protein foods in the rough proportion of one part fat to three parts lean meat, or the equivalent, by weight; when eating properly fattened meat, this means one part actual fat to three parts lean-plus-marble. But if you are eating meat in which the lean portion contains little fat, the fat and lean should be eaten in approximately equal proportions.

3. Let your appetite decide how much you eat; and drink as much water as you like—not less than three pints before 6 P.M. each day.

4. Do not take much added salt.

This diet is simple. All you need to do is eat practically an all-meat diet with the fat left on, with salads, cheeses and fruits as second courses or side dishes. Although extra salt is discouraged, since in some people it seems to check the burning of excess fat, many other condiments may be used freely for seasoning: black pepper, cayenne, horse-radish, paprika, celery seed, lemon, mint, chives, chopped parsley, mixed herbs, lemon juice or vinegar.

Coffee without sugar, black or with cream or a little milk, tea with lemon or a dash of milk, or water with or without unsweetened lemon juice, may be drunk freely at every meal. Alcohol, if desired, should be taken only in "dry," sugar-free drinks such as dry red or white wines, rye, bourbon or Scotch, with water or soda. Soft drinks, quinine water and beer are taboo. Low-calorie soft drinks may be drunk, provided they are not sweetened with the natural sugar, sorbitol.

Eating and growing slim boils down to following a diet which is the essence of good eating. Sizzling lamb chops with cool fresh fruit to follow; steaks fried or grilled with onions; roast pork and applesauce (made without sugar); mixed grills of steak, kidneys, liver, bacon, eggs and tomatoes; green salads and all the cheese you want from the enormous variety of high-fat cheeses now available—Camembert, Port Salut, Bel Paese, Gorgonzola, natural Cheddar and so on.

FOR QUICK REFERENCE, here are some foods to eat—and avoid:

Go Foods—Meat, poultry, fish and sea foods, dairy products and fats and cooking oils containing fat and protein in varying degrees. Eat as much of these as you wish.

Caution Foods—Vegetables, fruits and nuts containing some carbohydrate. (Carrots, peas, oranges, apples, berries, melons.) Eat these in moderation.

Stop Foods—Vegetables, fruits and nuts containing a relatively high proportion of carbohydrate. (Beans, beets, corn, potatoes, bananas, chestnuts.) Limit yourself to one serving

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a day and balance this with one of the Go foods.

***Never Foods*—**High carbohydrate foods containing principally starch and sugar. (Bread—except high protein varieties—cereals, macaroni, rice, jellies, gravy, ice cream, beer.) Avoid these.

You will not feel hungry on this diet because the amount of food you eat is left to your appetite. You eat three meals a day, but only of the kind of food which helps to burn off about seven pounds of excess fat a month. Here are the rules:

1. Do not sleep more than eight hours a night. You burn up more fat when you're up and around.

2. Drink a glass of water (with a half lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar) and then take a half-hour walk at your own pace. This gentle exercise on an empty stomach helps to throw your body into gear for burning fat.

3. After your walk, have a good, old-fashioned breakfast of one or more of the following: bacon, eggs, fried kidneys, ham or sausage, cod or haddock stewed in whole milk or light cream; coffee or tea with a little milk or plenty of cream; no sugar, but saccharine if you wish; one slice of protein bread or toast, with peanut butter, butter or margarine; no jam or marmalade.

4. You should not feel hungry after this breakfast until the midday meal, so eat nothing, but drink at least three glasses of water, flavored with fresh, unsweetened lemon juice if desired.

5. Midday meal. Steak or any meat with its fat. Fish sautéed in butter or fried in fat but no batter; omelets, ham or sausage; lettuce or tomato salad dressed with olive oil and vinegar; small serving of peas, string beans or other green vegetables with plenty of butter or margarine; an apple or orange; cheese—preferably high-fat kind (cream cheese or Camembert); coffee or tea with cream but little milk.

6. Main evening meal: as for midday meal and breakfast combined.

7. Nightcap: cheese and a cup of hot milk.

DEFT DEFINITIONS

NURSERY SCHOOL: Where small children go to catch colds from each other so they can stay home.

—DOROTHY TRUITT REED

EXECUTIVE: A man who goes from his air-conditioned office in an air-conditioned car to his air-conditioned club, to take a steam bath.

SUBURBANITE: A yard man with bedroom privileges.

—*Typo Graphic*

BACHELOR: Someone who takes a nap without turning down the bedspread.

—MARGARET POINTER

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Born rich and beautiful, she embraced poverty and founded the first U.S. order of Catholic nuns

BY GLENN D. KITTLER

SHE WAS a beautiful woman—small, vivacious, charming—and one of the wealthiest in New York. She was famous for her parties. George Washington and General Lafayette were guests in her home. She was a born leader and innovator; she established the first U.S. charity.

Then, in 1809, Elizabeth Bayley Seton turned her back on gaiety and luxury to begin an austere life as a Roman Catholic nun. Her natural leadership made her a pioneer. She founded the first American society of Catholic nuns; opened the first free parochial school in this country; started the first Catholic orphanage in America, the first U.S. Catholic hospital and the first U.S. refuge for lepers.

Pope John XXIII had these achievements in mind when, in October 1959, he announced that the Vatican was ready for the preliminary steps leading to the canonization of Elizabeth Seton, who may become our first native-born saint.

Far more than her genius for organization qualified Elizabeth Seton for sainthood. Like many saints she paid heavily for her convictions. She faced obstacles without whimpering. She once said: "I look neither behind nor before, only up. There is my rest, and I want nothing."

Elizabeth was born the daughter of Dr. Richard Bayley on August 28, 1774. At 19 she married William Magee Seton, the son of one of New York's richest importers and bankers. A few years later, Seton in-

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herited his father's business and, at the age of 30, was one of the most influential men in the country.

The first years passed happily in a romantic atmosphere. The Setons had five children. William traveled a great deal and Elizabeth always missed him keenly. One night she said: "I want a lock of your hair."

William was surprised. "Whatever for?"

"A lot of wives have locks of their husbands' hair," she explained, "and I think I deserve one because you're away so much."

He laughed. "No," he said. "Really, I had no idea you were so sentimental."

When he fell asleep, she snipped off a blond lock. Days later she showed it to him, encased in a gold and blue marble locket. She kept it as long as she lived.

Suddenly, there was trouble. William suffered serious business reverses. Then a shipment of gold to Europe was lost at sea and he was ruined. The family was forced to move in with Elizabeth's parents. William traveled more than before; the strain weakened him and he developed tuberculosis. A yellow fever epidemic broke out the summer of 1801; Dr. Bayley died of the disease.

An offer of help came from the international banking firm of the Filicchi brothers in Leghorn, Italy, with whom William had studied. They wrote: "Come to Italy where the climate can cure your illness. Then we can talk about putting you back into business."

In October 1803, William and Elizabeth and their eight-year-old daughter Anna Maria left for Leghorn. Because of the American yellow fever epidemic, the Italians ordered the Setons to spend a month in a quarantine prison. The cold cells and bad food were too much for William. He died two days after the family was released.

When Elizabeth wrote home she said ". . . I loved him more than anyone could have loved on earth."

Urged by the Filicchis to stay on, Elizabeth spent four months in Italy, a period that changed her whole life. The Filicchis were ardent Catholics; Elizabeth was exposed to a strong Catholic influence for the first time. She had been an Episcopalian—but now, when she prayed for William, she found herself going to Catholic churches. She asked the Filicchis many questions about their religion; and by the time she headed back to New York she had made up her mind to become a Catholic.

The people of the U.S. were the first to have freedom of religion written into their Constitution. But several of the 13 Colonies had laws specifically against Catholics and indirectly against Jews.

Elizabeth's own family, the Setons and all her friends turned against her when they learned of her decision to become a Catholic. Elizabeth's stepmother told her she could not expect any money. The Setons also refused help. Only Cecilia, William's sister, visited her. The Filicchis offered her $600 a year on which to raise her five children. She rented a house near St. Mark's Church in the Bowery and arranged to take boys from St. Mark's school

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as boarders. But as the news about her belief spread, parents took their boys away. Elizabeth next resorted to sewing for women who, at one time, would have been honored to visit her house for tea.

Clergymen assured her that if she gave up Catholicism they could arrange for her future income, but she refused. Several rich men offered to marry her, provided she put aside her plans. She rejected them. In trying to understand why Elizabeth was so adamant, Cecilia Seton became interested in the Catholic Church, then found herself ostracized and went to live with Elizabeth. Elizabeth became a Catholic on March 14, 1805; Cecilia followed soon afterward.

Together they managed to support the children, by odd jobs, tutoring, accepting boarders and with the help of the Filicchis. Nevertheless, there were days when they went hungry, nights when they all huddled in the same bed for warmth. Although poor, the two women managed to continue the charity work Elizabeth had started years before—helping indigent widows and immigrant girls.

Their major problem was practicing their religion. The properties and even the lives of Catholics were constantly attacked. At last Mayor DeWitt Clinton was forced to proclaim that further attacks were illegal and rioters would be imprisoned. The tension eased. Priests began to celebrate mass regularly for New York's 200 Catholics. Elizabeth went to church every day.

One morning after mass she told Father Louis Dubourg of Baltimore that she had been offered a teaching job in Canada that would support her family.

"Come to Baltimore," the priest said. "We need a school there for girls. You can run it."

She arrived in Baltimore on June 16, 1808. A year later she was a nun.

THE EVOLUTION was quite natural. As the Baltimore school flourished, Elizabeth needed teachers. She found them among local women who wanted to dedicate their lives to the service of the Church. Others arrived from New York, including Cecilia Seton and Elizabeth's sister-in-law Harriet, who also became a Catholic. The time came when Elizabeth had more teachers than she could use.

She had already thought of becoming a nun. Two problems faced her: the necessity of having to go to Europe for training and her five children. When her teachers voiced a similar desire for the religious life, she discussed forming a new community of nuns with Archbishop John Carroll of Baltimore, the first American Catholic prelate. Carroll offered to make the necessary arrangements with the Vatican.

In June 1809, Elizabeth—now called Mother Seton as head of a religious community—went to Emmitsburg, 50 miles from Baltimore, with the first nine members of her new society and her daughter Anna Maria.

Mother Seton called her order the Sisters of Charity. Its aim was to work among the poor. For months,

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the women at Emmitsburg prayed and meditated to prepare to take their vows. They wore black robes, black capes and black bonnets.

The Vatican had prescribed an 18-month probation before giving full approval to the Emmitsburg convent. To occupy her nuns, Mother Seton opened a free day school for Catholic children from neighboring farms. It was the first parochial school in the country. When Vatican approval arrived in 1812, ten more women had joined the Sisters of Charity.

The British attack on the city of Washington in 1814 sent people rushing to Philadelphia for safety, among them many orphans. Church leaders in Philadelphia and New York asked Mother Seton for nuns to manage an orphanage. Nuns went to both cities and started the first Catholic orphanages in America. Next, Father Dubourg, now bishop of New Orleans, wrote for help in caring for Louisiana lepers. To meet the special need, nuns were trained as nurses—thus inaugurating the first American Catholic hospitals.

And yet, despite the importance of these achievements, the Vatican re-examined every moment of Mother Seton's life for evidence of her personal spirituality. The result of a 15-year study enabled Pope John XXIII last October to describe Mother Seton as "the flower of American piety."

At Emmitsburg, she lived a whole winter on hot carrot juice, salt pork and buttermilk. Yet she wrote that everybody at the convent was so happy that the monotonous menu "seemed too good a living." Her greatest sorrows were the deaths of those she loved. Two of her daughters and the two Seton sisters died in epidemics during their convent training.

Concerning the deaths, Mother Seton wrote in her diary: "Often I feel my beloved still surround me, singing the praises of God." It was this pious evaluation of all things in terms of God and eternity that most deeply struck the Vatican examiners. They found in all her letters and diaries, the steadfast conviction that even the worst deprivations could be made tolerable by faith, devotion and service.

Mother Seton's remaining daughter eventually joined the Sisters of Mercy; both sons entered the Navy; and one grandchild became a nun, another an archbishop.

In 1818, when she was 44, Mother Seton developed a pulmonary infection doctors did not understand and could not treat. She was ordered to rest, but she refused to stop working. Every day, requests came from bishops for more nuns to teach, to nurse, to care for children and the aged. Every day, Mother Seton was at her desk.

Her health grew steadily worse, and yet for over two years she managed to continue her duties. In November 1820, she was severely stricken and confined to her bed. At 2 A.M. of January 4, there were prayers on her lips when her heart stopped.

Immediately there were people who claimed that Mother Seton was a saint. In such affairs, however, the

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Vatican moves cautiously, to guard against the exaggerations of zealous friends. Not until 1940 did the official examination of Mother Seton's life begin. Then, in colorful ceremonies in St. Peter's Basilica, on December 18, 1959, Pope John XXIII declared Mother Seton to be venerable—worthy of veneration, the first step toward canonization.

It is generally hoped that the second step—beatification—will take place in the very near future. Evidence of two miracles will be required; several reported miracles are being studied by postulators of Mother Seton's cause. Among those investigated is the case of Sister Gertrude, a New Jersey nun who, doctors established by exploratory surgery, had an inoperable cancer. Prayers were said for Mother Seton's intercession for a cure. In less than two months, the nun was up and around. She worked for more than seven years, before she died suddenly of a pulmonary embolism. To determine whether the cancer was gone, an autopsy was performed. No trace of cancer was found.

To U.S. Catholics, Mother Seton's canonization may put a native American on the calendar of saints for the first time. But to Mother Seton's spiritual daughters—the 10,000 Sisters of Charity—it will recognize the traits they treasure most, as defined on the plaque that hangs in a room in the Emmitsburg convent:

"Here, near this door, by this fireplace, on a poor, lowly couch, died our cherished and saintly Mother Seton, on the fourth of January, 1821. She died in poverty, but rich in faith and good works. May we, her children, walk in her footsteps and share one day in her happiness. Amen."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

SEEN AT A CEMETERY just outside Chicago: "Owing to Employment Difficulties, Grave Digging Will Be Done by a Skeleton Staff."

AN EYE-CATCHING SIGN on an Elgin, Illinois, trailer sales lot: "Have a Home While Looking for a Place to Park."

IN A SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, used-car lot: "Hearse For Sale With a 1952 Body."

A SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, PET SHOP advised customers: "Going Out of Business—Lost Our Leash." —*Grit*

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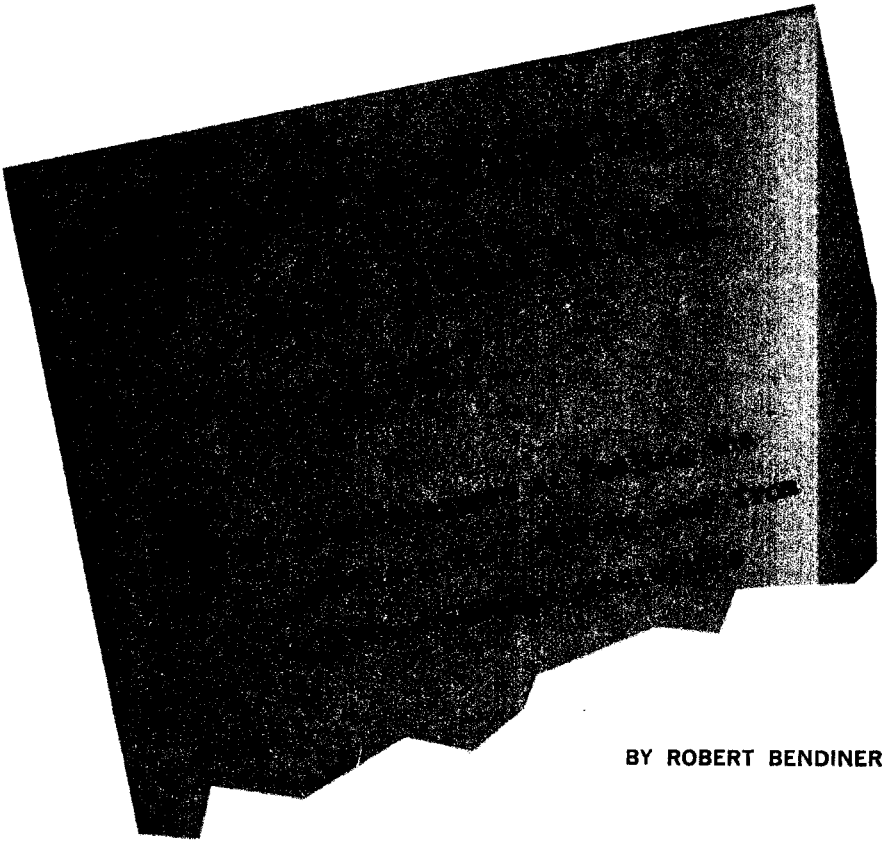

BY ROBERT BENDINER

IN THE SUMMER OF 1948, Leslie Biffle, director of the Senate Democratic Policy Committee, went touring the country camouflaged as a chicken dealer. In truth, he was a one-man public opinion institute, out to discover how farmers intended to vote in that year's Presidential election.

At the same time, the great polling organizations of Dr. George Gallup, Elmo Roper and Archibald Crossley were taking their scientific soundings. On the basis of personal chitchat, Biffle concluded that the farm states would go to Harry S. Truman and probably give him the victory, while Gallup, Roper and Crossley were certain that Thomas E. Dewey would win in a breeze. As the late Fred Allen remarked when it was all over, "The polls went to the dogs, instead of the other way around."

Today, 12 years after the polls provided such rich entertainment for Truman, systematic sampling of political opinion is still a flourishing

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business. But it has changed considerably. From the primitive straw poll of 1824, in which a Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, newspaper sent reporters around Wilmington, Delaware, to ask citizens whether they intended to vote for Jackson, Clay, Crawford or John Quincy Adams, we have come a long way to the costly, confidential polls that Presidential hopefuls now pay for out of their own pockets.

One of the pioneers in the field of modern, nationwide election prophecy was the *Literary Digest* poll. Between 1916 and 1936, the *Digest* mailed out millions of postcards asking which candidate the addressee favored. Since the country was overwhelmingly Republican from 1920 to the Franklin D. Roosevelt era, it was no great trick to pick winners; and nobody minded a bit that the predicted pluralities in the various states were off by as much as 12 percent.

But in 1936 disaster struck. The *Digest*'s postcard returns indicated an easy victory for Alfred M. Landon over Roosevelt. When Landon wound up with only Maine and Vermont in his column, he at least had Kansas to go back to, but the *Digest* poll went out of business—and the magazine along with it.

With nearly 2,500,000 postcard ballots returned, how had the *Digest* missed so badly? The scientific pollsters, just then getting established, had a quick and impressive answer. It is not the *size* of the sample that decides the effectiveness of a poll, they said, but the degree to which the sample truly reflects the whole electorate. The *Digest*'s names were taken from automobile registration lists, telephone directories, etc. As it happened, there were millions of voters in 1936 who couldn't even afford the *Literary Digest,* much less a car or a telephone. They were overwhelmingly for Roosevelt, it appeared, but there had been no way for their sentiments to show up in the *Digest* totals.

The new pollsters, using the fresh techniques of market research, took a different tack. You didn't need over 2,000,000 responses, they said. Personal interviews with 1,500 or 2,000 persons would be enough—*if* they were a true cross section of the voting public.

The Gallup school of prophecy did very well for a time. Through 1948 Gallup predicted over 500 elections—national, state and local—with an average error of 3.8 percent. Roper called the turn on three Presidential elections in a row—1936, 1940 and 1944—with an error of less than one percent in the majorities predicted for Roosevelt. Crossley's record was almost as good.

Then came 1948, and disaster struck again. Truman's share of the popular vote that year was 49.5 percent, whereas Gallup had predicted for him only 44.5, Crossley, 44.8 and Roper as little as 37.1. None of the polls fared as badly as the *Literary Digest* in the Landon campaign. But they were all wrong enough where it counted most. They had said, emphatically, that Dewey would win, and that is what people remembered.

When they recovered from the

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shock of Truman's triumph, the pollsters admitted that they had been caught off base, but intended to profit by the experience. Crossley suggested, a bit wistfully, that while "polling may need a shot in the arm, it certainly does not rate a shot in the back."

They set out to locate the trouble and came up with several findings. The most important one, perhaps, was that the pollsters should not predict, but only report on the state of opinion in various sections of the country as they found it and let others do the forecasting.

Another mistake, Gallup conceded, was that he had stopped polling much too soon and therefore missed out on the apparent shift to Truman in the last two weeks of the campaign. Finally, the pollsters realized that their techniques were inadequate for predicting the voting behavior of two troublesome types of individual—the "undecided" and those who answered decisively enough, then failed to vote.

THE CAMPAIGNS following the 1948 debacle saw a number of reforms. If a respondent was undecided, he was encouraged to discuss his attitudes. If this had been done in 1948, it was felt, the pollsters might have found out that three times as many waverers were basically for Truman as for Dewey. Last-minute shifters were accounted for by polling within 72 hours of the election. And potential nonvoters were screened out by questions designed to show whether they had voted in previous elections and how strongly they felt about the election to come.

During a campaign, Gallup's field force today records the opinions of 1,500 persons a month in 150 interviewing areas scattered across the country. These areas remain constant, but different individuals are polled each month; and in October, the number is stepped up to 5,000. In the last two weeks, an additional 5,000 are polled in the final telegraphic poll.

Even so, from January to Election Day, fewer than 25,000 persons are interviewed out of the 100,000,000 who are eligible to vote. That makes your chances of being polled about one in 4,255, which explains why some people think that the polls are only a little more real than the Easter Bunny.

As though to compensate for their rashness in 1948, the polls indicated a close vote in the 1952 contest between Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson. Gallup missed by 4.4 percent, not bad, but still beyond the tolerable margin of error.

Nevertheless, hard-shelled politicians still consider the principle of polling sound. Because of them a highly significant change is now taking place, away from the published variety toward the private service, undertaken for a particular individual and paid for by him.

Private polls are usually sectional, concentrating on key areas and often are used in state campaigns. Louis Harris and Associates, Inc., one of the major firms in the business, has recently served gubernatorial and Congressional candidates

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from Maine to Hawaii, charging from $6,000 to $8,000 a survey, depending on the size of the state.

With his eye on the Governorship of New York in 1958, Nelson Rockefeller blanketed the field with over 100 confidential polls and surveys.

But the biggest individual customers of the private pollsters are Presidential candidates, with Rockefeller (until seven months ago), Senator John F. Kennedy and Vice President Richard M. Nixon in the lead. When Rockefeller reportedly announced he would decide whether to run for President on the basis of how the opinion polls were running, Nixon quickly jumped in to say, "I believe the only poll that counts is that on Election Day." He was like Truman when it came to polls, he added. Even the pollsters were taken aback by the Rockefeller announcement.

Shortly afterward, he backtracked, announcing that he never intended to let the polls decide his course. That would depend, he said, solely on how he judged "the opportunity of service which I feel that I might be able to render."

Nevertheless, both Rockefeller and Nixon continued to spend good cash on these private canvasses, and so did Kennedy. What they told the Governor is believed to have weighed heavily in his decision to bow out of the race. Nixon, on the other hand, was encouraged by the surveys made for him by L. Richard Guylay, formerly the Republican National Committee's public relations director.

The private pollster does not think of himself as a prophet. He is, in Harris' words, "a valued counselor and sound political analyst for the candidate or party" that hires him. He tells his clients not only *how* they are doing in particular localities, but *why,* and goes on to suggest how they can minimize their weaknesses and capitalize on their strong points. Harris, who has worked for Kennedy, gives a candidate not merely percentage figures, but a lengthy report (in some cases up to 50 pages) "dealing with issues and personality images and what can be done about them in terms of altering or influencing the outcome of the campaign."

When Governor Robert Meyner was running for re-election in New Jersey in 1957, for example, his Republican opponent charged the Meyner Administration with laxity in connection with an alleged insurance scandal. But Meyner's private poll-taker advised the Democratic Meyner to let his opponent talk all he wanted to about the insurance affair, because it apparently served only to restore the faded image of monumental Republican scandals of years gone by. It may not have been a serious factor in the election, but in any case Meyner took the advice and won.

Two candidates who profited from the services of a private pollster were Frank Church, running for the U.S. Senate in Idaho in 1956, and Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, two years later. Church, a young Democrat, was conceded so little chance against the incumbent, late Herman Welker, that there

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was some doubt as to whether he was justified in trying to raise a campaign fund. But the confidential survey made for him showed that Welker's stock had dropped considerably. On the pollster's urging, Church raised funds for an all-out campaign and emerged the winner.

How the private poll is used to alter a candidate's image was illustrated perfectly in the case of Senator Goldwater. A survey showed that to the working people in a county where organized labor was particularly strong, conservative Republican Goldwater epitomized anti-unionism. The poll spurred him to concentrate on the county in question. Shaking hands at plant gates and union meetings, he managed to convince thousands of hard-bitten miners and millworkers that he was not only human, but downright friendly. He carried the county by 84 votes and won the election.

Do the polls actually influence the outcome of elections, as some critics have charged? The theory behind this accusation is that if the polls show a particular candidate in the lead, people will tend to flock to a likely winner. But the pollsters feel that this "bandwagon" charge suffered a strong setback in 1948, when they favored Dewey to a man and the voters elected Truman.

There is little doubt, however, that delegates to a Presidential convention are powerfully attracted by the scent of a winner and are equally repelled by a whiff of failure. The polls were said to be one of the factors in Senator Robert A. Taft's loss of the Republican nomination in 1952. The pollsters' answer, of course, was that convention delegates always sniffed the breeze and all that these statistical forecasts did was to give them a more reliable scent than they could have gotten on their own.

On balance, the polls can do a service if they are not regarded as the last word, if they are not followed blindly by politicians in search of votes. What the poll-takers do is what politicians, journalists and observant travelers have always done: size up the prevailing sentiment and spirit of a community. They are more systematic, no doubt, but if they are to be criticized for anything, it is perhaps that they have attempted to pass off as a science what must always remain to some degree a fine art.

That student of human foibles, O. Henry, was much more doubtful. "A straw vote," he said, "only shows which way the hot air blows."

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

OFFICIALS IN Birmingham, England, announced that each of the 1,000 penny-in-a-slot weight machines in Birmingham will be tested for accuracy, explaining:

"A lot of women attach great significance to their weight and an inaccurate reading could cause unnecessary alarm and despondency."

—CHESTER DUNCAN

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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Test your vocabulary of "mirror words"—two-faced words like **evil, live** which can be read forward and backward—suggests Guest Quizmaster Allen Ludden. The moderator of "G-E College Bowl" (C.B.S.-TV, Sundays, 5:30 p.m., EDST) provides clues for these pairs below, and asks you to check your results on page 153.

TWO-FACED

1. weapons — — — —; cozy — — — —
2. a political district — — — —; to sketch — — — —
3. shopping place — — — —; street-car — — — —
4. evil destiny — — — —; turn of mind — — — —
5. an outdoor game — — — —; to whip severely — — — —
6. an insect that stings — — — —; a sharp taste — — — —
7. a wild animal — — — —; to glide — — — —
8. to compile — — — —; it rises and ebbs — — — —
9. to swallow — — — —; a stopper — — — —
10. skin growths — — — — —; stems of grain — — — — —
11. to hold by anchors — — — —; space — — — —
12. ensnare — — — —; to separate — — — —
13. still water — — — —; a noose — — — —
14. to send out — — — —; duration — — — —
15. swarm — — — —; track event — — — —
16. to pillage — — — —; an implement — — — —
17. to retain — — — —; a sly look — — — —
18. dress — — — —; to boast — — — —
19. to trade — — — —; animal feet — — — —
20. horn instrument — — — —; to border on — — — —
21. scold harshly — — — —; dissembler — — — —
22. compartment — — — — — —; prize — — — — — —
23. a sly look of ill will — — — —; to stagger — — — —

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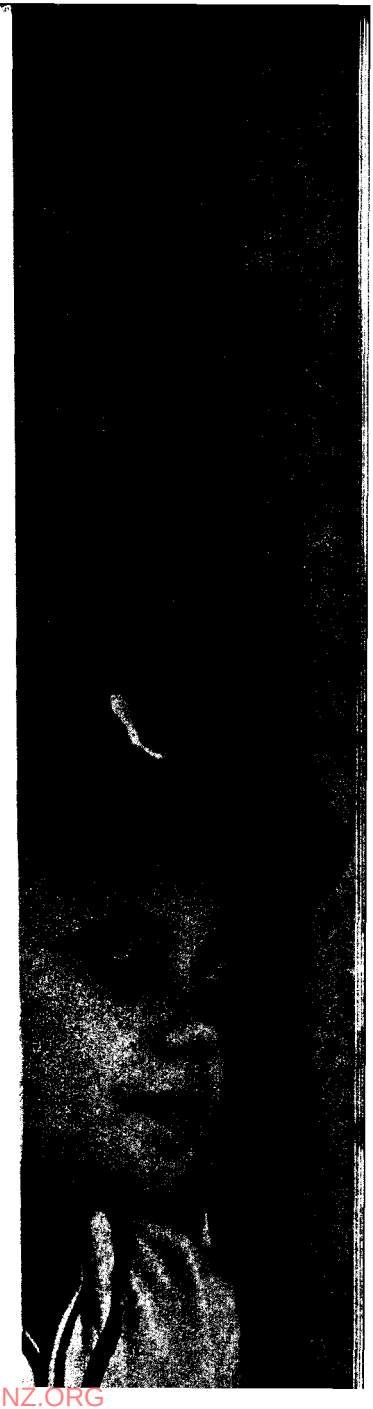
Small-fry skipper

Brodie Hasty, 16,
is a boy in a man's job—
managing a small-fry
baseball team in Charlotte,
North Carolina.
And as these pictures
show, Brodie
handles himself in major
league style—whether
he's chewing out
an adult umpire (right)
or comforting
a sobbing teammate.

Text by Richard Kaplan
Pictures by Tom Walters



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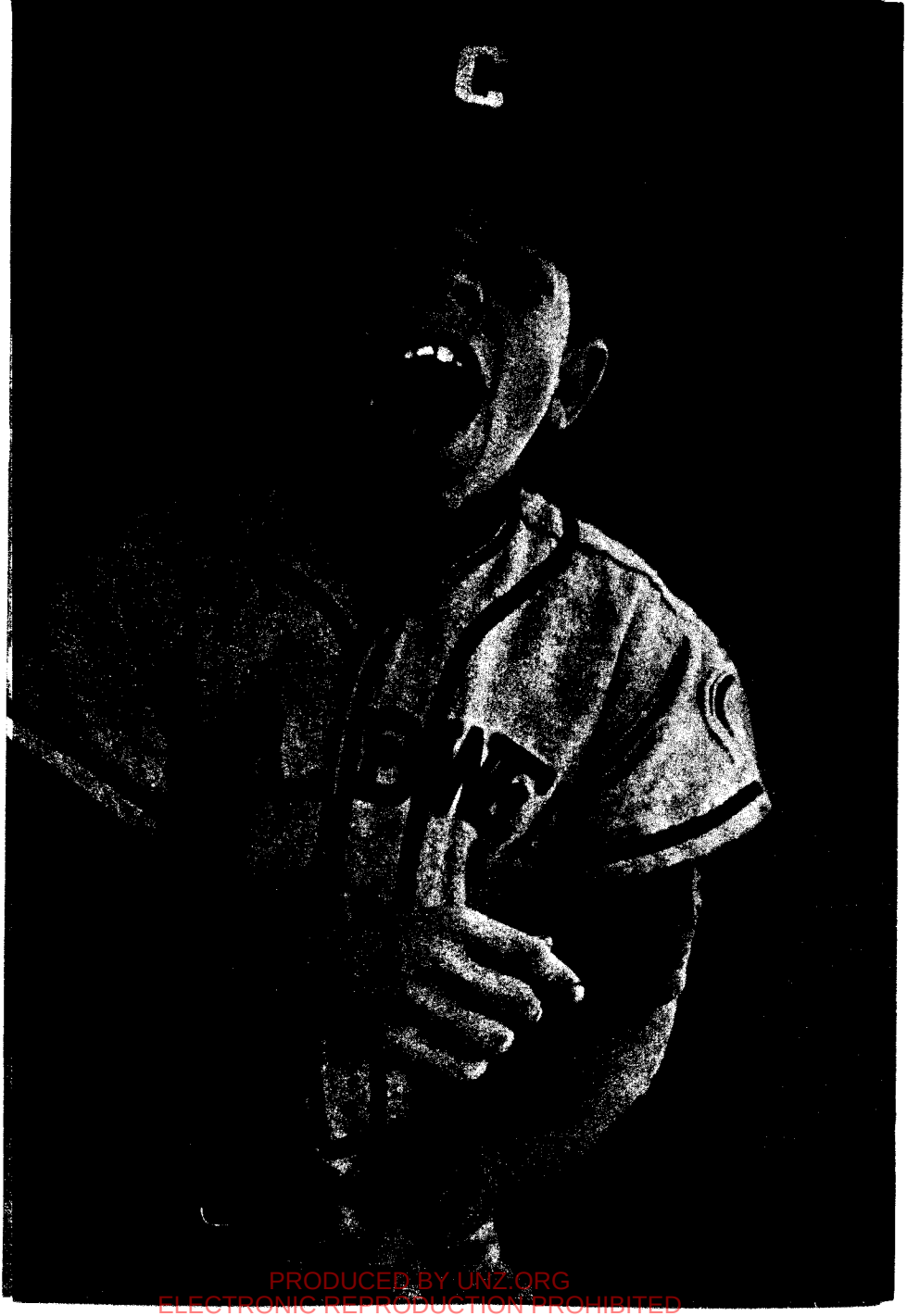

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Gently, Brodie restrains lad reduced to tears by adult hecklers. "Grownups are worse than kids," he says. "They boo as if it was the World Series."

A CRACK PITCHER in a league for older players, 5′, 1″, 100-pound Brodie rejected an All-Star team berth and chose to manage the Caldwell Presbyterian Church entry in a local loop similar to the famed Little League. His 16 boys, aged eight to 12, love to play for him. "I talk to them as kid to kid," Brodie explains. But rival managers, all grown men, know better than to treat Brodie as a kid. As one sums him up: "That little cuss looks like Eddie Stanky and argues like Leo Durocher."

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Grandmother of one of Brodie's players gives him approving post-game pat. Parents like Brodie because he doesn't overwork their sons or roar at them.

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As cool as the ice cube he sucks when game grows hot, Brodie watches intently from Caldwell dugout (left). Though a fiery competitor, he sets a good example for his young team—and has himself learned valuable lessons in sportsmanship. Below, he consoles injured member of opposing team. Last season Brodie's boys won 12 of 15 games and reached local championship play-off.

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Not awed by elders, Brodie stands firm during losing argument (left), then angrily stomps back to bench (above). "Just because they're bigger doesn't make them righter," he snaps.

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Brodie celebrates big victory with team (above). His smile fades, though, as his parents (right) scold him for devoting too much time to baseball.

OFF THE DIAMOND, Brodie sheds his pugnacity. At Charlotte's Garinger High School, he's one of the smallest boys in the tenth grade. Recently, his preoccupation with baseball cost him dearly. Dissatisfied with his grades, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hasty, refused to let him buy the used car for which he has been saving. Since then, his marks have improved. Socially, Brodie is as awkward as most 16-year-olds. He is too shy to ask the local gas station owner for a part-time job and has just awakened to the existence of girls.

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Brodie envies smooth-dancing friends (below), practices new steps in privacy. But in his heart, he still prefers the baseball field, where others envy him.

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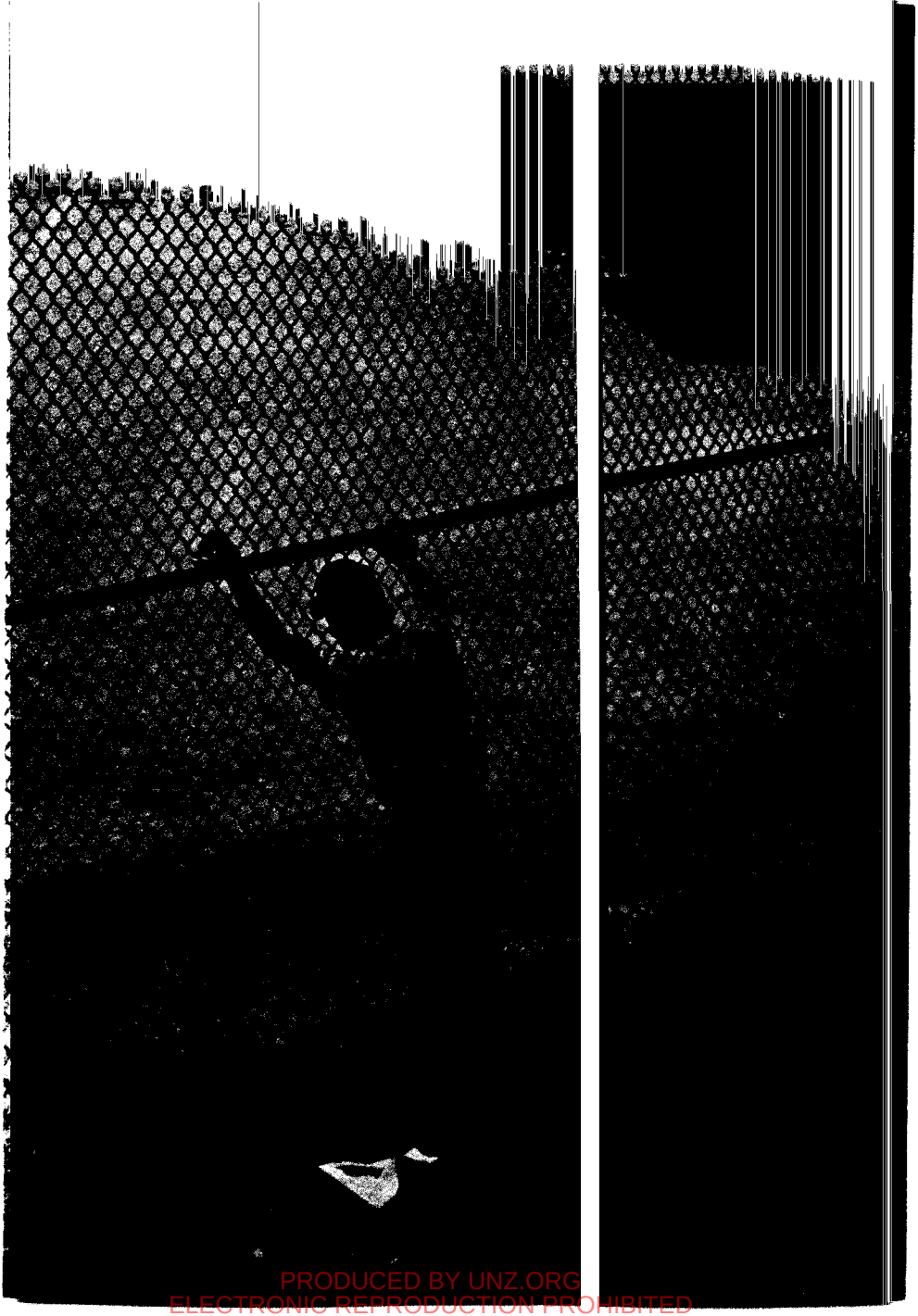

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Swift, sharp and witty,
the razor-edged squelch
can draw blood
from the most callous ego

How to rip with a quip

BY FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR.

DELIVERING a perfect squelch is a black art mastered by few. It must be literate, extemporaneous, swift and so devastating that no reply is possible. Even one adroit riposte, made under pressure and with jugular effect, can elevate its author to the Squelchers Hall of Fame.

A classic example was William Pitt's retort to Robert Walpole, after Walpole had predicted, "You will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease."

"That," smirked Pitt, "may depend on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."

Among contemporary squelchers, Sir Winston Churchill's name leads all the rest. His "a sheep in sheep's clothing," "there but for the grace of God goes God," and "a modest man with much to be modest about" certainly deserve prominent niches in the Hall of Fame. Churchill also is credited with another immortal squelch, supposedly delivered to the Nazi Ambassador, Joachim von Ribbentrop, before the outbreak of World War II. The story goes that the two statesmen began discussing various world problems at a private dinner party.

"Don't forget, this time the Italians are on our side," Ribbentrop reportedly warned Churchill.

"Only fair," rumbled the Englishman. "We had them last time."

Many famous squelches have been made in courts of law. For instance, a young attorney, Lord Ashburton, once was held up to ridicule by a more experienced British barrister, Lord Mansfield. "If that be law," Mansfield said patronizingly of one of Ashburton's interpretations, "I'll go home and burn my books."

"You had better go home and read them, sir," retorted Ashburton.

On one occasion young Abraham Lincoln was questioning a hostile witness named John Cass. Suddenly Lincoln smiled disarmingly and asked Cass:

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Less ingenious than the spontaneous squelch, but equally devastating, is the premeditated insult treasured by dramatic critics. One of the most famous was written by Eugene Field, who in reviewing a Denver production of *King Lear* wrote that the actor in the title role "played the king as if he expected someone to play the ace."

More recently, after seeing a performance of a play based on *Tom Jones,* Kyle Crichton wrote, "Good Fielding. No hit."

Book and poetry reviewers also have written many Mephistophelean masterpieces. Dorothy Parker —whose niche in the Hall of Fame is secure—had this to say in her review of *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith*: "The affair between Margot Asquith and Margot Asquith will live as one of the prettiest love stories in all literature."

When poet Edgar Guest died recently, Miss Parker publicly denied that she was the author of the much-quoted couplet about his verses:

"I'd rather flunk my Wassermann test
Than read the poems of Edgar Guest."

The poem is in the best tradition of the squelch, however, and whoever wrote it deserves a plaque.

Further back in time, the British jurist Lord Erskine penned these lines about Sir Walter Scott's poem, *The Field of Waterloo:*

"On Waterloo's ensanguined plain,
Lie tens of thousands of the slain.
But none, by saber or by shot,
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

In a much more charitable vein, Clifton Fadiman once wrote:

"Henry James
(Whatever his other claims)
Is not always too deuced
Lucid."

And when Thomas Moore wrote *Lalla Rookh* he was crushed by this anonymous bit of poesy:

"'Lalla Rookh'
Is a naughty book
By Thommy Moore,
Who has written four
Each warmer than the former,
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

When it comes to prose squelches, writers, editors and actors have coined many a ruthless phrase. When informed that the ogre-like editor of his newspaper had taken ill, Irvin S. Cobb originated his most often quoted remark: "I trust that it is nothing trivial." And when a flippant toastmaster introduced Cobb as, "A man who is a ready wit—all you have to do is put a dinner in his mouth and out comes his speech," the humorist cut him down to size with: "Your toastmaster is far more remarkable. All you have to do is put a speech in his mouth, and out comes your dinner."

But newspapermen don't always enjoy the last laugh. When a pestiferous reporter tried to barge into the apartment of playwright Sir James Barrie, he mistakenly opened with "Sir James Barrie, I presume?"

"You do," Barrie said crushingly, and slammed the door.

The late Alexander Woollcott is another charter member of the Hall

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of Fame. He once declared of writer Michael Arlen, "He is *not* a bounder. He is every other inch a gentleman."

No one could deliver a withering remark with more verve than John Barrymore, however. At the peak of his career, he entered a fashionable Hollywood store, regally ordered some shirts and prepared to leave.

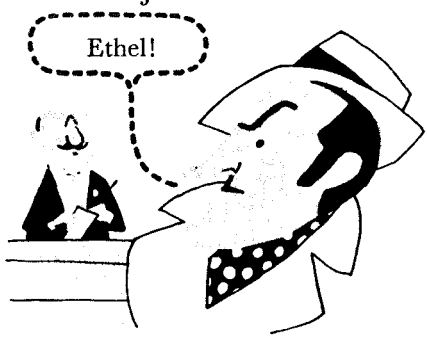
"Name, please," said the officious clerk.

The great actor turned his famous profile toward the offender.

"Barrymore," he said frigidly.

"*Which* Barrymore?" smirked the clerk.

Sneered John:



While not precisely a squelch, James Thurber's "review" of a Hollywood movie deserves honorable mention. When a friend told Thurber, "I thought it stank," Thurber replied, "I can't say I liked it that well."

Needless to say, the library of husband vs. wife squelches defies cataloguing. There is, for instance, the case of a local postmaster who kept talking shop around the house. His wife complained, "You spend all day working at the Post Office, and then you spend all evening talking about the Post Office. The trouble with you is that you've forgotten how to *play* Post Office."

On the male side of the ledger is the squelch delivered by a long-suffering husband whose wife was less than an ideal cook. "I've heard that most accidents occur in the kitchen," he told her one evening. "But do I have to get them all for supper?"

Of course, every community has its own local squelches. In Charleston, South Carolina, they tell about an elderly retired soldier known as a liar of Munchausen proportions. At a party one day, a Northern lady approached him and twittered, "Colonel, I hear you are the biggest fibber in South Carolina."

The Colonel, embarrassed, nonetheless bowed gallantly. "Ma'am," he said with a courtly smile, "I accept that as a high compliment from a remarkably beautiful woman."

A NEW DANCE DISCOVERY?

GIRLS WHO DON'T KNOW how to dance are usually inept in their relations with men, for the excellent reason given by Christopher Morley, when he said: "Dancing is wonderful training for girls; it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it."

—SYDNEY J. HARRIS *(The Detroit Free Press)*

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Forstner
JEWELRY'S NAME FOR QUALITY

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"My favorite portrait of F.D.R."

The more he grew to love the picture, the more its mystery intrigued James Roosevelt. Then, from a cluttered attic, came the answer . . .

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BY REP. JAMES ROOSEVELT (Dem.-Calif.) as told to David Wise

MY FAVORITE PAINTING of my father, Franklin D. Roosevelt, hangs over the fireplace of my home in Washington, D.C. My wife, Irene, and I have both grown to love this oil portrait of F.D.R.

How it got there is one of the strangest war stories of all.

In the early spring of 1956, a telephone jangled in my office on Capitol Hill. My secretary, Mrs. Byron Scott, answered it. An American Army officer was on the phone and he sounded in a hurry. "I've got a painting of President Roosevelt," he said. "Picked it up during the war. I'm on my way back overseas and I'd like to give it to someone in the President's family."

Mrs. Scott thanked the caller. It was not an unusual offer. People frequently have gifts which they want to present to the family. Mrs. Scott scanned the calendar on her desk. It happened that my mother, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, was returning to New York from Washington that day. Mrs. Scott knew I would be driving Mother to the airport. Could the officer be at Washington National Airport in an hour? He could. At the appointed hour, Mother, Irene (then my fiancée) and I sped to the airport.

There wasn't much time. We met the Army officer, who had the gift painting wrapped in tissue paper. The soldier explained to Mother that he had picked up the painting, by a Dutch artist, when he was overseas during World War II, and had taken it home. Now he was being transferred back overseas and he wanted someone in the Roosevelt family to have it. In the confusion, no one took down the officer's name.

Mother thanked the soldier. It was time to board her plane, so she left the painting with me. As with most such gifts, Mother intended to turn it over to the F.D.R. library at Hyde Park, New York.

Irene and I thought it was just another painting. Then we took the tissue paper off. It was a strikingly beautiful portrait. We wanted it so badly that we decided to keep it.

The oil portrait is a remarkable life-sized head-and-shoulders likeness of my father. For three years, the warm, lovely painting has graced the wall over the fireplace mantel of our home. As we grew to love the portrait, we grew more and more curious about the artist. We could make out his signature in the lower right corner: Gerard de Hesselle.

But who was he? And why had he painted my father?

We decided to find out. The Army officer might have some of the answers. But I did not have his name. All efforts to trace him were futile. Perhaps there was another way.

Through the Dutch Embassy in Washington, an attempt was made to locate the mystery artist. Records were searched in Holland. The

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TAKE THAT PLUG OUT OF YOUR EARS

New formula removes deeply buried ear wax safely, painlessly at home

Have your friends ever said, "Take that plug out of your ears"? Do things sound muffled? The plug in your ears may be wax, buried where you can't get at it. Millions of Americans suffer from this ear wax trouble.

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Available now in New Formula Kerid® Drops—without prescription. Kerid's medically-tested ingredients will remove even deep, stubborn wax in minutes! Suddenly your ears will feel clear again, good, unblocked. Get Kerid and hear the difference.

Hague cabled Washington that Gerard de Hesselle was dead.

Perhaps someone in his family could be located? Someone who might have a clue. Back came word from the Netherlands Government: "Gerard de Hesselle had a son, Josef. Last known address: Breda."

So the trail led to Breda, a Dutch town south of Rotterdam, near the Belgian border. There, apprentice carpenter Josef de Hesselle, 29, was found living in a sunny, modern housing development with his blonde wife Hetty, 25, their son Raymond, 3½, and Dinky, a black-and-white cat.

There, in the sunlit apartment, we found answers to the mystery.

IT BEGAN at dawn, May 10, 1940. Adolf Hitler's legions invaded the Low Countries, striking for France and England. A 150-mile front, from the North Sea to Luxembourg, burst into flame.

To the north, in Holland, the Dutch fought valiantly, but hopelessly, against the crushing power of the Nazi war machine. Nazi parachutists captured the airfield at Rotterdam; the Luftwaffe pounded the country into submission. While surrender negotiations were in progress, the Germans bombed Rotterdam, an open city, killing 60,000 civilians. Within five days, it was all over. In tiny Holland, the familiar, peaceful sounds of wooden shoes on cobblestones and the sighing of windmills over flat, green farm land was replaced by the heavy, alien stomp of Nazi boots.

Like his neighbors in Breda,

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Gerard de Hesselle, proprietor of the local ladies hairdressing shop, hated the sight of the goose-stepping Germans. For de Hesselle, it was not the first contact with German soldiers. Born in Belgium, he had lived in Antwerp and come to Holland as a young man in 1912, settling in Breda. During World War I, he returned to Belgium briefly and ran into a German patrol while trying to slip back across the border into Holland. He shot two of them, then made his way back to Breda.

De Hesselle had the soul and hands of an artist. A restless, creative spirit, he had worked in Belgium variously as an actor, director, make-up man and portrait painter. In Breda, he opened up a hairdressing shop, but continued his painting in the attic. He married, had two sons, sunk his roots into Breda. Then came May 10, 1940.

Despite Nazi orders to confiscate all radios, the people of Breda seemed to sense how the war was going. They were silent when the Allied armies suffered a defeat. But when there was good news for the Allies, the people smiled and joked.

The infuriated Germans tried to discover, but never did, how Breda stayed in contact with the outside world.

"Paris has fallen, but the British have escaped from Dunkirk with most of their army. A miracle!" de Hesselle would whisper.

Or another time: "The United States is shipping planes and guns to England. Soon America will enter the war."

Along with the hairdos, de Hes-

Sightseeing Quiz:

How many of these world-famous landmarks can you identify?

1. You'd see Lorado Taft's "Fountain of Time" in what famous "Loop" city?
2. At Mount Royal, motor coaches can go where other vehicles are prohibited. Where is it?
3. Fort Sumter is on an island near what southern city?
4. The Ester Gold Fields are where in the 49th state?
5. Where would you visit Antigua and Chichicastenango?
6. Where would you see The Old North Church, Paul Revere House, and the Frigate Constitution?
7. Where is Father Flanagan's "City of Little Men"?
8. Where would you take the 1000 Islands Ramble?
9. Where is Great Egg Harbor Bay?
10. What is known as the Mile High City?

(Answers on page 170)

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selle was whispering news of the Allied war effort! He had not given up his radio. Defying the Nazis, he had hidden it under a pile of rags and paints in his upstairs studio.

At night, curtains drawn, de Hesselle listened to the B.B.C. By day, he spread the news to his customers, who told their families. The little hairdressing shop had become a clandestine news drop, a symbol of freedom and defiance in the very midst of the enemy.

All the while, de Hesselle continued painting, mostly harmless portraits of friends.

Once, however, he hinted to his son Josef, only ten years old when the Nazis invaded, that he was working on "a very special painting."

"Whom are you painting, Papa?" Josef asked.

His father only smiled in reply.

A few days later, de Hesselle told his son casually:

"To be a portrait painter, Josef, one must paint faces with great character."

"Yes, Papa."

Two or three times during the war, de Hesselle made secret trips—across the border to Belgium, he said—but he never explained the trips. Josef sometimes asked his father how the "special painting" was coming, but the old man would always change the subject.

De Hesselle continued to listen to the B.B.C. "You must not be reckless, Gerard," his wife warned. "Perhaps the Germans have a way to tell where a radio receiver is being used." Her husband shrugged.

Not long afterward, walking down Breda's main street, de Hesselle met a friend.

"Gerard, a man in a blue gabardine coat has been watching your shop," the friend warned.

De Hesselle returned to his shop, worried for the first time. Had he been overheard listening to his radio? Had someone betrayed him? Or could the man in the blue gabardine coat possibly suspect what he was painting in his attic?

To de Hesselle, the description of the stranger spelled only one dread word: GESTAPO!

For three weeks, the man in the blue coat loitered near de Hesselle's shop. Then, as suddenly as he had come, the man went away. Courageously, de Hesselle went on listening to his precious radio and repeating the news to all of Breda. There came a day when he was able to whisper to a customer: "The Allies have landed in Normandy!"

On another day in May, five long years after 1940, there was no longer need to whisper. It was V-E day. Gradually, the war years faded into memory. De Hesselle never again spoke of his "very special painting."

TODAY, Josef de Hesselle guesses the "special" portrait of my father must have been painted from a photograph. Had his father somehow managed to smuggle the portrait out of Holland to safety, on one of his mysterious trips "to Belgium"? Josef, of course, does not know. Rolled up and hidden under an overcoat, the canvas would not have taken much room. But if de Hesselle had been caught trying to

(continued on page 80)

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(continued from page 78)
cross the border with a painting of the President of the U.S.A., he would have been shot.

"My father was a brave man," Josef said softly.

There can be no question of the authenticity of the de Hesselle portrait in my home. Because over the mantel of Josef's apartment in Breda, there hangs a small, but perfect, copy of my F.D.R. portrait in Washington.

Covered with ivy and an ocean apart from the life-sized original, it, too, occupies the place of honor in the simple Dutch household.

"I know very well that my father painted this small portrait right after the war," Josef said. "But he never spoke of the original. Now I know there was one.

"My father died when I was in Korea in 1951," he continued. Suddenly, he paused, a look of wonder on his face. "But the portrait did not turn up in Washington until 1956!" Josef exclaimed.

Apparently Gerard de Hesselle had died never dreaming that his "special painting" would one day hang in the home of President Roosevelt's son. It hangs there now, occupying the cherished place of honor in my home. It is indeed a remarkable portrait: the leonine head, the proud, strong lines in the familiar face, the hair a bit grey at the edges.

When I look at the portrait now, as I frequently do, I feel it has a special meaning. I like to think that it was painted as a silent symbol of defiance by a man who risked his life against the Nazis because he loved freedom. Perhaps it is not a truly professional work of art. But what is lacking in perfection, is made up in courage.

ASTUTE ADVICE

A FARMER whose corn crop had done poorly decided to "borrow" a few bushels from a neighbor. On a dark night, the farmer and his eight-year-old son headed for a distant corner of his neighbor's field carrying several bushel baskets. When they reached the fence separating the two farms, the farmer looked furtively to the right, to the left, ahead and behind. Just as he was about to step into the heavily laden acres of corn, the tense silence was broken by his small son. "Daddy," said the youngster, "you didn't look *up*." —*Quote*

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Owney the postal pooch

by William M. Hall

ONE RAW AUTUMN DAY in 1888 a shaggy mongrel dog wandered into the U. S. Post Office at Albany, New York, weak from hunger and shivering with cold. Touched by his plight, kindly postal workers gave him a home among the mailbags. Because he had neither name nor owner, they called him "Owney."

Owney adjusted readily to his surroundings, following the mailmen on their rounds. One day he hopped aboard a mail car bound for New York City. From then on this foundling became an inveterate hitchhiker whose 143,000-mile odyssey made him travel's top dog.

Fearful that Owney would get lost on his journeys, the Albany clerks put a collar on him with a tag bearing his name and address. It soon became a hitching rack for an odd assortment of mementos: dog tags, merchants' ads and poker chips plus tokens good for a cup of coffee, a loaf of bread, a shave, a bus ride and a bottle of milk.

To railroad men and mail clerks, the dog's intelligence seemed phenomenal. He was said to know the meaning of every whistle toot and his ability to make train connections was uncanny. Some admirers claimed he could even tell time!

One day in Tacoma, Washington, Owney made his way to the waterfront and boarded the steamship *Victoria,* about to sail for Japan. When he arrived in Yokohama he was given a royal reception, the Emperor himself issuing a passport. After touring the Far East, Owney returned, completing a trip around the world in 132 days.

By this time Owney was a celebrity. At a postal convention in San Francisco, he received a 15-minute ovation as he trotted down the aisle, tail wagging and medals tinkling.

But as Owney grew old he grew short-tempered. His trips became less frequent and his welcome cooler. Then, in Toledo, Ohio, he bit a postal clerk. The postmaster notified the police. The next day, June 11, 1897, a bullet from a police pistol ended Owney's colorful life. He was 17 years old.

Owney's stuffed body was turned over to the Smithsonian Institution and has been displayed at the 1926 Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia, at the 1933 Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago and at the 1956 Fifth International Philatelic Exposition in New York City. Thus not even death could halt this globe-trotting pooch who still lives in the hearts of those he loved so well—the men who deliver the mail.

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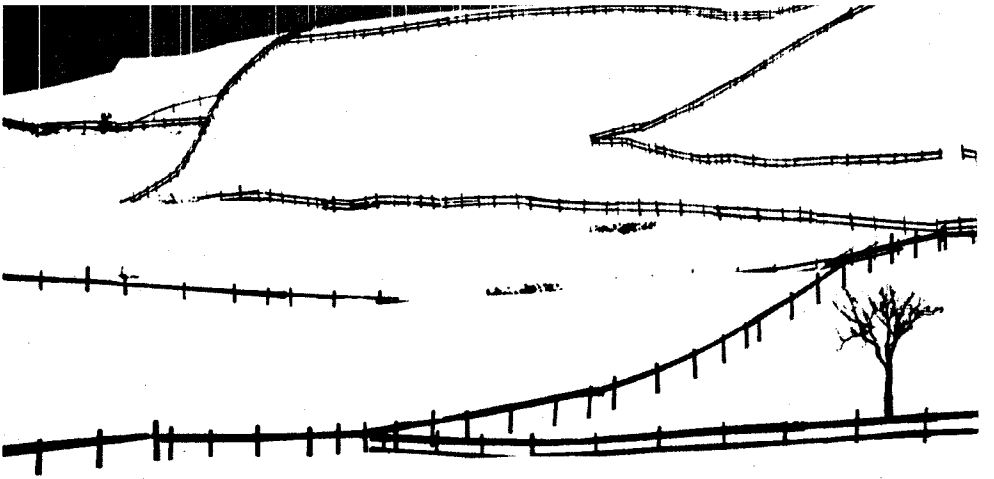

The soul of the weather

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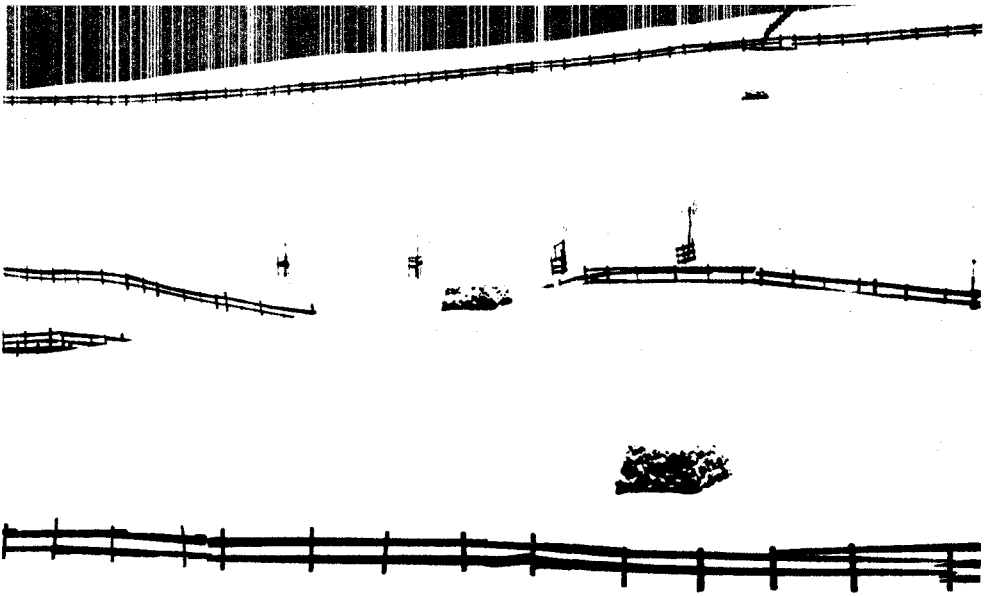

Abstract, enraged, joyous, tender—Nature's moods are as infinite as her cosmic artistry. And, as pictures on the following pages show, she keeps ceaselessly painting the Earth with vistas of drama and beauty.

Text by Donald A. Allan

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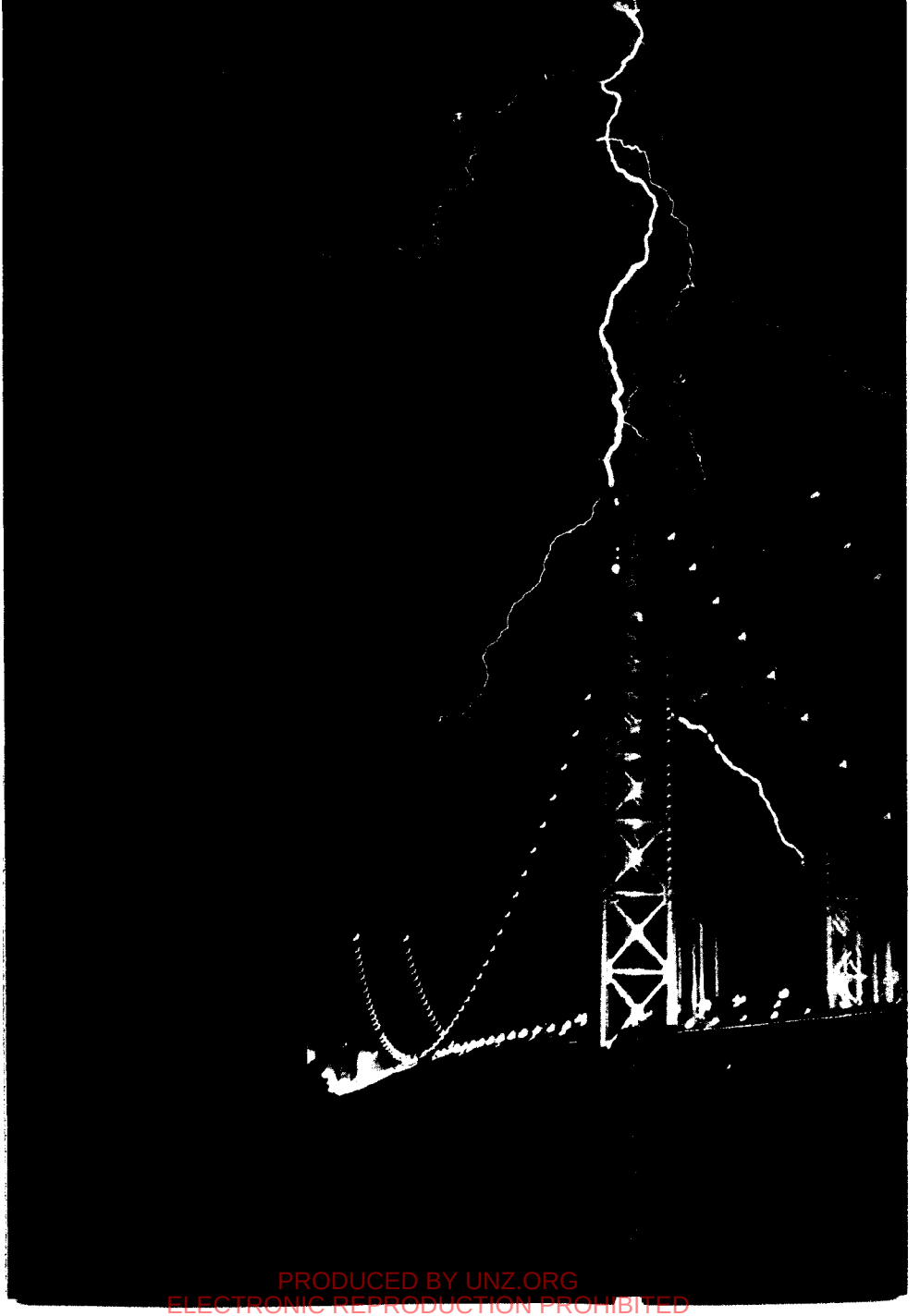

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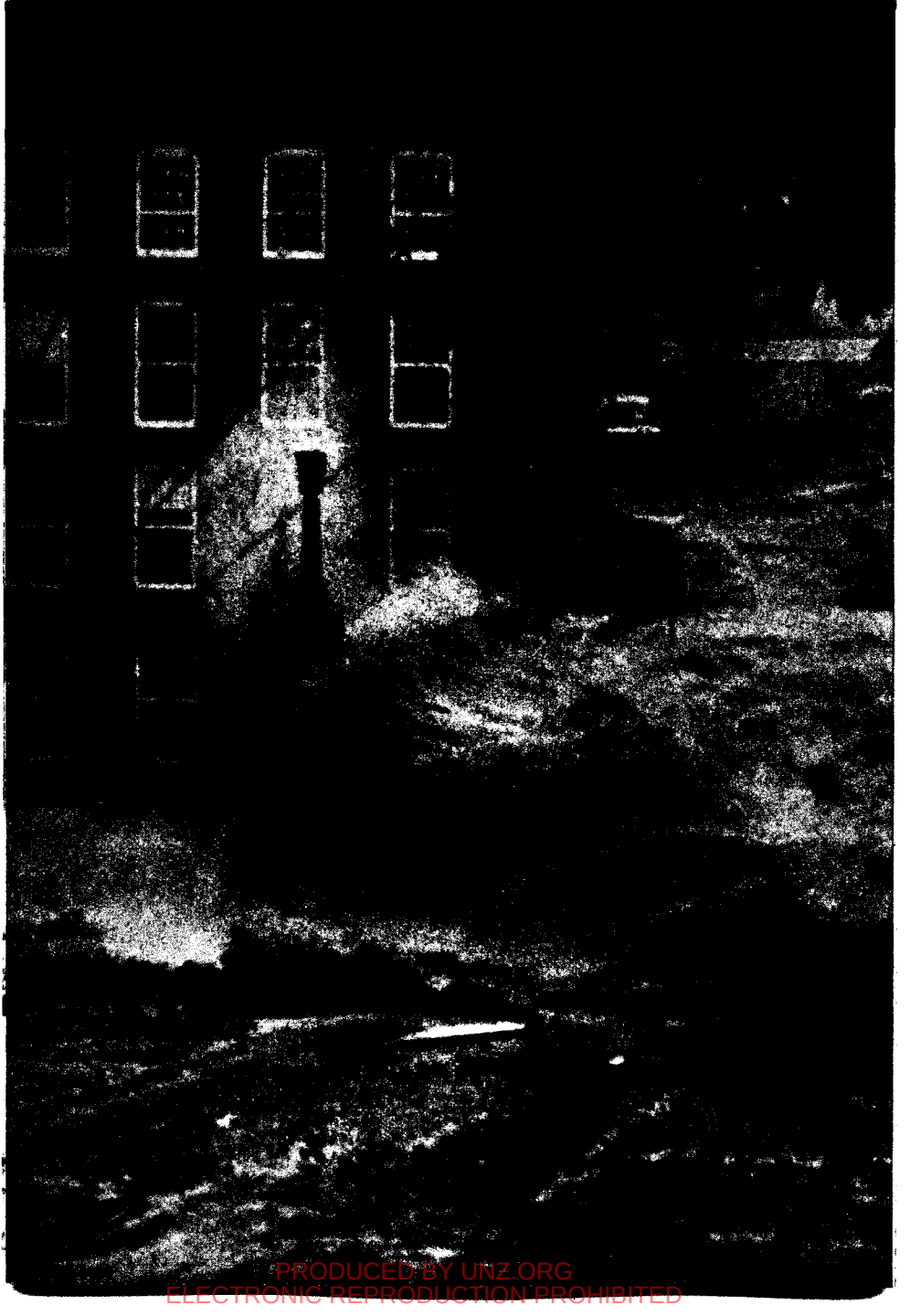

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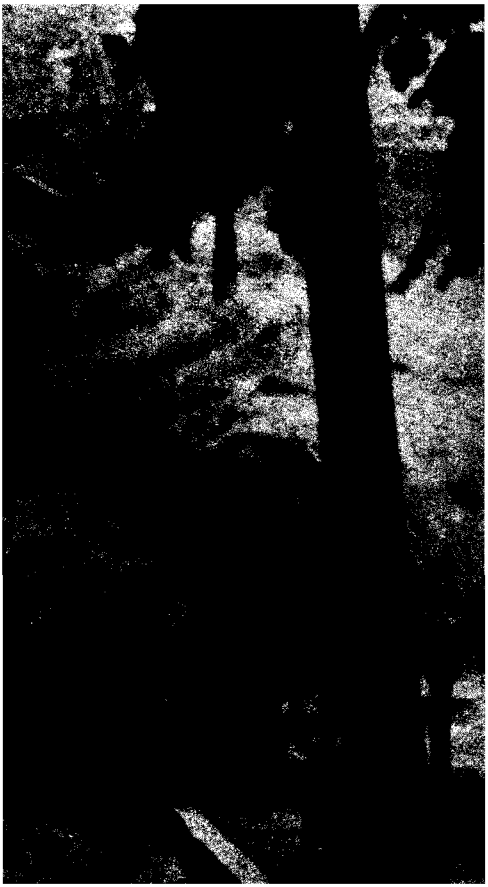

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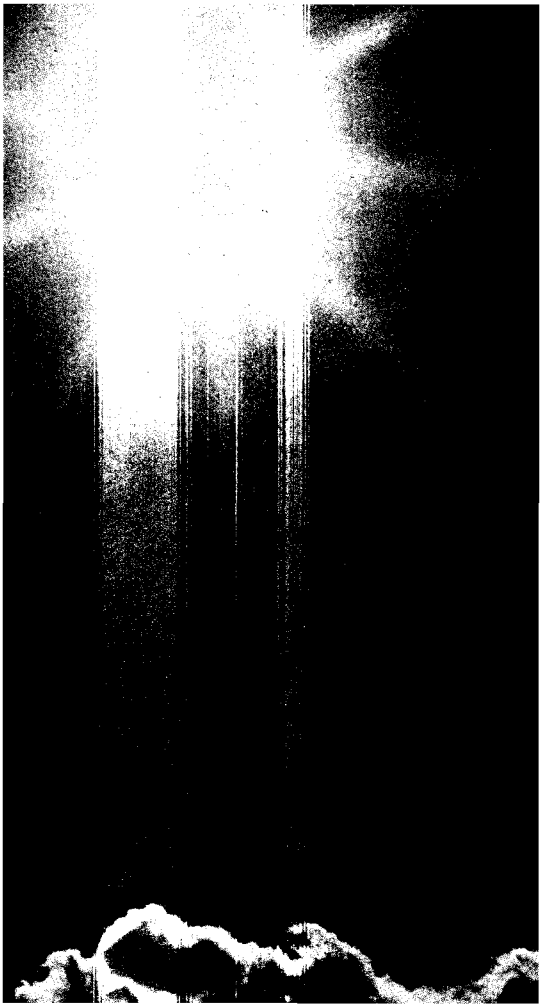

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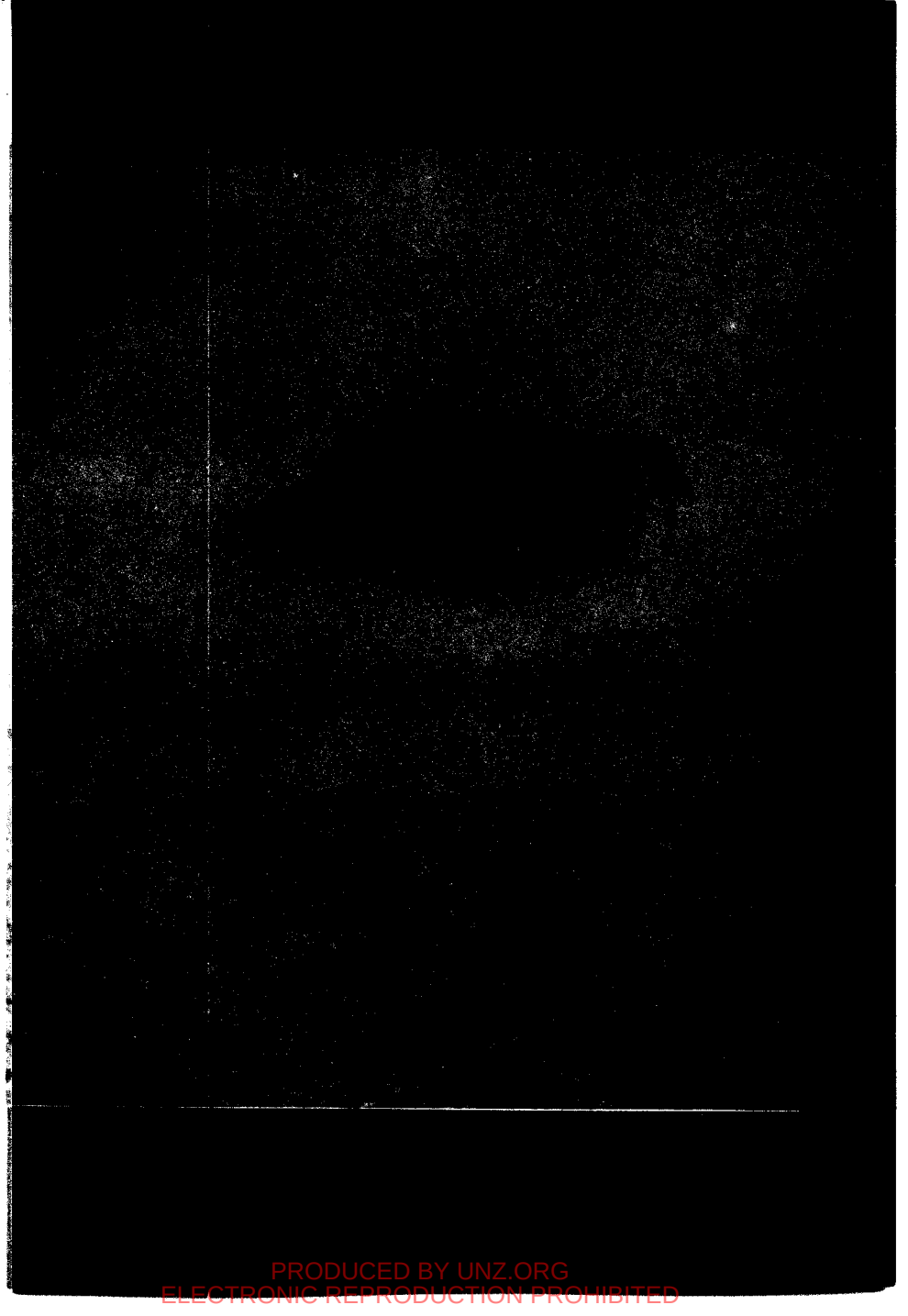

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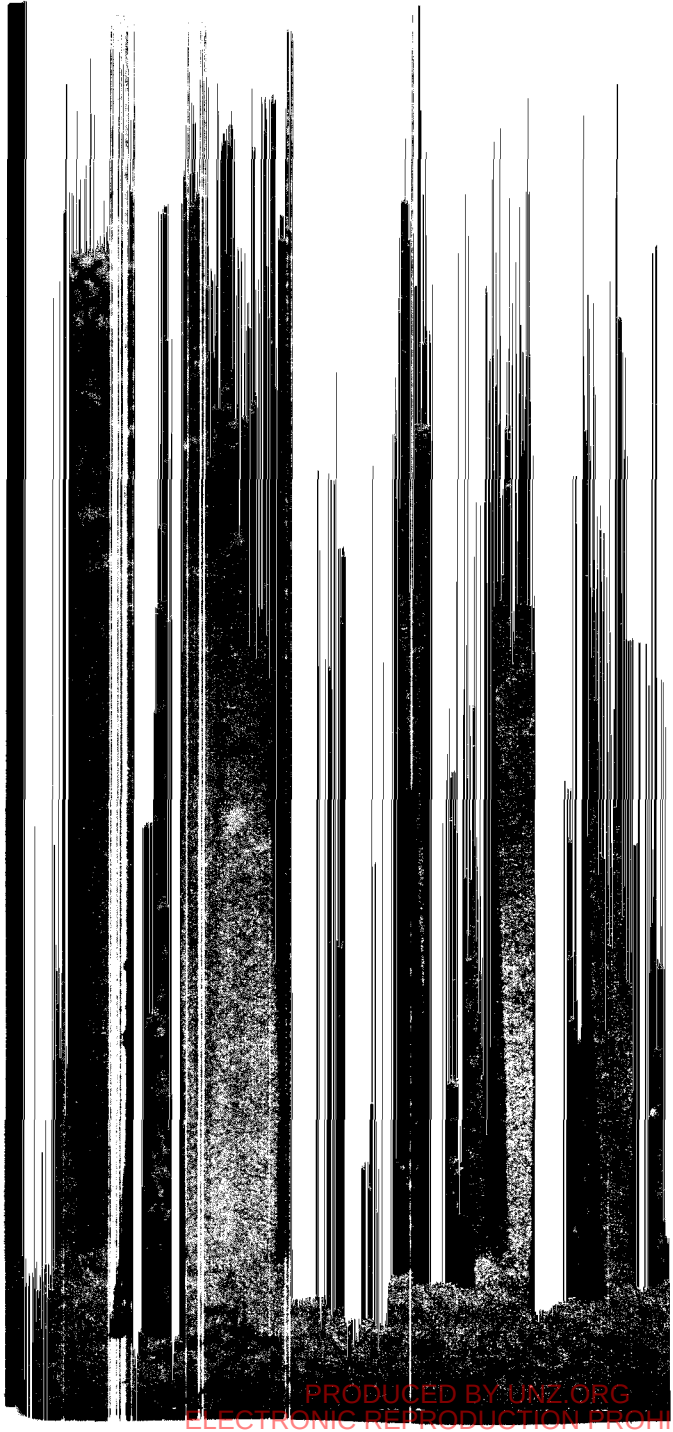

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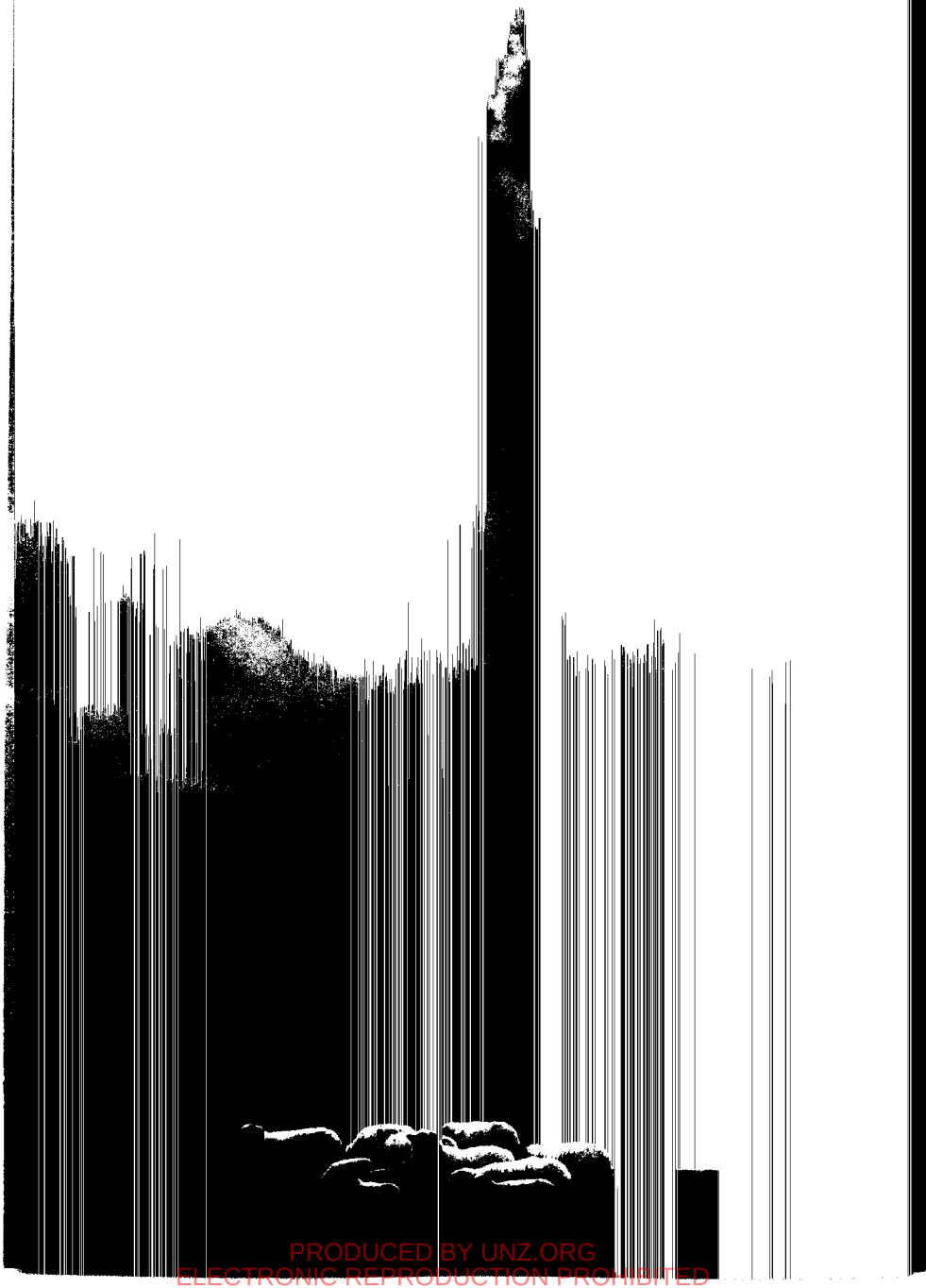

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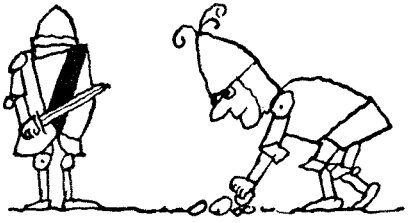
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why does *handsome* mean good looking?



Originally, *handsome* meant easy or pleasant to handle, just as *toothsome* means pleasant to bite. An early narrative speaks of a knight who, unarmed, picked up cobblestones that were "good and handsome" to throw at his opponent. And another work warned knights that their long lances were not "handsome" among trees and shrubs. From "pleasant to handle" the meaning broadened until the word became a term of general commendation, meaning "appropriate," "decent" or "suitable." These are attractive qualities and it was a short and almost inevitable extension for the word to mean "attractive."

Is there such a word as *heighth?*

Most dictionaries ignore it or insist that it is a corruption, but it isn't. It's simply a variant and a permissible one. The *t* and the *th* sounds are often interchanged in English. Some men are called Anthony and some Antony. Everybody pronounces Thomas and Thames as though they were spelled Tommus and Temz. The quality of being high has always been pronounced with either a *-t* or a *-th* sound at the end. And it still is, as our ears will tell us any day we listen. All other qualities of space measurements have settled on the *-th* ending (breadth, length, width, depth) so that, actually, it is the *-t* ending of *height* (which so many people insist is the only permissible pronunciation) that is unusual.

Is *cantankerous* a good word?

It's an expressive word whose very sound suggests its meaning: the ill-natured snarling of a cross old man, someone all cankered and tanked up with rancor. But it's a humorous word and so remains colloquial—a word we use freely in speech but consider out of place in a formal

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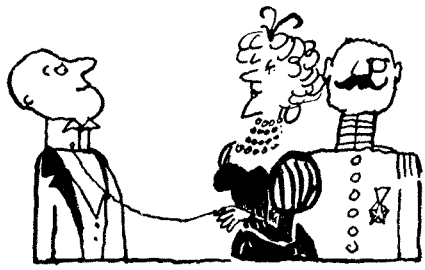
piece of writing. It first appeared in Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* (1773). It was probably a dialect word he had picked up, most likely an elaboration of the medieval English word *contek*, meaning strife. *Contek*, once a very common word, had last appeared in writing in 1340, but had, apparently, been living on in speech in some out-of-the-way place.

Why is dressing with splendor known as "putting on the dog"?

The expression originated about 1870 as college slang. The most likely explanation of its origin is that it was a reference to the high, stiff collar (which was called a "dog collar") then indispensable to formal wear. Ladies' diamond chokers were also called "dog collars" as were the heavily-braided collars of officers' uniforms. And since stiff collars, diamond chokers and dress uniforms were all ornamental and all connected with highly formal occasions (when our grandfathers went in for



a great deal of fuss and feathers), "putting on the dog" would mean preparing for such an occasion.

Should we say he *lighted* or *lit* his cigarette?

You may do either with perfect propriety. The two forms have been interchangeable since the beginning of the language. About 200 years ago someone decided that *lit* was "low and vulgar" and millions of people have become afraid of it. Maybe the original worrier thought that since "fit" was an improper past for "fight" (it was often used then by the uneducated), *lit* belonged in the same class. But it doesn't.

Is there a verb to *burgle*?

Burgle is a fairly recent "back formation" from *burglar*. Many quite reputable words have come into the language by back formation; that is, the formation of a word from one that looks like its derivative. By this process we got *diagnose* from *diagnosis*, *peddle* from *peddler*, *donate* from *donation*, *typewrite* from *typewriter*, and many others. *Burgle* seems to lack dignity and remains colloquial at best. But it certainly is a better word than the pompous *burglarize* which may very well become standard.

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We kept the "obey" in our marriage

This old-fashioned vow needn't lead to male tyranny, says Oregon's young Chief Executive. It gave his marriage a truer sense of partnership

BY GOVERNOR MARK O. HATFIELD

as told to John and Elizabeth Sherrill

PASTED TO A LEAF in our family scrapbook is a newspaper account of our wedding in 1958. It tells what church we were married in, what my bride, Antoinette, wore and what kind of flowers she carried. Curiously, the article places particular stress on the fact that the word "obey" appeared in our marriage ceremony. The idea that a wife should obey her husband seemed to intrigue the writer of the article.

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Fifty years ago, a bride who did not promise to "love, honor and *obey*" would have made news, but today the word has an antiquated, alien ring. Yet Antoinette wanted it in her vows to symbolize a husband-wife relationship in which we believed. To us, couples who delete the word "obey" lose something precious but hard to define.

Since Antoinette and I were married, great events have radically changed our lives. In 1958 I had the good fortune to become Governor of a flourishing state, and as my "First Lady," Antoinette has been a gracious hostess at many important functions. What's more, she has been an invaluable political adviser and campaign assistant. Yet through it all we have kept the "obey" in our marriage—and never regretted it.

In our modern society, obedience too often carries an ignoble, mean connotation—so much so that when we told our minister, the Rev. William Kerr, about Antoinette's wish to include "obey" in her vows, we were afraid he might object. Instead, he smiled broadly. "Wonderful!" he said. "I wish more brides would promise to obey their husbands. If they did, this country would be a lot stronger. That's the kind of marriage that sticks, and it produces a home where the children are most likely to be happy."

Our friends tell us that at the point in the wedding ceremony where the Reverend Kerr asked Antoinette: "Do you take this man . . . to love, honor and obey," he spoke the word OBEY with such force that it echoed from the walls of the church.

I think—I hope—that this was an exaggeration. Because the effect of the word on our marriage has not been that of a shout, but of a whisper—soft but pervasive.

I can recall the very evening that Antoinette first broached the subject. We had been invited to spend an evening at the home of married friends. Perhaps because we were considering marriage ourselves, we were sensitive to the relationship between this couple. At any rate, something about them puzzled us. Then, driving home, we suddenly put our finger on it: the wife, and not the husband, had taken charge of the evening.

"Charles, dear," she had said as we came through the door, "won't you take their coats to the bedroom?"

And later: "The phone is ringing, Charles!"

And still later: "Charles, don't you think it's time for some refreshments?" And each time, poor Charles jumped up from his chair and dutifully did her bidding.

Oddly, Charles is not a Mr. Milquetoast; he is an aggressive businessman with a reputation as a go-getter. Nor is his wife mannish or overtly bossy. They are normal, average, likable people. In fact, I think it was the normalcy of the situation that alarmed us. The wife was the head of that household and nobody—least of all Charles—saw anything wrong in that.

As I drove Antoinette home that night, she suddenly said, "When I

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get married, I want a husband, not a partner."

I looked at her in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Perhaps I mean that I don't think there can be a real partnership in marriage," she replied. "It's like this car. We're traveling along together, going to the same place, but you're driving. Both of us can't drive. And I don't think there can be two drivers in a marriage, either. One person's got to be at the wheel, and when it's the woman, I don't like what it does to her. Or to him. But it hurts her most."

It hurts the woman! I couldn't get those words out of my mind. I considered the married couples I knew, trying to pick out marriages where the wives seemed truly happy. And all at once I thought, "Why, perhaps one of the happiest women I know is Antoinette's own mother, Josephine Kuzmanich!"

I remember so well the first time I was invited to one of Mrs. Kuzmanich's immense and superlative meals. Out to greet me stepped a slender woman who looked like she should have been Antoinette's sister —yet I knew Antoinette was an only child. As I looked at her serene, unlined face, I found myself thinking, "Here is a woman who is utterly secure." Nor was this the surface placidity of a woman too unimaginative to worry: Josephine Kuzmanich is alert and creative. It wasn't until I had known her for a while that I discovered her secret. It was the security of faith: a deep, abiding, confident faith in the man she had married.

Antoinette's father, Vincent Kuzmanich, came to this country in his teens from what is now Yugoslavia. He came without funds or formal education. While Antoinette was growing up, he worked on a salmon boat, frequently toiling 30 hours without pause. Often he was away from home weeks at a time, sailing the Alaskan fishing banks.

With her father away so much of the time, one might suppose that Antoinette remembers her mother as the dominant figure of her childhood. Not at all. In this family, with its Slavic traditions, Vincent Kuzmanich was head of the household—whether he was there or not. Absent or present, the place at the head of the table was his. Josephine and Antoinette thought of themselves as *his* wife and *his* daughter; that was what gave life meaning, and all else was oriented to it.

I REMEMBER an evening when Mr. Kuzmanich arrived from work with two unexpected dinner guests. Afterward, I complimented Mrs. Kuzmanich on receiving them so gracefully when she had had no warning. She threw back her head and laughed with delight. "Warning of what?" she said. "This is Vincent's house. He knows I'll have dinner ready when he gets here. I certainly wouldn't fix a better meal for guests than for him!"

To this woman, Vincent Kuzmanich is the most important person on earth. How much confidence, courage and strength she gives him with this attitude! What dignity she gives to the role of wife!

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And how creative that role becomes—because this very trust and admiration helps a husband become the kind of man a family can depend on emotionally and materially.

In this home, "obedience" was a positive, outgoing thing, rather than a negative and passive one.

Of course, I don't propose that all husbands and wives run their marriages precisely this way. But Antoinette and I have found happiness by applying some of these "obsolete" principles. Here is what "obedience" means in our marriage:

For one thing, it means accepting a clearly defined division of labor. In this era of "togetherness," I often startle—and occasionally infuriate—our friends by commenting that when I got married there were two things I never wanted to touch: a dishcloth and a diaper.

I don't consider housework loathsome or beneath me; as a boy I did my share of it. Like Antoinette, I grew up in a happy home where money was scarce. My father, now retired, was a blacksmith for the Southern Pacific Railroad. I grew up during the Depression, when railroad men worked only two or three days a week. During these lean periods, my mother taught school to help out. We all helped take care of the house; I scrubbed, cooked, washed—and it never occurred to me to dislike the work or feel ashamed of doing it.

So, in marriage, I was not excluding myself from the kitchen out of dislike for it—but from a conviction that there is satisfaction in having a clear-cut role in life and playing it with all one's ability. It's a satisfaction fewer and fewer people know in these days of shifting roles. I knew that Antoinette wanted it this way. She often spoke of the tremendous pride that her mother, and her mother's mother, took in being expert homemakers.

As a matter of fact, I've touched quite a few dish towels since that day when Antoinette promised to obey me. But I've done it because I wanted to, not because I thought I ought to or because it was part of my job. My job is breadwinner and Antoinette leaves this role strictly to me. Actually, she has gifts that could make her a success in my chosen field—politics. She's an excellent speaker with firm, even passionate, convictions. But whatever part she plays in political campaigns, she insists, "I am the supporting actor, not the star."

The other thing that happens when the "obey" reappears in marriage is that the wife not only recognizes the division of labor but accepts—even embraces—the home as her calling. With Antoinette, this was not an automatic process. She had been Chief Resident Counselor for students at Stanford University; and when I asked her to marry me, she was Dean of Women at Portland State College. I will always be warmed and awed by the love which made her prefer making a home for me to this kind of professional achievement.

Antoinette makes light of her "sacrifice." She believes that giving up a career is easiest for the woman who has had a successful one. "The

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wives I see in almost desperate competition with their husbands are often the ones who had no chance to prove themselves to their own satisfaction, before marriage," she says. "Often they are young brides, marrying right out of school. It's hard to 'give up' something that has never been securely yours."

Antoinette was 29 when she married. She had risen to the top of her profession. She knew its joys and satisfactions—and she knew there were other joys and satisfactions she wanted more. As Dean of Women she had an unusual chance to observe what happens to children when the mother does not seize the home as her calling. Time after time when she was counseling girls in serious trouble, she traced its beginnings to a confused sex image. Often the mother was away from home as much as the father. She had rejected homemaking and child-raising as unchallenging pursuits and had spent more time with Red Cross, church and P.T.A. than with Sally or Jane.

Antoinette decided then that her children would never lack for a mother. I have discovered this for myself more than once. One hot Saturday last August, during Oregon's centennial celebration, I was scheduled to speak at a fair about 100 miles from Salem. It was a fine day for a drive and I asked Antoinette if she would come with me. She said she would love to. I presumed my mother would come to the apartment to baby-sit with our six-week-old daughter, Elizabeth. But as bottles and blankets began to pile up near the front door, I perceived that the baby was coming with us. The Hatfields would travel together. And we intend doing the same thing with our second child, who is due early in June.

What about these ideas—this wife-in-the-home, husband-is-boss approach to marriage? Are they sound? Nowhere else are we likely to find such a trustworthy guide to marital behavior as in the Bible, where the instructions are clear. "Wives," wrote Paul to the Ephesians, "submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord."

Many claim this is simply the code of an archaic civilization. Is it? Or is it the conclusion of centuries of experimentation in human relations —the profoundest truth about the nature of married happiness?

Notice that this commandment gives no sanction to tyranny, to the imposing of one will on another. It does not mean: "Men, dominate your wives." It is addressed to the women: "Wives, submit *yourselves* . . ." Make a voluntary, free gift of self, out of love. It is this willing and eager giving that brings meaning to marriage.

This is what Antoinette had in mind when she included the word "obey" in her wedding vows.

We are discovering, day by day, that these traditional values give each of us a freedom we have never known before. This creativity, this sense of freedom, this mutual support, it seems to us, is the "something precious" which our grandparents had—and which is still available to us today.

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ONE DAY A TEACHER FRIEND of mine asked each of the pupils in her kindergarten class how near he lived to the school and how long it took him to get home. She couldn't help smiling at one little boy's answer: "I must live pretty close because when I get home, my mother always says, 'Good grief, are you home already?' "

—*DIXIE Roto (Times Picayune)*

A THREE-YEAR-OLD, sniffing the blossoms on an apple tree in full bloom, commented to her mother: "Mmmm—they smell dressed up, don't they?"

—MRS. J. E. LATHROP

TOM BROKE THE SHELLS of the eggs, carefully separating the whites from the yolks. Then, beating in sugar, she whipped them into mountains of creamy meringue that she piled on the shimmering lemon pie. Ten-year-old Charley watched her every move.

"Gosh," he said admiringly, "who'd ever think a chicken could do all that?"

—MRS. HERBERT W. PIKE

BECAUSE THE DAY was damp and cold, I had denied my four-year-old daughter, Robin, permission to play outdoors.

"How come Emily and Harriet are outside?" she wanted to know as she gloomily watched her two friends from the window.

"They're too young to know any better," I explained. At this Robin started for the door. "Let me out," she said triumphantly. "I'm younger than they are. I don't know any better, either."

—MAXWELL ROSENZWEIG

A SMALL GIRL, returning from her first visit to a barber, was impressed with his use of the electric clippers on her. She remarked to her mother: "I guess my neck was dirty, 'cause he used the vacuum cleaner on it."

—VIRGINIA COATES

RECENTLY, A MEMBER of one of our local churches received a telephone call which her small daughter answered.

A cheerful voice on the other end of the line asked if her mommy was there and added, "This is Pastor Bretheim."

The youngster turned from the phone and called to her mother: "Mommy, a man wants to talk to you on the phone and he says to tell you it's past my bedtime."

—MRS. ANN SARGENT

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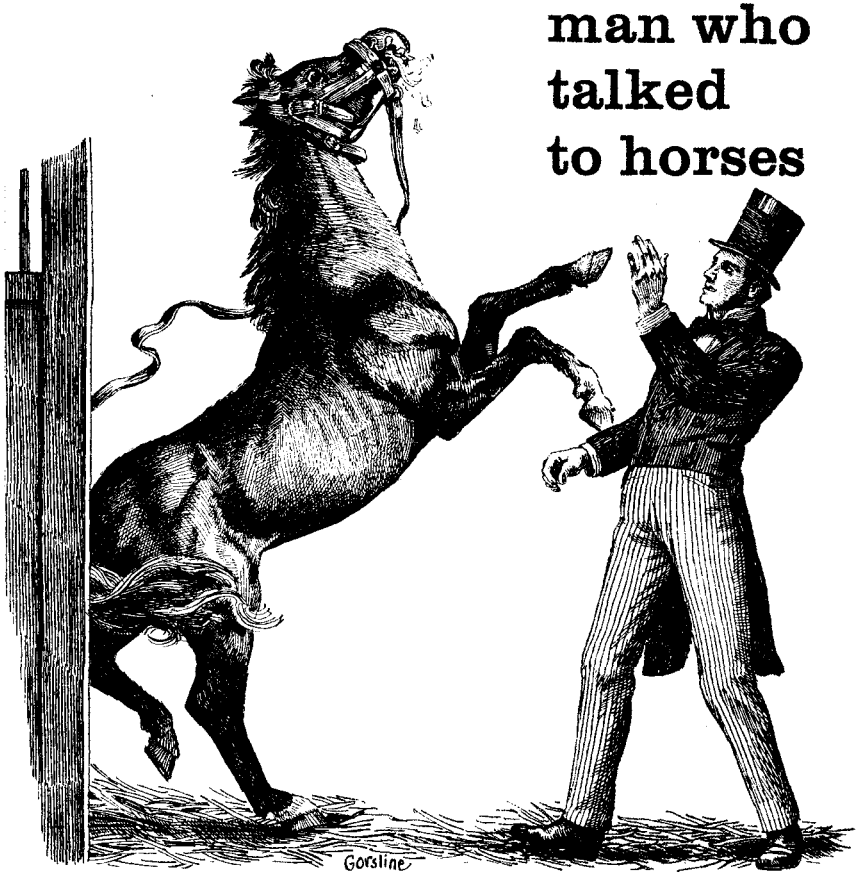
The man who talked to horses



John Solomon Rarey had whinnying ways. He could tame the wildest bronco before the doubting Thomases could say "nay"

BY WIL HANE

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A CENTURY AGO, Queen Victoria hurried to the royal stables at Windsor Castle to witness a command performance she feared would end in death for a "brave, yet very foolhardy American."

In the center of the main training ring stood John Solomon Rarey, a young Ohio farmer who had arrived from the U.S. only a week before with a boast that gained him such notoriety that the Queen commanded a personal performance.

Rarey said there wasn't a horse he couldn't make as gentle as a house cat within three hours—and in most cases within an hour.

A glimpse of the American aggravated Queen Victoria's doubts. He wore a long-tailed coat and a white shirt with starched collar and cuffs. A stove-pipe hat was jammed to just above his owlish eyes.

Three grooms maneuvered an unbroken stallion into the ring, where Rarey studied the horse as it battled heavy ropes. "Please return the animal to its stall," he finally said.

Entering the stall he requested that the door be bolted from the outside and that no one be allowed to enter until he signaled. Sixteen minutes later Rarey reappeared and led the stallion around the ring with a bridle woven from the straw bedding in the stall. Next, he mounted and guided the stallion around the ring with his knees, while beating loudly on a set of cavalry drums. The once vicious animal nodded playfully as if in time to the drum beat.

Rarey repeated the performance with another horse, this time requiring only ten minutes. His third subject was a stallion condemned to die for maiming two grooms. Thirty minutes passed without a signal from Rarey to unbolt the door. Fearing the worst, the Queen ordered the door opened.

To the amazement of the Queen and her court, both Rarey and the stallion were sprawled in the straw—asleep. Rarey lay beside the horse using the back legs as a pillow. While his audience stood transfixed, Rarey rose, fetched a wheelbarrow and proceeded to wheel it around and across the stallion.

One incredulous nobleman, suspecting drugs, asked Rarey if the horse could rise. Rarey bent over, collected a handful of mane and gave a gentle tug. Instantly the stallion swung to its feet. The huge animal affectionately nuzzled the hand of its conqueror.

Rarey couldn't help but grin at the wide-eyed astonishment of his royal audience. He had first seen it on the faces of his neighbors when he was 12 and living on his father's farm in Franklin County in central Ohio. That fall his father had purchased a thoroughbred colt with a reputation for wildness. More than a dozen of the best horsemen in the state had tried to tame it before condemning the animal as incorrigible.

The morning after the purchase, Adam Rarey attempted to whip the colt into submission. At the first crack of the whip, the colt bolted, snapping the halter rope and throwing the elder Rarey into the corral fence, breaking his leg. Neighbors carried him to his house. They promised to kill the animal. But when

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they returned to the corral, the colt had disappeared.

Word spread that the killer-colt was roaming the countryside. An armed posse was organized, but before it could get under way, there was a shout from the barn: "Hold your fire. I've gentled him."

Out of the barn rode 12-year-old John Rarey astride the colt. The boy's only explanation was that the colt had been mishandled and that he had handled him the right way.

The youngster taught the colt all the tricks known to circus horses of the day plus many he invented and the pair soon was in great demand at fairs and shows. The story spread throughout the Midwest and scores of horsemen brought their most vicious animals to be tamed by the frail youngster.

Rarey never allowed anyone to witness what went on between himself and the horses. He would only reveal that "kindness, firmness and patience" were the essentials of his training method and condemned other methods as brutal and inhumane. It was common practice to club or whip a horse into submission. Greased ropes were often used to choke a spirited animal and spiked bits and iron muzzles were used on animals that revolted against brute force.

In June 1856, Rarey journeyed to Texas to conduct what he believed to be the supreme test of his method—the taming of wild horses of the western plains. His critics said that it was one thing to tame animals born and raised in captivity, but it was quite another to tame a bronco that had been foaled in the wilds and never exposed to man.

For three months Rarey lived in the wilderness, studying the habits of wild horses and conducting secret tests. On the day of his first exhibition, thousands of Texans flocked into an arena especially constructed for the performance. Newspapermen from as far away as Boston and San Francisco were on hand to cover the event.

Rarey's subjects were five of the most notorious horses in the Southwest. Four were man-killers while the fifth had so severely crushed the arm of its captor that amputation was necessary.

As usual, Rarey's mild manner and formal dress caused a stir of disbelief among the audience. Amid catcalls and jeers, he entered the stable where the killer-horses were housed in separate box stalls.

Bets were laid as to whether the Northerner would live to see the sun set and at the end of 20 minutes betting odds were lopsidedly in favor of Rarey already lying dead. But 45 minutes later, Rarey reappeared riding the most vicious of the outlaw horses. He dismounted in the center of the arena and commanded the horse to kneel and finally to lie. When the horse obeyed, Rarey stepped atop its stomach, doffed his hat and bowed graciously. A roar from the audience gave notice that Rarey had won the hearts of Texan horsemen.

There were three more exhibitions during which Rarey proved that his method worked as well on Texas broncs as it did on Ohio farm horses. On a challenge, he tamed a

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pair of elk and traveled about the countryside in a surrey, using his unusual team to draw audiences for his lectures on kindness.

Then, with less than $50 in his pocket, he set sail for England to spread his revolutionary theory. En route, Rarey met two Englishmen who wagered he couldn't tame a particularly vicious mare one of them owned. Although he couldn't cover the bet, Rarey accepted and in less than six hours after setting foot in England added $100 to his near-empty purse.

When Rarey's feat became known to the London newspapers, there was a storm of publicity followed by an invitation from Queen Victoria for the command performance, already described.

OVERNIGHT, Rarey became the most controversial figure in England. An influential group of skeptics, led by Lord Dorchester, publicly challenged Rarey to tame the infamous racing stallion, Cruiser.

Dorchester had purchased the horse for $15,000 five years previously. During the first year, Cruiser finished well ahead of the field in every race he was entered. Suddenly he became unmanageable. In fits of rage, the stallion would bite out iron bars and smash a box stall to kindling. So vicious were his fits of temper that he took to tearing his own legs and sides. Not once in four years had the stallion been out of its specially designed brick stall with six-inch oak door.

Only Cruiser's value as a sire prevented Lord Dorchester from having him destroyed. Even so, the nobleman was planning to blind the stallion because of the ever-present danger the horse presented to its handlers. Rarey accepted Lord Dorchester's challenge. Realizing that this would be the greatest test of his career, he announced he would reveal to the world the secret of his method. His request for Cruiser to be brought to London for the performance was refused by Lord Dorchester, who said it was impossible to transport the stallion. So on April 21, 1858, John Rarey journeyed to Murrell's Green to match his life's work against the mighty Cruiser.

As Rarey and a group of distinguished horsemen approached the quarters of the fierce stallion, Cruiser flew into a rage. Through the stall window, Rarey watched the stallion charge the stable door time after time, throwing his full weight against the solid oak.

Lord Dorchester begged Rarey to come away, offering to retract the challenge and generously reimburse the American for any damage suffered to his reputation. Rarey refused. Instead, when Cruiser lay dazed from one of his headlong charges, he entered the stall and slipped a halter over the stallion's head, attaching the rope to a hitching ring on the door. He retreated with barely enough time to bolt the door on the flying hooves. For 20 minutes the infuriated animal fought the halter with all its strength, finally collapsing from exhaustion.

The Ohioan leaped into the stall carrying two long straps and a wide leather belt with a brass ring at its

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center. As he attached his gear, he uttered soothing tones in the animal's ear and caressed the quivering muscles in the huge neck. He attached one end of the straps to the stallion's shanks and when the horse struggled to its feet snapped the leather belt around its middle and threaded the straps through the brass ring at the bottom of the belt.

When Cruiser struggled, Rarey gently pulled the straps and caused the animal's front legs to buckle. For three hours he caressed and talked to the stallion and brought the animal to its knees when he struggled.

The next afternoon Rarey rode Cruiser to London, where thousands of Britishers lined the streets and cheered. Banquets and dances were held in his honor. Rarey left for Paris shortly afterward, a wealthy man. A commission appointed by the Emperor was standing ready to report on his performance. Additional wealth and honor followed when it reported that in 30 minutes the American tamed six of that country's most incorrigible horses.

Rarey next visited Sweden, Prussia and Egypt and received the highest honors of those countries. An invitation from the Czar of Russia took him to St. Petersburg. En route to the U.S. he stopped off in England. Lord Dorchester gave him Cruiser as a parting gift and said, "If Rarey's method were applied to mankind, Christianity would assign him a place among the Apostles."

America opened its arms to Rarey upon his arrival in New York in November 1860. His performances in New York, Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia were huge successes, attended by throngs of distinguished guests. Among them was Ralph Waldo Emerson who said, "Rarey has turned a new leaf in civilization."

At the invitation of President Buchanan, Rarey inspected U.S. Cavalry training methods. His notes on the inspection were published and became the official manual for training Army mounts until the Cavalry surrendered to motorization.

Soon, failing health forced Rarey to retire to his father's farm where he constructed a mansion. A year later he died at the age of 38.

Although Rarey performed the major part of his work within ten years, his teachings of kindness toward "man's greatest servant" gave impetus to a movement that far outlived him and is still felt.

NO PUSHING, PLEASE!

GEORGE V. ALLEN, director of the United States Information Agency, tells this story about the book of visitors' comments that was kept at the U. S. pavilion at the Moscow Fair:

"One Russian wrote: 'Bravo, Yanks, but we Russians are going to pass you by very soon.'

"Another wrote right under it: 'Please let me off in the United States as you go by.'" —*New York Times*

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BY MORTON PUNER

5,000,000 Americans—servicemen, civilians and dependents—prove racial harmony is workable on the job, in schools and in everyday living

ONE MORNING LAST FALL, a dozen children got off a school bus and trooped into class for a new term. The teacher started the day with a classroom joke; the children got to work.

An ordinary day, an ordinary event. Except for the fact that the children were both white and Negro. And the place where school started, without fuss or mobs: Little Rock, Arkansas. But the pupils, children of Air Force personnel,

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were not in a Little Rock public school. They were attending the Little Rock Air Force Base School. All schools on Defense Department bases have been integrated since 1954. But last year, *off-base schools* were integrated in Arkansas, Florida and Tennessee, among other places—without a single newspaper headline.

This is part of the lesson of integration in the armed forces. It started in 1948 with President Truman's Executive Order 9981 which set a policy of equal treatment and opportunity for "all persons in the armed forces without regard to race, color, religion or national origin." It took seven years, under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, to implement that order. Today, at home and throughout the free world, can be found answers to these basic questions:

How does integration of Americans—white and Negro—really work out? How does it affect our national strength and such things as a man's choice, and his children's choice, of friends? What happens when whites and Negroes live, work and play together on equal terms?

TO FIND the answers, I recently made two month-long tours of Army, Air Force and Navy installations and their surrounding communities in ten countries. These included France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Morocco, Spain and Turkey as well as the U.S. Except for Iceland, where Negroes are barred from living because of an Icelandic theory of racial purity, I found the extent of service integration and its lessons to be about the same.

One event quickly settled all doubts about the military value of integration—the Korean War. Perhaps the feelings of many Korean veterans are summed up in the words of Staff Sgt. Edwin Palmer, a Texan: "I guess I'm alive today because of the quality of the Negroes fighting in my outfit."

Equally meaningful were the actions of Lieut. Comdr. Thomas J. Hudner, Jr., the first Navy man to receive the Medal of Honor in Korea. Hudner, who is white, was cited for his "desperate but unavailing battle against time, cold and flames" behind enemy lines in "selfless devotion to a shipmate." The shipmate: Ensign Jesse LeRoy Brown, the Navy's first Negro flyer, who was shot down by Communist antiaircraft and died in the wreckage of his plane near the Chosin Reservoir in 1950.

It took longer for integration to work out on social and educational levels. Today Negroes, who make up about ten percent of our uniformed population, eat, sleep and train with white servicemen. Throughout the world, they and their families make equal use of all Defense Department facilities, which include nurseries, schools and supermarkets as well as barracks and rocket-launching sites.

More than 5,000,000 of these Americans—servicemen, civilians and dependents—are subject to integration in their daily lives. The results, in the words of historian Richard Bardolph, professor at the

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Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, add up to "one of the most profound changes in American racial patterns since the Emancipation."

But it is not the kind of change that some feared. One specter raised before integration was the notion that it would lead to interracial sex and marriage. In fact, interracial marriage was more common before integration. A Pentagon official said that such marriages are rare today.

Both white and Negro servicemen gain through integration. Fears are put in their place. The Negro takes pride in himself and the white finds he can accept individual Negroes as friends. When the rhetorical, "How would you like your sister to marry a Negro?" arises, he is apt to answer, "She can say no, can't she?"

A Negro officer at Maxwell Field, Alabama, expressed his attitude by quoting the words of Negro leader Martin Luther King: "We would rather be the white man's brother than his brother-in-law."

At a battalion dance in Germany recently, Negro officers were uncertain whether to dance with the commanding officer's wife—an old Army custom. The C.O., Col. William A. Quirey, let it be known that he had no objections and the Negro officers had their cue. To the few white officers who felt this obliged them to follow the colonel's example, Quirey explained that each man and his wife were free to do as they pleased, without compulsion.

In 1960, the sight of Negroes in officers' uniforms is commonplace. They do not have the problems faced by Charles Young, the third Negro graduate of West Point in 1889. When white troops refused to salute him, he had to strip off his coat and command them to salute its buttons.

In 1958, a white officer refused to shake the hand of a Negro during a military ceremony. He was given an official reprimand and fined $200. The case was so rare that it gained national newspaper attention. Today, the idea is accepted that when a Negro has reached a position of command, he has earned it and is entitled to all its authority and privileges.

There are now eight Negroes at West Point, three at the Air Force Academy and seven at Annapolis. The highest ranking Negro officer in the three services is Maj. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, Jr., deputy chief of staff for operations at USAFE headquarters in Germany. (Davis, the first Negro Air Force general, is the son of Brig. Gen. Benjamin O. Davis, Sr., who became the Army's first Negro general in 1940.)

The Army and Air Force have more than 100 Negro colonels and lieutenant colonels. There are about 200 Negro officers on active duty in the regular Navy and among the reserves. Lieut. Comdr. Dennis D. Nelson, one of the first group of 13 given wartime commissions, has seniority and highest rank among Negro Navy regulars. There are several full commanders—doctors and dentists—on extended active duty. Lieut. Comdr. Wesley A. Brown, in 1949, became the first Negro to graduate from Annapolis. Lieut. Comdr. Samuel Gravely, Jr., in February 1960, be-

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came executive officer of a destroyer —a tough, demanding job for which the Navy chooses its best men.

Of course, prejudiced attitudes, if not behavior, still exist. Many Negroes, with a lifetime of experience on the subject, can sense when a white disapproves of their color.

Capt. Simon H. Scott is Protestant chaplain at the Air Force base at Evreux, northwest of Paris. Most of his congregation is white. "I know that some of the people I lead in prayer have prejudice against me," he said. "But I speak with them as though I were unaware of their prejudice, hoping that they will get to know me and see beyond the color of my skin."

Integration off-duty is directly related to the cultural and social level of a serviceman and his family, and what they're looking for in the way of after-hours fun. The greatest amount comes on higher social and cultural levels. Together, white and Negro servicemen go to the theater in New York or the opera in Milan. But they rarely integrate when they go to the honky-tonks of Montmartre or the *Gasthäuser* of Germany.

Integration doesn't mean forced and indiscriminate mixing, the wife of the only Negro officer at Southern European Task Force headquarters in Verona, Italy, pointed out. Mrs. Louise Outlaw said she finds no barriers in her social contacts, though she makes sure her children's friends meet certain standards of honesty and goodness—without regard for color or religion. As an example of how integration has changed social attitudes, Verona's American parent-teachers association—predominantly white—elected Louise Outlaw their president last spring.

This happened in Europe where Americans are freer to act as conscience, not just custom, dictates. Of all countries, it is in the U.S. that the success of armed forces integration is most striking and offers the greatest contrast. Here, for the Negro serviceman, the short bus ride from base to town—any town—often represents a trip to the past. Uniformed or not, he may again be forced to conform to patterns of segregation—to go to back doors, to look for facilities marked "Colored."

The differences show in many ways. Recently, the commander of the air base outside Grand Forks, North Dakota, met with the local Chamber of Commerce. Some of the town's restaurants had refused to serve Negro airmen. The commander made clear that all airmen are entitled to equal treatment, that places that discriminated against any would be declared off-limits. Chamber members carried his words back to the community; complaints of discrimination stopped.

In fact, the situation today is a dramatic reversal of the way things were before integration became policy. During much of World War II, Negroes were allowed to serve only in the Steward's Branch in the Navy, and as truck drivers or heavy manual laborers in the Army. Sometimes they were pitched into battle ill-prepared, with disastrous results. Such incidents nourished the myth: "Negroes can't fight."

This was simply not true. At the

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height of the war in Europe, 50 Army researchers interviewed thousands of soldiers about their attitudes toward Negro platoons fighting experimentally within their white divisions. The findings: Negroes, fighting within an integrated framework, could do just as well as whites. These findings were never made public during the war; Washington officials feared that disclosure would force the Army into hasty, ill-timed reorganization on an integrated basis. Segregation generally remained the rule.

OF ALL three services, the Navy had the poorest record in race relations, complicated by the fact that its caste system was generally the most rigid. From 1940 to 1943, Navy policy was summed up in the words of a directive that "the enlistment of Negroes (other than as mess attendants) leads to disruptive and undermining conditions . . . (not conducive to) general ship efficiency . . ."

In 1943, Negroes were finally given a few general assignments outside the Steward's Branch. There was also a segregated training school at Great Lakes for technical jobs. The first Negro officers in Navy history, 13 men, were commissioned in March 1944. Their graduation ceremony was graceless and almost furtive, as though Navy traditions were being sullied by the introduction of Negro officers.

The wartime experience was tragic. In October 1943, many Negro members of a SeaBee battalion were dishonorably discharged, mainly because they had protested that they were victims of discrimination. In Guam, Christmas Day 1944, Negro sailors were attacked by white marines. In Camp Rousseau, California, in 1945, 1,000 Negro seamen went on a hunger strike in demonstration against Jim Crow practices and lack of promotions.

After V-J Day, almost all Negro officers, convinced the Navy offered them no future, applied for demobilization. By 1948, only four Negro officers were still on active duty.

But by this time, armed forces integration had become inevitable for many reasons. Among them were concern for world opinion, the need for better use of manpower—plus the protests of Americans, Northern and Southern, who felt that such segregation was grotesquely wrong. Once Executive Order 9981 was issued, the process began quickly. By 1950, the President's Committee on Equality of Treatment and Opportunity in the Armed Services, headed by Judge Charles Fahy of Georgia, was able to report that most of its recommendations had been accepted by the services. Today there are no segregated units anywhere.

Only one aspect of the armed forces integration picture is still debated. Some Negro leaders deplore the fact that, to this day, more than 90 percent of the men of the Navy's Steward's Branch (food-handlers and servers) are Negroes and Filipinos. But here, too, strides have been great. Fewer than 50 percent of all Negro sailors are in the Steward's Branch today, compared to 78 per-

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cent ten years ago and 100 percent at the beginning of World War II.

Admiral H. P. Smith, chief of naval personnel until February 1960, explains the situation this way: so long as Negroes are limited in their employment and educational opportunities in civilian life, they are bound to be assigned Navy jobs requiring lesser degrees of skill.

For Negroes themselves, life in the integrated services is filled with challenges and opportunity denied them as civilians. The record shows they are making the most of it. The percentage of Negroes taking courses with the United States Armed Forces Institute is 14 percent; for the rest of men in uniform, the figure is nine percent of all non-commissioned officers.

James C. Evans, who is civilian assistant, Office of the Secretary of Defense, is the man most responsible for carrying out integration in the armed forces. Evans, a Negro, is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and an electronics as well as manpower specialist. He makes the point: "If there is a lag in a magnetic circuit, we change it, improve it and it never snaps back. We've done the same thing for a cultural lag in our society; through integration, we have changed it, improved it. It can never snap back."

Through integration, our mighty defense machinery, with all its potential for destruction, is sowing seeds of brotherly love and understanding among Americans. Some of the yield is already in.

According to Maj. Gen. Harvey Fischer, a West Pointer and Korean veteran: "Heart is heart, blood is blood, muscle is muscle . . . what difference does color make?"

And according to Negro Navy Lieut. (j.g.) L.E. Jenkins: "After awhile you start thinking of whites as people."

CANDIDLY SPEAKING

THE FIVE CENT HAMBURGER hasn't disappeared. It can be found at the end of a toothpick on a canapé tray.
—EARL WILSON

A BAD MEMORY today is really an asset. It permits you to enjoy an old movie on television without realizing you saw it years ago. —*Wall Street Journal*

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS is a lady's shoe that is larger on the inside than on the outside. —MAUREEN COPER

THOSE WHO COMPLAIN about the way the ball bounces are often the ones who dropped it. —*Quote*

OVERWEIGHT often is just desserts. —T. S. HADDAD

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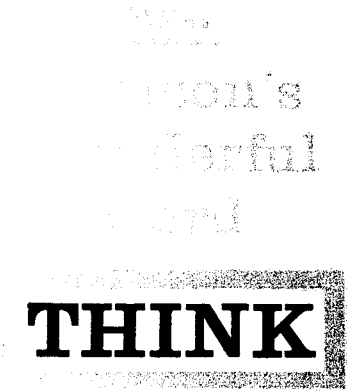
BY JO CHAMBERLIN



Coined 49 years ago, the slogan has been a great source of inspiration—ranging from gags to riches

IMPROVISED IN 1911 by Thomas J. Watson, Sr., to pep up a lagging sales conference on cash registers, the slogan THINK has become even better known than its creator, who later built the giant International Business Machines empire. The slogan has achieved fame without millions of dollars having been spent to promote it. THINK has gained recognition under its own steam and is now part of American humor and the American scene.

On Broadway five seasons back, *The Desk Set,* starring Shirley Booth, featured a THINK sign prominently hung on the office wall. And a Hollywood motion picture director once put a THINK sign in an office scene "because the room didn't look typical without it."

In recent years hundreds of humorous cartoons have been published based on THINK—or variations of it, such as: THIMK; Before You Louse It Up—THINK; THINK OR THWIM; and THINK MINK.

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen has mentioned "the fondness for displaying

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signs in our offices reading THINK," while the Reverend W. Ralph Ward, Jr., of Pittsburgh's Mount Lebanon Methodist Church, delivered a sermon on the motto over a national C.B.S. radio hookup. The slogan has also been used successfully in fire and accident prevention campaigns:

"It doesn't require brains to have an accident—THINK."

"THINK twice—once for the other guy."

"A *thinking* driver doesn't drink; a drinking driver doesn't *think*."

Banks, colleges, the Salvation Army and the New York Transit Authority all have used the signs. Curiously, many of the THINK signs painted in the New York subways appear on doors leading to sump pumps. Nobody can figure out why.

THINK signs are frequently used by the armed services—with typical G.I. variations:

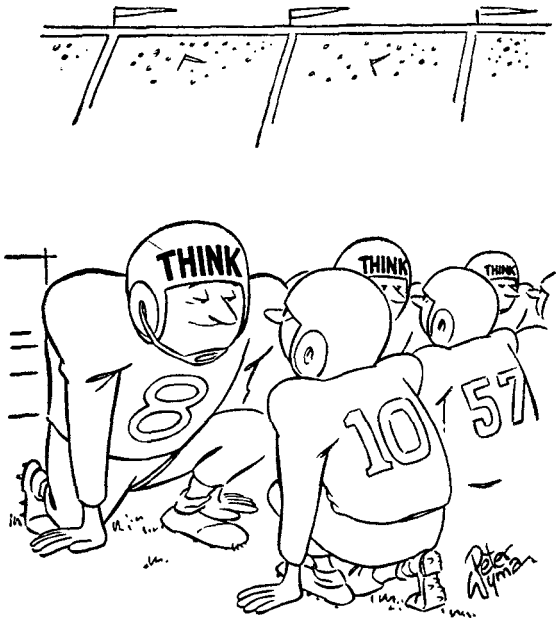
"THINK—Maybe we can get out of this job."

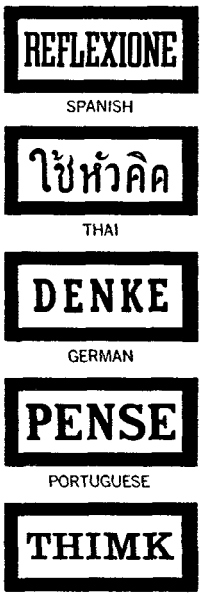
"THINK—It won't hurt much."

"Don't THINK—Ask."

Of course, there are always some non-conformists who refuse to do as the sign says. A tavern near an Endicott, New York, I.B.M. plant used to have a sign which read: "While you're thinkin', we're drinkin'."

I.B.M. does not have a copyright on THINK, nor does the company use the motto in its own advertising. But I.B.M. does try to keep it from being exploited commercially. How-





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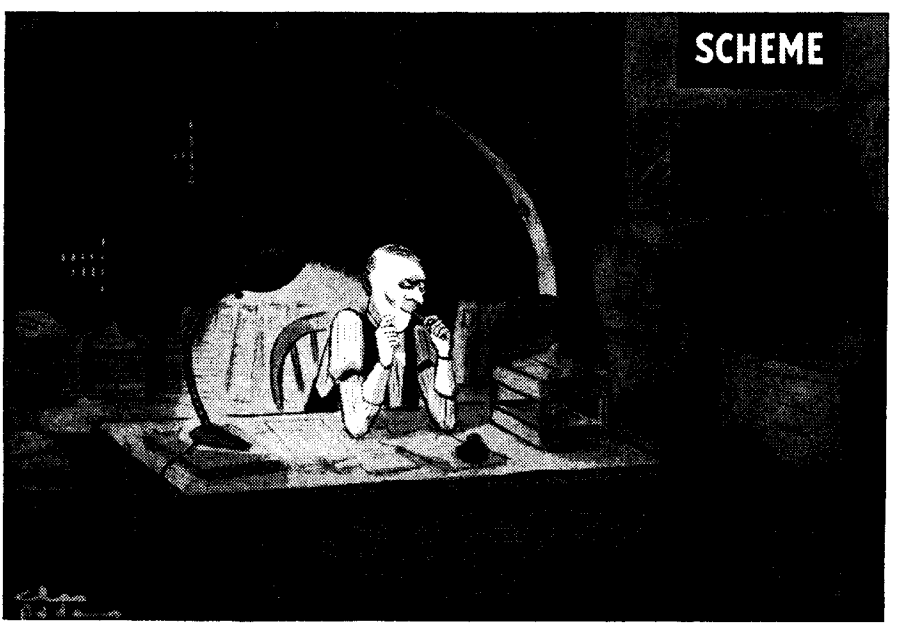
ever, the company will cooperate with any public service use of THINK. Annual requests for the desk and wall signs now run to 20,000. There is also a small black pocket notebook, with THINK in small type on the cover. Approximately 250,000 of these are distributed annually to businessmen and women, teachers and officials. One woman wrote that "Every time I opened my purse, the notebook made me think before snapping up some dubious bargain."

THINK is also the name of a public affairs magazine which is sent without charge to 90,000 subscribers, mostly business executives, and to I.B.M. employees. Thomas Watson, Sr., founded the publication in 1935, and today it never plugs its parent company. When the magazine celebrated its 20th anniversary in 1955, a waggish recipient inquired, did readers of THINK still have to?

In many cases, THINK signs are used abroad, even in non-English speaking nations. However, there are also direct translations; in Spanish the motto reads REFLEXIONE; in French, REFLECHISSEZ; in German, DENKE; in Italian, RIFLETTETE; in Portuguese, PENSE.

The famous slogan was born at a meeting of advertising and sales personnel in Dayton, Ohio, back in 1911. Thomas J. Watson was then sales manager for the National Cash Register Corp., and he held a conference every day at 8 A.M. It was a rainy December morning and nobody present had either ideas or



Drawing by Chas. Addams, Copr. © 1954 *The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

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enthusiasm for selling more cash registers.

Disgusted, Watson suddenly sprang out of his front row chair and bounded onto the platform. "The trouble with every one of us is that we don't think enough," he told his startled subordinates. "We don't get paid for working with our feet; we get paid for working with our heads. Thought has been the father of every advance since time began. Knowledge is the result of thought and thought is the keynote of success in this business or any business. Any man on the selling force today could make $2 where he now makes one, if he would but think along the right lines. 'I didn't think' has cost the world millions of dollars."

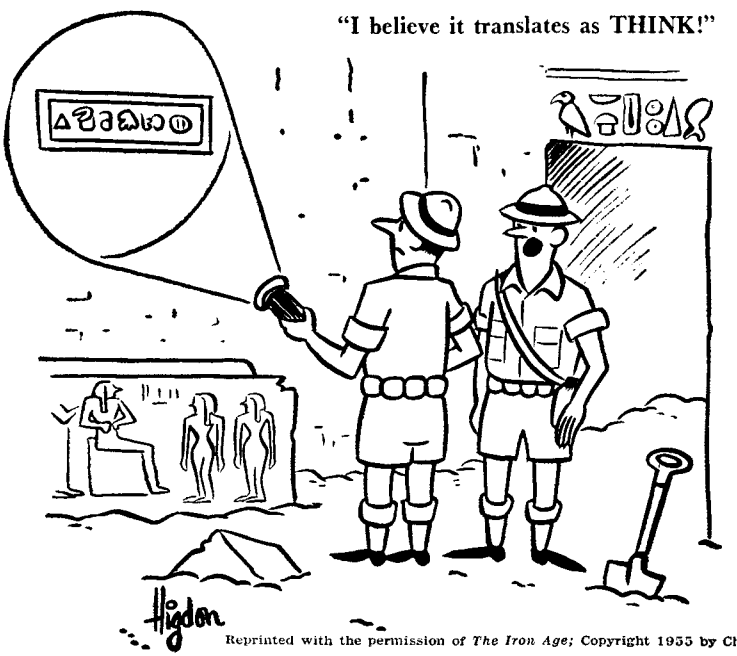
Watson turned to the blackboard, picked up a large blue crayon and printed one word in big, bold letters: THINK.

The idea sank in. The following day, hastily prepared THINK signs appeared in many offices. When Mr. Watson left the company in 1913, he took the motto with him. The next year he joined the Computing-Tabulating-Recording Co., which later became I.B.M. The firm's phenomenal growth indicates that Watson and his associates did some thinking of their own.

THINK has endured as few slogans have. For instance, over 10,000 slogans have been registered with *Printers' Ink* magazine since 1919, and most of them have long since been forgotten.

"Many people have urged me,"

"I believe it translates as THINK!"



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Watson said before his death in 1956, "to add something such as THINK FAST OR THINK CONSTRUCTIVELY. This would be a mistake. Also, some people want you to think as they think. We shouldn't try to tell people what or how to think. If we can stimulate young people to think, I'll be satisfied."

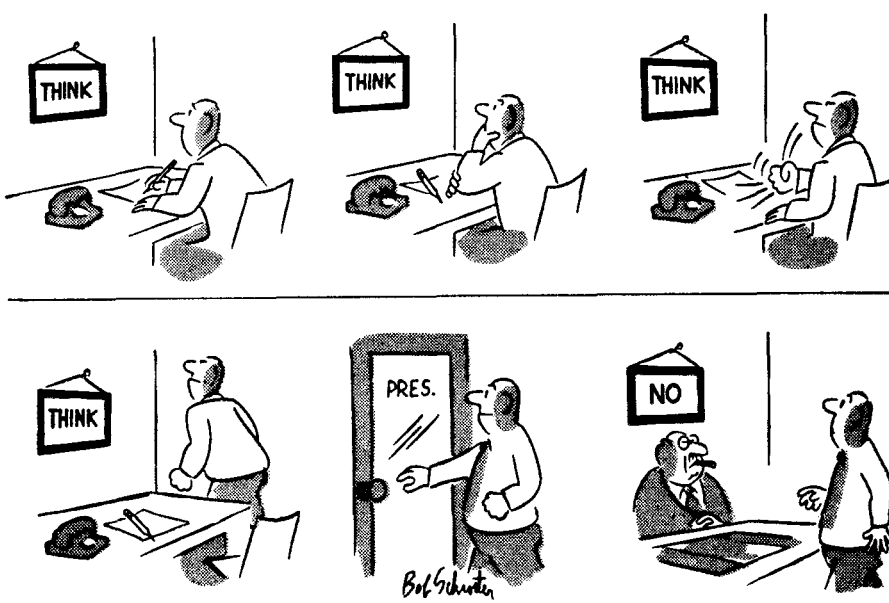
Practicing what it preaches, I.B.M. rewards employees who THINK: in 1959 they were paid $681,700 for 14,000 assorted thoughts on how procedures could be improved at I.B.M. These bonuses ranged from $25 to $5,830.

When I.B.M.'s first educational building was built in Endicott, New York, during the Depression, THINK was incorporated into the chandelier hung in the lobby where nobody could possibly miss it.

Today, the elder Watson's son, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., is the president of I.B.M. Inevitably he is referred to jocularly as "Mr. Think, Jr." Meanwhile, his brother, Arthur K. Watson, runs the firm's international subsidiary. As their father opened markets for mechanical computors and tabulators, they are now pioneering with electronic machines. I.B.M. keeps "preaching," as their father used to say, that "the new 'giant brains' aren't brains at all—just tools that the human brain can use to . . . free people for real thinking on how to make their businesses much better."

And how is all this to be accomplished?

Presumably by THINKing.



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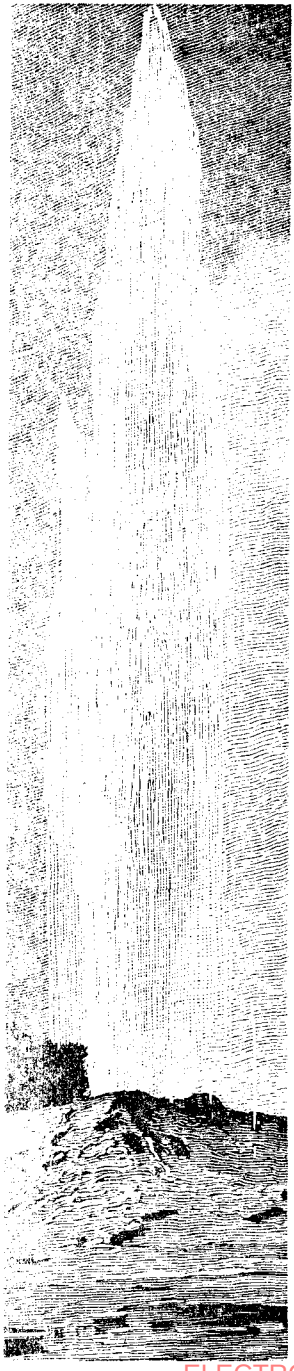

Beneath the earth, nature's cauldrons generate vast quantities of live steam and heat —which is ours for the taking

Harnessing power from the underworld

BY JOHN BALCOMB

EARLY IN 1958, in a below-sea-level plain between the Superstition Mountains and a large lake not far from the Mexican border, two engineers, Robert Cypher and R. B. Mitchell, were drilling for an oil prospecting syndicate. They noticed the drilling mud heating up at an extraordinary rate. At 4,700 feet they made their strike—not oil, but live steam, which came roaring out of the well at 225°.

The syndicate which was financing the drilling withdrew its backing, but Cypher and Mitchell decided to organize their own company and converted their oil leases on 5,000 acres to steam leases.

Engineers call this power that comes from earth's subterranean heat "geothermal" energy. And today geothermal fields are promising to become one of the world's most important sources of power. In northern California's Coast Range, the harnessing of underground steam is already under way. Two years ago, the Magma Power Co. of Los Angeles signed a contract with the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. to furnish the latter with steam power, and P.G.&E. is completing a 12,500-kilowatt generator unit capable of servicing about 20,000 homes. This power is considerably cheaper than either hydro-

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electricity or power obtained from conventional oil- or gas-burning stations on the West Coast.

In Italy and New Zealand, housewives are already cooking their meals by means of volcanic heat. They do not, of course, dangle their kettles directly over the craters of live volcanoes. They flip a switch on an electric range and cook with electricity generated from volcanically-heated underground steam.

Temperatures at the earth's core, or even a few miles down, are extremely high—about 70° Fahrenheit for the first half mile and increasingly hotter for every subsequent mile down. In most parts of the earth, the temperature of boiling water, 212° F., is reached within two miles. About 30 miles down, molten rock is reached.

In volcanic regions this molten rock makes its way to the surface through cracks and fissures in the solid layers of the rock lying above. The amount of geothermal heat leaking out into space from the earth's surface every year comes to about 200 trillion kilowatt hours, more than 100 times the entire world's present annual electrical output. The so-called "Ring of Fire," the great circle of volcanoes that surrounds the Pacific Ocean, is a typical chain of volcanic fissures. Another is the "Great Rift Valley" that runs from Israel about 3,500 miles south through Central Africa. Deep cracks into the subterranean depths also occur in Iceland, the West Indies and along the Mediterranean.

Fortunately, the molten material that rises through volcanic fissures seldom erupts in volcanic form. More often it remains thousands of feet below the surface. As it cools, it releases hot steam that has been trapped for hundreds of millions of years—perhaps since the formation of the earth itself. It also heats ordinary ground water that has seeped down from the surface, turning part of it to steam.

The pressure thus created forces steam and hot water up through small cracks or through porous rock structures to the surface. The result is the spectacular hot springs, geysers and natural steam vents, or "funeroles," that have made famous geothermal fields such as the one in Yellowstone National Park.

How can this energy be harnessed?

A startling example is the town of Reykjavík, capital of Iceland. Although it lies just below the Arctic Circle, Reykjavík is one of the most comfortably—and economically—heated cities in the world, thanks to the hot springs that abound in the island.

The Reykjavík City Water Board pipes 180° water into the city from a system of hot springs ten miles out of town. It sells the hot water to homeowners on a private basis. Hot water for central heating and washing costs the owner of a five-room apartment about $2.10 a week in the winter and $1.08 in the summer—considerably less than oil heat would cost. Steam-heated greenhouses grow fruits, vegetables and even flowers despite the cold climate.

Italy has pioneered in the use of

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geothermal energy to produce electricity. In the Lardarello region of Tuscany, just south of Pisa, steam issues from the ground through natural steamholes known as *soffioni,* scattered over a 77-square-mile area. These *soffioni* were long regarded by some inhabitants as "gates of hell"—entrances into the underworld. The steam (which is slightly radioactive) seems to originate as far down as 20,000 feet.

Many minerals are mixed with the Lardarello steam, including a high percentage of boron. By the end of the 18th century, boric acid was being collected as it condensed around the steam vents. It was shipped to many parts of the world. In the 1890s, wells were sunk to increase the steam flow. In 1904 one of the wells was hooked up to a simple steam engine which powered a three-quarter horsepower dynamo. This marked the first time man had tapped earth's subterranean heat to produce motive power.

The Lardarello field is today one of Italy's most important sources of electric power. It contains 160 wells, averaging 2,500 feet in depth. The superheated steam is piped to eight high-speed turbine power plants, whose output reached 5,700,000 kilowatt hours a day last year—more than four percent of Italy's total electric power production. Plans are being carried out to double the output in a few years. Italian engineers are studying new geothermal sites, including the islands of Ischia and Vulcano, and hope to tap the energy of Mt. Vesuvius itself.

The Italians have good reason to push the development of geothermal energy so rapidly. Electricity from the Lardarello field costs a little less than half a cent per kilowatt hour to produce—about a third less than Italy's cheapest hydroelectric power and about half as much as electricity generated in coal-burning stations, for much of Italy's coal is imported. It may be a generation before atomically-generated power is as cheap as geothermal power. By then scientists may have devised even more economical ways to tap Italy's underground heat.

IN NEW ZEALAND, a wonderland of hot springs and geysers near Rotorua Lake has long been a famous tourist attraction. Now the New Zealanders, too, are tapping this heat to produce cheap electricity. By last summer seven power units with a combined capacity of 70,000 kilowatts of continuous power were completed. Conservative estimates put the total capacity of just one of New Zealand's many geothermal fields at 1,000,000 kilowatts, about equal to the maximum output of Hoover Dam.

Underground steam beds are also being explored by test drilling in Japan, Mexico, Guatemala and Chile. All of these countries expect power production to begin soon.

The Russians have revealed that in the peninsula of Kamchatka, which juts into the Pacific between Japan and the Aleutians, geothermal steam is being tapped to generate electricity as well as to provide central heating.

The U. S. has been a late-comer

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because we are rich in the more traditional sources of energy—coal, oil and water power. It was not until the Magma Power Co. of Los Angeles began purchasing subterranean steam rights that the potential of such underground power really began to be recognized here.

As geothermal engineers discovered, bringing in a new steam well can be as dramatic as hitting an oil gusher. When the well-head valves are first opened, boiling water gushes out for a few seconds. Then a great spout of steam and water may roar as high as 500 feet, ejecting earth and rock fragments which sometimes explode with a crackling sound. The roar of escaping steam is often so great that one of the first steps in taming a steam well is to install a silencer.

Wildcatters may soon be drilling for steam in many new parts of the world. Although our knowledge of the universe extends for millions of light years out into interstellar space, our knowledge of the earth beneath our feet is relatively meager. Geothermal steam beds may exist in many more regions than are now suspected.

A good bet for future prospecting is the new state of Alaska, which still imports most of its fuel supplies. Alaska's most famous geothermal field is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, which was created by the eruption of Mt. Katmai in 1912. A 7,000-foot cone on the Alaskan Peninsula, just opposite Kodiak Island, Mt. Katmai was long believed to be dormant. Then suddenly, on June 6, 1912, the entire top of the mountain was blown off. The eruption showered Kodiak Island with a foot of ash and plunged the city of Anchorage, over 240 miles away, into complete darkness for 60 hours.

In 1916, an expedition sent by the National Geographic Society was astonished to find that an entire valley near the peak was broken open by great cracks and fissures and that steam and hot gases from the molten material below the surface were pouring out. The expedition christened the area the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Actually, the number of individual steam vents still spouting vapor comes to several million. No one yet knows its full power potential.

As WITH everything else, there are the "haves" and the "have-nots" so far as geothermal energy goes. Little Iceland, with a population of 170,000, has natural steam fields capable of producing at least 3,000,000 kilowatts of continuous power; while in power-starved India, with a population approaching 400,000,000, no geothermal fields have been discovered. Thus it may be feasible to "export" some of the advantages of Iceland's cheap natural power to underdeveloped countries—in the form of heavy water, an essential in small and medium-sized nuclear reactors.

One way of separating heavy water from ordinary water is by fractional distillation—the boiling point of heavy water is slightly higher than that of ordinary water—but this process requires an enormous supply of cheap heat. Just such a sup-

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ply of heat is now being largely wasted in Iceland's geothermal steam fields.

Is there any chance of directly tapping the heat of the great furnace beneath us, even in regions where natural underground steam fields cannot be found?

Drillers have already sunk shafts well over 20,000 feet looking for oil. And last year, geologists began investigating an area about 150 miles north of Puerto Rico with an eye to boring a hole in the ocean floor deep enough to penetrate the earth's crust.

Even at 20,000 feet there is plenty of heat, however. In most parts of the earth, the temperature ought to be well over 300° F. at that depth. Why not pump water down directly to such depths to create artificial steam fields? Don't be surprised if it's done in the near future. For, if it could be tapped anywhere it was needed, geothermal energy would be the ideal source of power—abundant, smokeless and inexhaustible.

FOR POSTERITY

Lives of ancestors remind us,
We give photos to our kin
And, departing, leave behind us
Relatives who point and grin.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*

IN JULY CORONET

ONE MAN'S VIEW OF SIN

Millions of us, charges famed author Philip Wylie, are incapable of distinguishing good from evil. In a hard-hitting essay, Wylie boldly presents his own three-point guide for identifying and fighting modern immorality.

THE NEWEST VACCINE AGAINST POLIO

The amazing story of the new live virus vaccine which may wipe out polio. Easily taken by mouth and successfully tested in America and 17 other countries, it may soon be administered nationally instead of the Salk vaccine.

PICTURE ALBUM OF A PRINCESS' HUSBAND

An exclusive gallery of photos shot by Tony Armstrong-Jones that provides exciting and unusual insight into the romantic royal court photographer who won the hand of Britain's vivacious Princess Margaret.

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Rocketing to fame at dazzling speed,

Almost everyone who has worked with Chaplin calls him a genius. Mack Sennett, who discovered Charlie playing in vaudeville here in 1912 and gave him his first jobs in silent movies, said after Chaplin left him: "He's the greatest actor who ever lived." With a flick of his cane, a flirt of his coattails, a quick shuffle of his tiny feet—encased in oversized tramp shoes—Chaplin could steal a scene from any comedian. A year after he arrived, unknown, he had vaulted to top position in world comedy. He began to write his own pictures, then produce, direct and even distribute them—and in the '20s (right) he had already become a legend. With Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as partners, he formed United Artists.

Al Jolson *Ronald Colman*
Mary Pickford

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he rapidly outdistanced all other stars

Douglas Fairbanks *Joseph M. Schenck* *Samuel Goldwyn*
Gloria Swanson *Charles Chaplin* *Eddie Cantor*

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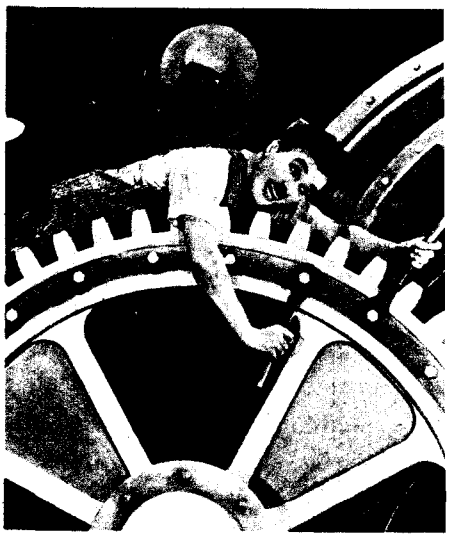
Conductor & star

Every detail of every Chaplin film is pure Chaplin. Although he can't write music, he composes—with technical help—the entire score of each picture and, as here in Paris, even conducts the studio orchestra for the sound track. (Below) In his satire on modern technology, *Modern Times* (1936), Chaplin is tooled up for trouble, producing a laugh a minute.



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His political views are a paradox

The same "Charlot"—as he's known in France—who savagely lampooned Hitler in *The Great Dictator* (1940), played host to Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai in Switzerland in 1954. Yet when the Chinese offered him only $5,000 for the Far-Eastern rights to his old silent films, Charlie cracked, "What do you boys take me for, a Communist?" And when he was awarded a Communist peace prize, he asked, "Where's the money?" A self-styled citizen of the world—"I'm known in Tibetan lamaseries where they never heard of Jesus Christ"—he was born in England, spent more than half (40 years) of his life in the U. S., remains a British citizen and lives in Vevey, Switzerland. He calls himself an "anarchist"—is certainly an individualist and capitalist, with reputed assets of $20,000,000. His favorite investment: A.T.&T.

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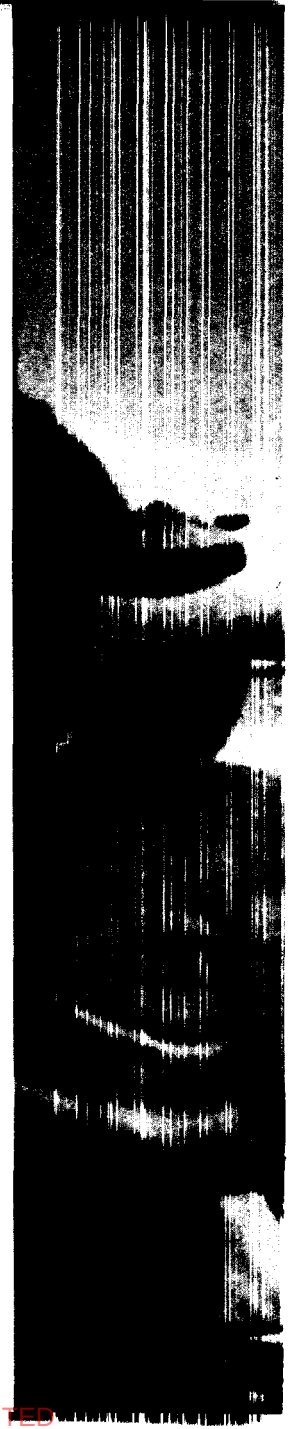
Women brought him woe

As the little tramp, Chaplin rarely gets the girl—in pictures. Off the set, it's been a different story. He has been married and divorced from three leading ladies—Mildred Harris, Lita Grey and Paulette Goddard. He was also successfully sued as the father of her illegitimate daughter by Joan Barry (right), here attempting to show a Los Angeles jury how child resembles Chaplin. Actually, blood tests proved Chaplin could not have sired the child. But he lost the case and has been paying $100 a month for Carol Ann's support ever since 1945. Chaplin was one of six men indicted under the Mann Act for misconduct with Miss Barry. But he cites the "impossible" paternity verdict as part of the "vilification" campaign that allegedly hounded him from the U.S. and drove him into "exile" in Switzerland in 1952. He's been happily married since 1943 to the former Oona O'Neill, daughter of the late playwright, Eugene O'Neill.



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A two-fisted talker

Chaplin, in all his moods, is always good copy. At left he sharply tells interviewers in London in 1958 that he'll never retire "so long as I have two good legs and can walk." (Right) With third wife Paulette Goddard, Chaplin—a home-loving man—visits Mocambo, Hollywood night club, on rare evening out in 1942. He and Miss Goddard were divorced that year, after six years of marriage.

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At last - warmth at the hearthside

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Shown above with Jackie Coogan as *The Kid,* Chaplin enjoys the real-life role of father (left) with his seven young children and wife Oona, now 35, whom he married when she was 18. Mrs. Chaplin is holding the youngest, Annette Emilie, born Dec. 3, 1959, after Chaplin had passed his 70th birthday. Asked how it felt to be a father at this age, Chaplin quipped, "It would be remarkable in ten years." He also has two grown sons, Sidney and Charles, Jr., by second wife, Lita Grey.

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Back to baggy pants

The little tramp is on the outside, looking in, in this scene from *The Circus*. Now after 20 years of playing other roles, Chaplin is planning to revive his baggy-pants hero in his 86th film, still untitled. A comedy, it is due to be made in wide screen and will be his first movie in color and stereophonic sound. Chaplin is also writing his autobiography and has completed over 600 pages. Vilified, admired, hounded and sought out, the Clown Without a Country turns a furrowed face to the passage of time.

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The world's roughest police beat

BY CHARLES ELLIOTT HINKSON

It's the 586,400 square miles of trackless Alaskan wilderness where only 65 "Texas Rangers of the Arctic" enforce the law

IN THE EARLY MORNING of February 16, 1957, an airline pilot reported to Alaska police officers in Fairbanks that he had spotted a sled dog sitting beside a man's body on frozen Big Lake. Sgt. Emery Chapple immediately left Fairbanks in his ski-equipped Piper Tri-Pacer and, by mid-afternoon, set it down on the ice before the cabin of trapper Fred Pitts.

The trapper explained that he had just snowshoed down the lake and had fed the huge dog—the one the airline pilot had spotted from the air—some moose meat to keep it from eating any more of the corpse of 50-year-old prospector Dennis O'Keefe, his closest friend. Wisely, the trapper had left the dog chained to its master's corpse. Pitts had no idea how the rugged prospector died.

Sergeant Chapple flew down the lake to the scene. As he approached the body, the 100-pound husky leaped to its feet. One shot dropped the animal. Chapple winced in sympathy. But it was believed the animal could never again be trusted near humans.

For almost 15 days the huge dog, O'Keefe's constant companion for years, had fought starvation in the white wilderness by slowly devouring his master. The officer took one picture before the shutter of the camera froze in the 44° below zero wind.

Sergeant Chapple's investigation disclosed that O'Keefe may have

(continued on page 138)

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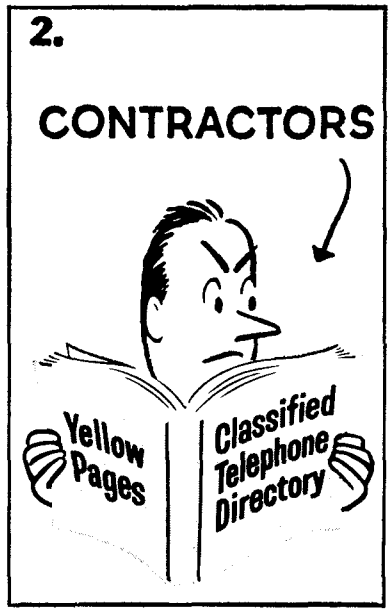

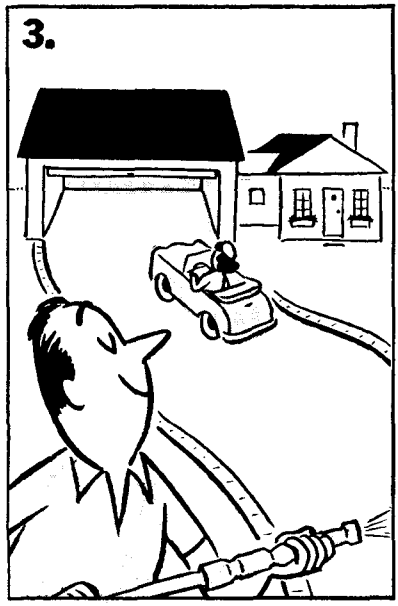

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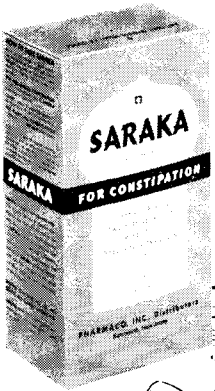
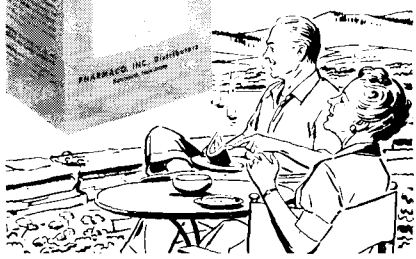


The modern bulk stimulant...to help maintain regularity in the prime-of-life years



From coast to coast word is spreading about the miracle of SARAKA . . . the all-vegetable bulk stimulant that's helping thousands of active men and women to get more enjoyment from the bonus years by promoting regularity in a gentle effective way.

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Get SARAKA and take as directed. Middle-age constipation will be relieved and you'll be helped to the easy regularity of youth again.

(continued from page 136)

become ill from mercury vapor while retorting gold amalgam in his cabin and had attempted to snowshoe 17 miles to his neighbor, Pitts. Seven miles from safety, he abandoned his pack. Four miles from Pitts' cabin, he began to stagger and lay down to rest. O'Keefe chained his dog to his belt, hoping the powerful animal would drag him across the ice to the cabin. Tragically, the exhausted prospector froze to death. The dog, unable to drag its master, ate him.

Operating under such adverse conditions of vast distances and numbing weather, the six-year-old Alaska Territorial Police (now called the Alaska State Police) has already earned a reputation that stands alongside that of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Texas Rangers. Yet few Americans know a state-wide police arm even exists in the 584,400 square miles of Alaskan wilderness.

To police this tremendous area of off-trail villages, settlements and small towns is the task of 65 men. Their beat is the most primitive under the American flag. In January 1959, law and order threatened to disintegrate in the isolated coastal town of Cordova, where 3,000 inhabitants squared off over controversial City Council actions. Following a quarrel with a City Councilman, the town's single City Police officer was dismissed. State Police assistance was requested to avert possible chaos. One officer flew down from Anchorage, the largest Alaskan city.

Even in a tough town like Cordova, the sight of the lone officer

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strolling the streets in his grey-blue uniform and fur cap was enough to quiet the ugliest of tempers.

It wasn't always this way. Because of widely dispersed communities, many of which couldn't afford a local police force, adequate law enforcement was difficult. As recently as the early 1950s, vice flourished openly and "crimes against the person" were common. In 1950, President Harry Truman sought to curb widespread lawlessness by requesting Congressional approval to appoint 100 more U.S. Deputy Marshals to the territory. Congress balked. The problem grew.

In 1953, the Territorial Legislature took matters into its own hands and formed the Alaska Territorial Police, an outgrowth of the Alaska Highway Patrol. Like the Mounties, the "TPs" (as they were called) realized that they must get their man if the law was to achieve stature in the great wilderness.

On May 21, 1953, weeks after the formation of the Territorial force, Sgt. (now Lieut.) E. L. "Turk" Mayfield imprisoned Donald Riblett, an ex-convict, in the Federal jail at Anchorage on two counts of car theft. Riblett broke out and vanished into the bush country like a spooked moose.

By July 19th, Mayfield picked up his trail. Chartering a bush plane out of Talkeetna, he flew to an abandoned gold mine high on Valdez Creek in the rugged Alaska Range. As the pilot circled, the officer noted that on one side of the deep ravine, a two-story cabin obviously served as living quarters. On

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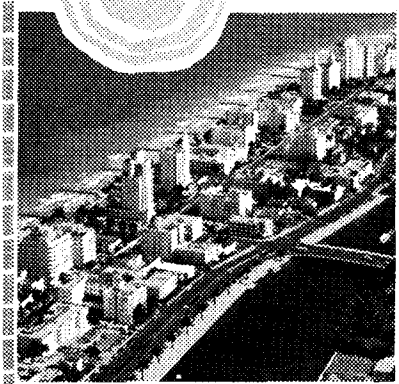

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the opposite bank, several old buildings huddled around the abandoned diggings. A four-inch pipe served as a bridge across the ravine.

On the ground, the officer, in plain clothes, hiked to the ravine. Three men appeared on the opposite bank. Two came across the pipe. They were prospectors. The third stayed behind. It was Riblett. No amount of coaxing would bring the wary fugitive across. He dared the officer to come and get him.

Sergeant Mayfield started across the pipe, but midway, lost his footing and slammed down hard upon it. The impact kicked his revolver from its concealed holster and it plunged into the churning waters below. Riblett bolted into the bush. Returning, Mayfield identified himself to the prospectors, both of whom were unaware of Riblett's true identity. Mayfield ran to the cabin.

There was a big, black Labrador retriever there that knew Riblett. The officer borrowed a revolver, cartridges and the dog. Then he waited for it to rain. As the downpour began, an hour later, the man on lookout at the upstairs window shouted that Riblett had just dashed from the bush into an abandoned mine building.

With the dog at his heels, Mayfield slipped out the back door and scuttled up the creek bank, keeping hidden from Riblett. A mile upstream, the officer plunged into the rain-swollen waters and waded the waist-deep creek. The dog followed.

Choosing rough terrain, the officer circled the mine buildings and approached the building (in which Riblett was hidden) from the rear, where there were no windows. Mayfield cocked his revolver and slipped into the gloomy building. Standing in the shadows, Mayfield grinned as he saw the big Labrador trot over to a trap door in the floor and wag his tail. Opening the door, he found a drain through which Riblett was crawling. The officer crawled in, grabbed the startled fugitive by his heels and pulled him out.

By ten that night, Sgt. Turk Mayfield was relaxing in Anchorage and Donald Riblett was muttering to himself in the Federal jail.

Every officer of the Alaska State Police is hand-picked for this type of activity. An unarmed Fairbanks officer, tired of talking, subdued an

As the sergeant approached the prospector's corpse, the snarling 100-pound husky leaped to its feet.

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angry trapper who was shooting up a small, Yukon River village over some minor grievance. Six years ago, this could have been a difficult job for anyone. But Alaskans have learned that the grey-blue uniform stands for impartial justice. The trapper surrendered his Winchester.

Like all frontiers, Alaska collects rugged individualists—and many men whose backgrounds are suspect. "Please do not forget the name under which you registered," states a Cordova hotel rule book. Consequently, police officers are taught never to accept a man at face value.

It pays off. Investigating an unprovoked assault in the Alexander Archipelago, an officer checked out suspect Chris Hansen. Hansen was turned over to Federal authorities who, it turned out, already had a dossier of charges against him.

In Alaska, more than any other state, crime follows seasonal patterns. During the prolonged darkness of arctic winter, as storms howl across the huge state, crimes of emotion—suicide, murder, rape, aggravated assault—increase alarmingly. Alaskans get "cabin fever," become irritable, argumentative and easily moved to aggression.

Summer, with almost continuous daylight, brings a surge of minor crimes—forgery, petty larceny, drunkenness, assaults, fraud. Auto theft rises, as itinerant workers flood the country. But crimes related to narcotics addiction are too few to

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mention. Abortionists don't exist, for Alaskans attach little social stigma to unwed motherhood, which is considered one of the problems of frontier life. Armed robbery cases have declined markedly. Kidnapings are almost non-existent.

Because four-fifths of the new state is trackless wilderness, Alaskans need wings to penetrate it. Alaska has almost 16 times as many planes-per-person as the rest of the U.S. The Alaska State Police assist the Federal Aviation Authority investigators in determining the causes of aircraft accidents as well as participating in search and rescue operations for missing planes.

The force does not own a plane. When necessary, bush pilots are chartered. But it does have four officers who are licensed pilots; two of these men have their own aircraft with which they cover their beat.

The 2nd and 4th Divisions comprise the largest police beat in the world, an area in arctic-and-interior Alaska larger than the states of Texas and Colorado combined. Lieut. Bill Trafton, one of six F.B.I. National Police Academy graduates on the force, covers it with only 12 officers. The officers of the 2nd-and-4th have used everything from snowshoes and dog teams to river boats, a freight train and Air Force cargo planes in the line of duty.

Probably because he is a pilot himself, Sergeant Chapple admits to acute discomfort when he joins search and rescue crews. But when a pilot is down, the blond, 32-year-old officer is ready to go.

Last Christmas Eve was such a time: 25-year-old Indian bush pilot Floyd J. Demientieff, Jr. disappeared into the frozen vastness of interior Alaska. Four days later, fellow bush pilots spotted his disabled plane 17 air miles north of the village of Koyukuk on the frozen Koyukuk River. Sergeant Chapple rushed to the scene.

The 1958 Super Cub, though not flyable, was not seriously damaged. But Demientieff was missing.

Apprehensively, the officer strapped on snowshoes and trotted along tracks leading away from the plane. Within a mile, they angled out onto the river ice, ending abruptly at a patch of clear ice. Atop the bank, the officer found abandoned snowshoes. Yards away lay the body of Demientieff, a bloody hunting knife beside it.

As Sergeant Chapple reconstructed it, the pilot had survived the crash landing unscathed, only to fall through river ice as he attempted to walk out. Immediately, his wet limbs began to freeze in the 25° below zero wind. Exhausted by his struggle in the icy water and far beyond the area he thought his fellow pilots would search, Demientieff sought to end it quickly. A Fairbanks Coroner's Jury determined that Demientieff killed himself with the blood-coated hunting knife found beside his body.

Alaska is still a frontier—a harsh, unsettled land. As it continues to attract the undesirable as well as the pioneering individual, the men of the Alaska State Police realize that for the next decade, at least, their work is cut out for them.

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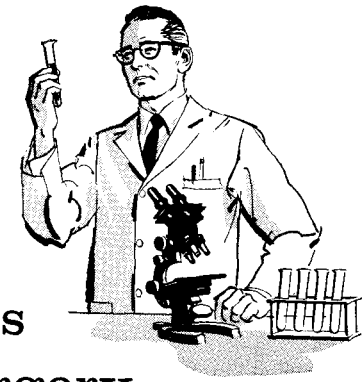

Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Science Finds New Healing Substance That Stops Itch, Relieves Pain In Minutes As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

By John E. Knight

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

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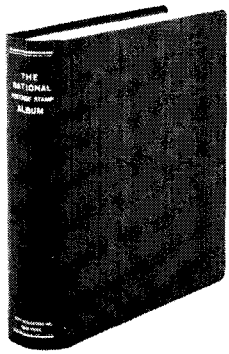

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Correcting Social Security errors;
are co-op apartments worth the price?
behind the expense account crackdown;
free Federal land available

by Eugene Miller

SOCIAL SECURITY: mistakes can cost you money

Mistakes made in your Social Security records—which are not your fault—can deprive you of benefits you've paid for. You, or a family member, may learn that insurance premiums deducted from your pay check have not been credited to your account.

The Government keeps the records, but it is up to you to find mistakes. The older a mistake, the harder it is to correct; it is best that you make the necessary checkups—and corrections—promptly. First you must know whether you are fully insured. Send a postcard to the Social Security Administration, Candler Building, Baltimore 2, Maryland, asking how many quarters (three-month periods) of coverage are credited to your account. Generally, you need at least 40 quarters of coverage to be fully insured.

Another key record is your wage statements. This determines how much you get when you retire. Send a card to the same Baltimore address and ask for statements of accounts recorded in your Old Age and Survivors Disability Insurance account.

In both cases, give your name and address, Social Security account number, date of birth and sign the card.

You can check your account with your W-2 withholding statements to see if amounts tally. If they don't, let the Social Security people know so your account can be straightened out.

Social Security benefits don't

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start automatically; you have to apply. Three months before you become 65 (women can apply at 62), get an "Application for Benefits" form from your local Social Security office. If you have difficulty filling it out, they will help you.

A few other pointers: You do not have to be a U.S. citizen to get Social Security benefits. You pay no income tax on these benefits. If you have any dispute, the Government provides a free referee to settle it.

Social Security pays a death benefit of $99 to $255, depending on average monthly earnings; it also provides income for widows and for children under 18.

CO-OP APARTMENTS: a tax break for city folk

Buying a co-op apartment has two advantages: 1. permanent occupancy; 2. tax and rent savings. Tenants don't have to worry about short-term occupancy or, usually, rent raises, and can deduct from income tax such items as property taxes, interest and maintenance costs. These explain why co-ops are springing up in many cities and resorts.

To become a co-op owner, you buy shares in the corporation that owns the building. The stock is divided among apartments in proportion to size and rental. You also pay a monthly charge which is your pro rata share of taxes, interest, mortgage amortization and operating expenses. The monthly figure is fixed by the apartment management, elected by the tenant-owners. A co-op which costs $10,000 and $115 a month in service charges is equivalent to an apartment renting for $150 a month. Of the $115, 40 percent, or $552, is tax deductible. Over a 20-year period, you save $11,040 in tax deductions and $8,400 in rent. At the same time, part of the co-op's mortgage will have been paid off and your equity may be worth more than your initial $10,000 investment.

There are several booby traps, however, in buying co-ops. First, when you want to sell, there's no guarantee you will get your investment back. Secondly, it's not always easy to find a buyer —especially when most co-ops give the tenant-owners the right to approve purchasers. And, too, if operating costs rise or some apartments become vacant, your service charges can go up.

F.H.A. MORTGAGE INSURANCE: some of the money returns

There's a windfall in store for you when you pay off your F.H.A. mortgage. It comes as a return of part of the insurance pre-

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miums paid on your mortgage. Last year, 102,629 homeowners got such refunds, ranging from $10 to as much as $1,000.

The reason for refunds is that the loss on F.H.A. mortgages has been lower than anticipated. All F.H.A. mortgage-holders pay insurance premiums automatically with each monthly mortgage payment. Over a 25-year period, the average total premium on a $10,000 mortgage is $750. The refund is payable when the last mortgage payment is made or when you terminate your mortgage by selling the house. Its amount depends on the value of the original mortgage and length of time the mortgage insurance was in force. The refund is paid automatically to the property owner 60 to 90 days after the mortgage is terminated.

DISABILITY INSURANCE: better deal for vets

The Government has broadened the total-disability insurance veterans can add to their G.I. life insurance. A vet can now buy a rider to his insurance policy that will pay him $10 a month for each $1,000 worth of insurance —if he becomes totally disabled prior to his 60th birthday. Premiums are paid up to the man's 60th birthday or to the end of the premium-paying period, whichever is earlier. The cost is very low. A 35-year-old vet pays about $35 a year for $100-a-month disability benefits. Previously, $50 a month was the top disability payment. Benefits commence with the seventh consecutive month of disability and are payable for as long as the disability continues.

Another break is that the physical examination formerly required has been dropped for veterans under 40. For information, contact your nearest Veterans Administration office.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT CRACKDOWN: how to avoid trouble

The Internal Revenue Service is cracking down on owners of small businesses, salesmen and corporate officers who try to live off their expense accounts. With 1960, each company must disclose to the I.R.S. expense account allowances paid to their 25 top-salaried officers. Partnerships and self-employed businessmen must make similar reports. Companies must disclose which officials used company-owned hotel suites, hunting lodges, fishing camps, yachts or got company-paid vacations, etc.

If the executive who used these facilities can't prove they were for bona fide business purposes, he'll have to in-

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clude their dollar value as taxable income.

If you now file a detailed expense account with your company, you won't have to file another with the Government. But if you don't, or if your company grants you a blanket expense allowance, the I.R.S. will make you spell out on your 1960 tax return how this money was spent. If you can't prove it was for business entertainment and travel, you'll have to pay taxes on it.

FREE GOVERNMENT LAND: millions of acres available

Since the Homestead Act of 1862, 247,000,000 acres of U.S. public land—equal to ten times the size of Indiana—have been given away. And free land is still available. Alaska offers the most vacant public land, as well as the best, although many Western states have land available:

State	Acres of vacant public land
Alaska	270,000,000
Nevada	46,000,000
Utah	24,000,000
Wyoming	16,000,000
California	16,000,000
Oregon	13,000,000
New Mexico	13,000,000
Arizona	13,000,000
Idaho	11,000,000

Most of the available land in the Continental U.S. is dry, rocky and far from towns. Alaska still has good farm land for homesteading, mainly in the Mantanuska Valley, east of Anchorage, and the Tanana Valley, near Fairbanks. The big problems in Alaska are long, cold winters and the cost of clearing the land. The Government estimates that to develop a farm in Alaska that will sustain a family may require an investment of $20,000 to $50,000.

Any citizen over 21 (under 21 if he is a Korean War vet or the head of a family) may homestead up to 160 acres of vacant public lands after paying a fee (usually $10 to $20). You earn title to the land by building a home on it, living there for seven months in each of the first three years; by clearing and cultivating one-eighth of the tract. World War II and Korean vets generally get a break as to the time they must live on the homestead before receiving title.

To file an application, consult the nearest office of the Bureau of Land Management of the U.S. Department of the Interior. The job of finding the piece of land is yours. Bureau offices have some detailed records and maps of all public lands within their jurisdiction. You must be able to provide a legal description of the land. Or you may make a firsthand inspection trip or hire a land-locating agent or filing service which can help you locate land and file the necessary applications.

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The Dodger who never left Brooklyn

BY W. C. HEINZ

Though Gil Hodges now plays for Los Angeles, his roots remain in the beloved borough that once prayed for him

ONE DAY, in the summer of 1948, there occurred in Brooklyn, New York, an event which has since taken on historical significance. In a baseball game at Ebbets Field, Gil Hodges, 6′1½″, 205-pound first baseman of the then Brooklyn Dodgers, slid into second base. As he did, he sent little Bobby Adams of the Cincinnati Reds bouncing into short center field, and the Brooklyn fans rose in anger.

Hodges had 3½ inches and 35 pounds on Adams and the Brooklyn fans, perennial underdogs, allied themselves with the smaller man. They booed Hodges as he stood up and brushed himself off. They booed him each time he came to bat, each time he trotted to his position. After the game, they booed him through the clubhouse window.

This is significant now, because they never booed Gil Hodges in Brooklyn again. And, through a set of circumstances no one would have believed possible at the time, Hodges is all that Brooklyn has left to remind it of its glorious baseball past.

He is the last of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Earlier this year, wreckers started demolishing the weathered green stands at Ebbets Field that the Dodgers abandoned when they moved to Los Angeles for the 1958 season. Erected in 1913, they were torn down to make way for a 1,317-unit, middle-income housing project. The only architectural reminder of one of the gaudiest, greatest traditions in sports will be a modest, seven-room red brick and white shingle house on maple-shaded East Thirty-second Street.

"That's Gil Hodges' house," Fatbush taxi drivers tell their passengers as they drive by. "Gil still lives there."

Hodges, of course, still plays first base for the now Los Angeles Dodgers, champions of baseball. But big league tradition is only two years old in California and 106 years old in Brooklyn, so fate has cast Gil Hodges more importantly as the last of a long line of oddly-mixed heroes.

It was at a game between Brooklyn and an

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All-Star New York team in 1858, that admissions to a ball game were first charged. A Brooklyn team was the first to make a road trip. They were the first major league team to travel by plane.

A Brooklyn journalist was the original baseball writer and invented the box score. A Brooklyn pitcher threw the first curve. A Brooklyn player laid down the first bunt. Two others perpetrated the first double play. A Brooklyn manager was the first and only man ever to catch a grapefruit dropped from a plane. A Brooklyn outfielder once doubled into a double play. Another once took six minutes to round the bases after hitting a home run.

ROMANTICALLY, such a tradition should end with one of those uninhibited geniuses who gave Brooklyn a reputation for the bizarre. It ends, instead, with the big, gentle, modest guy Brooklyn booed that once, then took to its heart.

The depth of this affection between the borough and this Hoosier, who once got lost trying to find it and now refuses to desert it, was best demonstrated during the seasons of 1952 and 1953. In the last five games of the 1952 season, Hodges failed to hit safely in his last ten times at bat. In the World Series, with the Dodgers losing to the New York Yankees, he went to bat another 21 times without a hit. And yet, as time after time he walked dejectedly back from the plate, not one boo broke the gloom that hung over the Brooklyn supporters.

"Without a doubt," Hodges says, "that Series was the worst experience I've ever had in baseball. It was a nightmare."

"What I remember about that," says Jackie Robinson, who was Hodges' teammate for ten years, "was his concern for the rest of us and for the fans. I remember him saying: 'I'm letting everybody down.' He wanted to produce not for himself as much as for us."

When the 1953 season opened, Hodges' slump continued. Now the fans applauded him, however, and yelled encouragement each time he came to bat and each time he came away, whether he hit or not.

"Nothing like that ever happened in baseball before," says Carl Erskine, who used to pitch for the Dodgers. "We all watched Gil closely, waiting for him to blow his top. We're still waiting.

"I remember one game in Chicago when Gil was called out on a pitch that was at least six inches low. He just turned around and came back to the dugout. I forget who the umpire was, but we said to Gil: 'That was way low. Why didn't you burn his ears?' Gil said: 'Well, I was going to ask him how his wife and kids are. Now I won't.' That's Hodges."

On May 16, the slumping Gil was benched. By now, however, his mail had increased from 30 letters a week to 30 a day. Some of the correspondents sent rosary beads, religious medals, scapulars, mezuzahs, rabbits' feet and four-leaf clovers. On Nostrand Avenue, the store clerks told Joan Hodges not to worry, that her husband would come out of it

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soon; and one stranger pressed a crucifix into her hand.

On May 21, Hodges got back into the line-up. He was still struggling on a hot, humid Sunday in mid-June when Father Herbert Redmond, celebrating 10 o'clock Mass in the school hall at St. Francis Xavier, addressed the congregation.

"It's too warm this morning for a sermon," he said. "Go home, keep the Commandments and say a prayer for Gil Hodges."

That year Hodges finished with a batting average of .302, the highest of his career up to that point.

"If the fans hadn't stuck with me," he says, "I'd never have made it. They could have booed me out of the park."

What happened between the time they tried to boo him out of the park and couldn't and the time they could have but didn't is that Brooklyn came to know Hodges and Hodges came to know Brooklyn. Born on April 4, 1924, the son of a miner, in Princeton, Indiana, Hodges grew up there and in Petersburg.

The affair between Hodges and Brooklyn started in 1941, when Hodges was discovered by Stan Feezle, a Dodger scout. Gil was playing for his college team and running a drill press and playing shortstop during summer vacations for a factory team in Indianapolis. Then, in 1943, Gil made an impression at the Dodgers' Olean, New York, tryout camp and he was put on a train to New York City.

"I'd never been in Manhattan before. That night, with the big buildings and all, I didn't go further than a block from my hotel," Gil recalls. "The next day Branch Rickey called and told me to get a subway in the basement of the hotel and get off at Borough Hall in Brooklyn, near the Dodger offices.

"He said it was a ten-minute trip. I got on the subway. I was riding and riding and I thought: 'Holy Cow! Where is this Borough Hall?' Finally I got up courage to ask the conductor; he said I was up at 200-and-something Street in the Bronx."

For three days he worked out at Ebbets Field in front of Branch Rickey, Sr. Then Rickey told him he would work out best as a catcher and gave him $1,500 to sign.

After 27 months in the Marines, 20 of them overseas, Hodges spent part of the 1946 season with a minor league team and then came back to Brooklyn as a catcher in 1947. The next year they moved him to first base and he and Eddie Miksis, the infielder, rented a room from Peggy and Ben Chase on Bedford Avenue, within walking distance of Ebbets Field. It was there that something happened which, more than anything else, was to endear him to Brooklyn and make him the last of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

"One night the Chases had a party and invited Eddie and me," recalls Gil. "Joan was there, and like almost everybody else in Brooklyn, she was a Dodger fan. We got to talking baseball, and we were married the next December 26th."

Hodges not only married a Brooklyn girl, but he invested in Brooklyn real estate the first chance he got. Early in 1950 he was experiencing

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trouble at bat. His wife, a regular observer from a front-row box at Ebbets Field, suggested that, as he took his stance at the plate, he might bring his feet a little closer together. That night he hit a homer and as he crossed the plate he tossed a kiss to his wife and she returned it.

This became an Ebbets Field ritual. On the night of August 31, 1950, the kisses were volleyed like badminton birds. Against the then Boston Braves, Hodges tied a major league record by hitting four homers in one game. The next day a newspaper headline over the story read:

HODGES HITS 4 IN 1 TILT;
ASKS 1 APARTMENT FOR 4

In crowded Brooklyn, the Hodges and Gil II, the first of their three children, had been living with Mrs. Hodges' parents. With a second child on the way, they had looked for a home in vain. Now offers poured in, the house, 15 minutes by car from Ebbets Field, among them.

"On the father-and-son circuit," says Irving Rudd, who served on the Dodger public relations staff, "Hodges was Number One. He was the Dodger they all wanted and he never put up a kick. But a lot of guys would complain.

"There was so much belly-aching that I got the club to agree to pay $50, in the guise of expenses, to anyone making an appearance. One night I took Gil to a Little League affair and I handed him a check. He looked at it and handed it back. I said: 'Take it. The club is doing this now for everybody.' He said: 'Look, I shouldn't get paid for something like this. Let's just consider this as an obligation that I should fulfill.'

"So he turned it down," Rudd said. "Is it any wonder they love that kind of a guy in Brooklyn?"

They love him, too, of course, for what he did for Brooklyn on the field. In the seventh game of the 1955 World Series, once more against the Yankees, Hodges drove in both runs as the Dodgers won, 2-0, and Brooklyn finally had its first world championship in 65 years. For years he was for Brooklyn, as he has been for Los Angeles, the best fielding first baseman in the game; and for years he was Brooklyn's cop on the field.

Hodges has the biggest hands in baseball and a more impressive physique than heavyweight Ingemar Johansson. One of the most gentle of men, however, he has never been in a fight and has never been put out of a game.

"I don't know what would happen if Hodges ever got mad," says Ralph Branca, the former Dodger pitcher. "After the 1953 season, some of us were barnstorming in Florida and we got a flat on the driver's side of the car. Gil was trying to take the lugs off the wheel but he was turning them the wrong way. He ended up bending the bar like it was made of rubber.

"In 1948 Eddie Stanky was traded to the Braves and we were playing them and he slid into Johnny Jorgensen at second. They started to mix it and Stanky was on top when Gil got there. He just took Stanky by his feet and pulled him off. Gil looked like he was running a plow."

Like the other Brooklyn players,

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Hodges heard the first rumors that the club was moving to Los Angeles at spring training in Vero Beach, Florida, in March of 1957. It was not until the end of that season that the reports were confirmed.

"I just couldn't believe it," Hodges says.

On July 19th of that year, the Brooklyn fans gave Gil Hodges a night. Space to advertise the event was donated on 85 Brooklyn billboards and the gifts ranged from a lifetime supply of dill pickles to a convertible. Twice, while Hodges was making his brief acceptance speech, his voice broke.

"When it was finally announced that the team was moving," Joan Hodges said, "it was pathetic. Our phone was ringing all the time and some of the people actually cried."

"We talked of moving," Hodges says, "but my wife was born in Brooklyn, our two older kids are in school in Brooklyn and we like it there. We just couldn't do it."

Hodges lives in a Los Angeles hotel during the baseball season. Each night he and his wife write to each other and once a week they talk on the phone. They are together only when the Dodgers get to Philadelphia for their 11 games there.

"I think California is beautiful," Mrs. Hodges says. "The weather is nice and living is more informal, but, for me, California will never be Brooklyn."

"Let's face it, honey," Hodges says, "as far as any ball club is concerned, there'll never be another Brooklyn."

So, in that house on East Thirty-second Street, carefully preserved and put away in the attic, there are a blue baseball cap with a white B on it and a gray road shirt with BROOKLYN across the front.

Once in Brooklyn there was Candy Cummings, who threw that first curve and Dickey Pearce, who beat out that first bunt. There was Wilbert Robinson, the first of the famous Brooklyn managers; and then there were Casey Stengel, Zach Wheat, Babe Herman and Dazzy Vance. There were Max Carey and Burleigh Grimes and Al Lopez and Durocher and Robinson and Pee Wee Reese and Roy Campanella.

Now there is just Gil Hodges; and in the off-season they see him still appearing at sports dinners, still shopping for groceries on Nostrand Avenue or picking up the kids at Our Lady Help of Christians parochial school, at Avenue M and East Twenty-ninth Street.

This, and the remembrance of things past, is all the baseball-loving borough of Brooklyn has left.

Answers to quiz on page 57

1. guns, snug 2. ward, draw 3. mart, tram 4. doom, mood 5. golf, flog 6. gnat, tang 7. wolf, flow 8. edit, tide 9. gulp, plug 10. warts, straw 11. moor, room 12. trap, part 13. pool, loop 14. emit, time 15. teem, meet 16. loot, tool 17. keep, peek 18. garb, brag 19. swap, paws 20. tuba, abut 21. rail, liar 22. drawer, reward 23. leer, reel.

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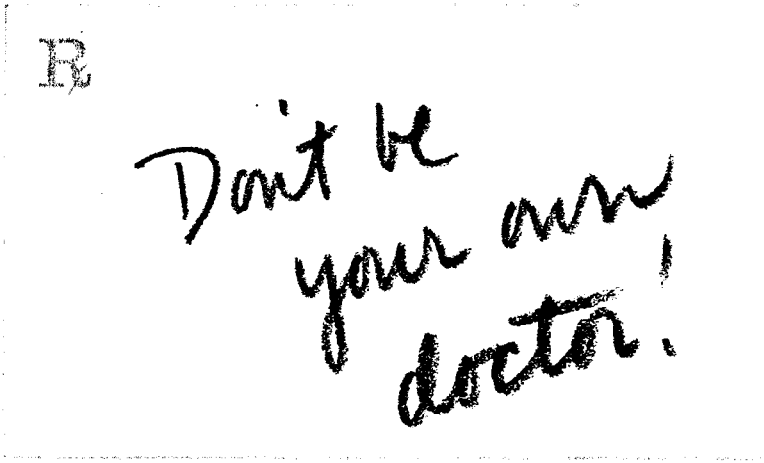

Even mild drugs can cripple and kill when laymen prescribe for themselves and their families instead of consulting a physician

BY LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

A PRETTY REGISTERED NURSE in a New York City hospital recently reported to work with a virus cold. She had become accustomed to administering penicillin to herself without consulting a doctor whenever she had a minor infection—obtaining the drug from the hospital's supplies—and this time was no exception. She gave herself a large dose of the wonder drug.

A short while later she suddenly writhed with pain. "I'm burning up," she screamed to another nurse and began to claw at her clothes, trying to tear them off. Then she began to gasp for breath and soon afterward she was dead.

An autopsy revealed that the young nurse had died of hemorrhages throughout her body, particularly in her lungs. When she had

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prescribed penicillin for herself she had not known that the drug could cause such an extreme reaction—and all the facilities of one of the world's great hospitals could not save her life.

The possibility of such unforeseen, possibly fatal reactions to seemingly benevolent drugs is only one of the many reasons why you should *never* prescribe for yourself or for others.

Twenty-five years ago, only six new drugs appeared on the market in any one year. Today pharmaceutical houses produce them at the rate of one a day. The accumulation of these drugs in the nation's medicine cabinets, combined with the widely proclaimed curative powers of modern pharmaceutics, have made self-prescription more dangerous than ever.

In recent years, unwitting Americans have been blinded, deafened and killed by medicines they have prescribed for themselves. These self-appointed physicians have caused lifelong allergies, addictions, blood diseases, ulcers and brain, liver and kidney damage. Sometimes this has resulted in their own deaths or that of their children or friends. They have injured, maimed and killed themselves and others in highway accidents while driving under the influence of barbiturates, tranquilizers, pain-killing remedies and antihistamines.

The range of possible secondary effects in modern drugs is now so great that even doctors sometimes have trouble keeping track of which *good* drug can cause which *bad* reaction. An M.D. will always double-check, however, when he has the slightest cause for suspicion—which a layman is not trained to do.

The tragic death of the New York nurse was caused by what doctors call an "anaphylactic" reaction—an allergic response that may build up in a person who takes certain drugs over a period of time. Such built-up allergies may be lifelong. But a serious allergy to a specific drug may also show the first time a person takes it. One person in ten is allergy-prone. A doctor, of course, takes a careful history of his patient before prescribing any given drug. If he has the slightest doubt as to the patient's response, he will administer a special allergy test.

According to a prominent specialist on drug allergies, "Allergic reactions have been reported to occur with almost every medication in common use." Such reactions can be mild or extremely severe, and include violent skin eruptions, damage to the arteries, arthritis and fatal blood diseases.

One thing the layman should always bear in mind, physicians warn, is that even drugs which require no prescription may kill a person who is sufficiently allergic to them.

In Boston, a woman came to a doctor suffering from what she thought was acute fatigue. Blood samples showed she had aplastic anemia, a serious blood disease. Subsequent questioning brought out the fact that her condition had been caused by one of the new non-barbituric sleeping medicines on the market. It had originally been pre-

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scribed for her husband and had been lying in the medicine cabinet ever since. The husband "prescribed" it for his wife while she was going through an emotional upset due to menopause. He did not even suspect that she might be allergic to this drug—but she was, and if she had continued taking it the outcome could have been tragic.

VIRTUALLY ALL drugs manufactured today have what biochemists call "a margin of safety." This means that the *average* person can take up to a predetermined amount of that drug with few or no adverse side effects. But this margin of safety does not apply to all people. Some individuals can be made severely ill from tiny amounts of a particular drug. Doctors call these sensitive responses "idiosyncratic," and they are *not* the same as allergic reactions. A physician can test for potential allergic responses, but even he cannot tell in advance whether a person has an "idiosyncratic" response. This is one reason why a doctor takes careful histories before he prescribes *any* drug. Where doctors walk so gingerly, laymen should fear to tread.

Not long ago, a woman in Northampton, Massachusetts, developed insomnia. A well-meaning neighbor gave her a single barbiturate tablet which her own doctor had once prescribed for her. The single tablet worked; it made the woman sleep like a baby. But two days after she had taken it, she cut her finger. An infection set in and soon spread up her arm. She went to her doctor, who, after taking an emergency blood count, rushed her to a hospital.

Her white corpuscle count was so dangerously low that her body had almost lost its ability to fight infection. This serious blood condition was traced directly to the barbiturate tablet the woman had taken. The pill would not have had any adverse effect on most people—but her "idiosyncratic" response to it could have been fatal to her.

But even if a person is not allergic or highly sensitive to drugs, self-prescription poses another threat to many individuals; by exceeding a drug's margin of safety, self-prescribers frequently invite its toxic or poisonous side effects.

In addition to its curative effect, practically every drug can have a toxic reaction if taken in sufficient doses. For example, aspirin may cure a headache, yet it can also upset the stomach. But the adverse side effects of many new drugs are far more serious than mere stomach aches—and the margin of safety of some is often relatively low. And these toxic effects do not necessarily disappear when the medication is stopped. They can do permanent damage—and even kill. Many antibiotics fall into this potentially dangerous category, yet some people blithely prescribe these powerful drugs for themselves and others.

Recently a New York architect went abroad, carrying with him some antibiotic tablets left over from an attack of pneumonia he had suffered the previous winter. During his travels he developed a severe case of diarrhea. Deciding that what would kill one bug would kill an-

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other, he took his antibiotic tablets for two solid weeks. The dosage was far in excess of the drug's safety margin. It cured his diarrhea, but also gave him ulcerative colitis, a serious ailment of the large intestine which required major surgery.

Tranquilizers, those magical new drugs that reduce anxiety, are among the most widely used drugs in America today. Prescribed by and taken under the supervision of a physician, they are perfectly safe. But when somebody urges you to share these "happiness" pills with them, beware!

Reserpine, one of the popular tranquilizers, may speed the appearance of peptic ulcer or worsen those already developed. In certain individuals, the toxic effect of this drug can induce a psychological depression so deep that it can result in suicide. It can also hasten the death of patients with damaged hearts. It should never be dispensed by anybody but a doctor. Other types of tranquilizers, such as Thorazine, Compazine and Sparine, can be equally dangerous in the hands of anyone but a physician.

For many individuals, taking tranquilizers or sedatives without a prescription can cause psychological as well as physiological damage. What most people do not realize is that some tranquilizers and all sleeping medicines and sedatives which contain a barbiturate may be addictive. A conservative estimate puts the number of potential addicts to these drugs at 12,000,000.

"Such individuals can become addicted to these medicines because they relieve them of their underlying tensions, psychological and physical," explains Dr. Marie Nyswander, author of *The Drug Addict As a Patient*. Dr. Nyswander warns that the tendency toward drug addiction is so widespread and so hard to detect that no individual should take a tranquilizer or sedative unless it is prescribed by a physician who has checked the patient's case history.

Addiction to sedatives and sleeping medicines containing barbiturates is very common in the U.S., according to medical authorities. They point out that such drugs can poison the system if taken regularly—and may even cause permanent brain injury. Also, withdrawal from the drug can be more painful and dangerous than withdrawal from morphine or heroin; it can even prove fatal.

A perilous "side effect" of self-prescribed tranquilizers or barbiturates is death on the highway. Many communities are moving to ban habitual users of these drugs from driving cars. New York has several bills up for consideration that would also bar drivers who are taking antihistamines or anti-infective and pain-killing drugs. It has been clinically shown that these drugs can impair driving ability to the point where motorists can become highway menaces.

No-prescription drugs are particularly dangerous when parents play doctor for their own children. Many easily-obtained drugs can cause a fatality, but many parents are unaware of the danger.

One physician recently observed that parents are always surprised

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when he warns them against giving aspirin to children without consulting a doctor. Often they reply that they thought aspirin was "perfectly harmless."

Actually, aspirin can be deadly unless given in the right amount and under the right conditions—and only a doctor should be entrusted with this responsibility.

About seven years ago, a medical journal reported on a series of fatal aspirin poisonings in a single city within a short period of time. A six-month-old child had been fed half an aspirin tablet every few hours for 96 hours. The drug controlled the child's pain and the parents did not think it was an excessive dose, but it was enough to kill the child. Another baby was given five tablets in a 24-hour period; this dosage, a mild one for most adults, also proved fatal.

The parents of these children were neither vicious nor stupid. They simply hated to see their children suffer from sore throats or aching ears. But they made the fatal mistake of trying to play doctor.

Physicians are agreed that parents should not only be cautioned against indiscriminately giving aspirin to their youngsters. Precisely the same warning, they say, applies to dozens of other medicines parents give freely today: cough syrups and nose drops, cold tablets, tonics, laxatives.

Many parents do not hesitate to give nose drops to their children. But since these drops can be inhaled into the lungs, they may cause severe damage. And parents rarely consult a doctor if the child is constipated. Yet even the mildest laxative can be fatal in certain cases. Never give drugs to a baby or child except when the doctor prescribes them.

This *Rx* should be expanded to include all those misguided persons who try to cure themselves and others. It may be the prescription that saves *your* life.

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BY NORMAN CARLISLE

Michigan's marching dunes

As the sands keep shifting, whole towns are sometimes engulfed, while new cliffs and valleys are created

THE PIONEER TOWN BUILDERS studying the fine clear river, the excellent natural harbor and the open expanse of ground protected by sandy hills along Lake Michigan decided they had found the perfect place for a city.

But you won't find Newburyport, the town they built, on any map, for they had to give up their community. Today, the hulks of its buildings lie buried beneath tons of sand. The founders of this doomed town had fallen victim to a bizarre geological phenomenon—Michigan's marching dunes. They had unwittingly built their town in one of the strange areas spotted along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan—regions in which wind and sand are masters.

The hapless citizens of Newburyport may have been the first white men to make this dismaying discovery, but they were not the last. Their defeat has oddly turned the deadly dunes from a sinister enemy of man into a recreational bonanza for millions of Americans.

The sand dunes of Lake Michigan extend for hundreds of miles

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along Michigan's shores. In some places they are mere modest sand piles in a narrow band along the lake. In others they have sprawled out for miles. In some cases they form high, wall-like ridges. In others they create cliffs, canyons and valleys that look like miniatures of rugged Western terrain.

Nature has its own peculiar formula for making these dunes. It takes a big lake, with waves washing up sand along the beach, a wind that blows at speeds above six miles an hour and an obstruction, which can be as small as a clump of beach grass or as big as a cottonwood tree. Wind carries the sand against the obstruction, where it drops it. More sand piles up against it and the hillock becomes an obstruction in itself and collects more sand, growing thus to perhaps hundreds of feet in height.

In the case of most dunes the build-up of sand was slow enough to give vegetation a chance to take root on the sand hills. They had thus been turned into ordinary tree-clad hills before white men appeared in Michigan. But in many areas, an abundance of sand, carried into shore by strong, freakish winds, has created another kind of dune. As new sands are deposited on the dunes, sliding down their sides, they move. These are Michigan's marching dunes, several thousand acres of them, in a score of different locations along the Lake.

Some of these dunes move only a few inches annually. Others travel with astonishing rapidity and have been clocked at speeds like that recorded for Marvin's Slide, near Benton Harbor, which progressed 22 feet in a two-year period. These mighty sand piles are big enough to engulf whole forests.

After the Newburyport fiasco other ambitious town builders found it hard to accept the fearsome powers of the roving dunes. There were cases in which they got the towns built and even fought a fairly successful battle against the sands. But they too lost in the end. Such a town is Singapore, up to 1875 a rip-roaring lumbering center. When the lumbering era passed the sands took over. Today the only trace of the town is an occasional chimney or wall that comes to light in the shifting of the dunes and a plaque in the nearby town of Saugatuck, proclaiming: "Beneath the sands near the mouth of the Kalamazoo River lies the site of Singapore . . ."

Port Sheldon also saw its hopes blasted by the sand. When an ambitious group of land developers from New York and Philadelphia came to Michigan in the middle of the last century, they picked a spot north of the present city of Holland, because of the good natural harbor which opened out into Lake Michigan through a wide channel between sand dunes. They went ahead and laid out their town, building a hotel to provide for the swarms of buyers they visualized coming to Port Sheldon and putting up a big sawmill to provide lumber for future homes.

The dunes began to move into the channel. The promoters brought in dredges, but still the sands came tumbling down. In less than a year,

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the channel was so choked that the discouraged town builders knew they'd never succeed in getting anything much bigger than a rowboat through it. They gave up their scheme and went back East.

Over the years hundreds of settlers tried farming near the lake, only to have their farms enveloped. The fate of these farmers is most dramatically demonstrated in the big prairie region near Muskegon, where shifting sand dunes have blotted out trees, houses and fields.

The most recent victims are summer people who have braved the sands to build cottages on the tops of dunes or near them, on the lake side or on the inland side. Some cottages, originally well back from the edge of the dune, are now on the edges of precipices as the wind chisels away the bases of the dunes. Others, built on one dune side or the other, find the sand moving toward them, pouring into the yards and onto the cottages.

NOT EVERYBODY has calmly stood by and let the sands have their way without a fight. County, state and Federal agencies, as well as private individuals, have pitted themselves against the dunes, sometimes with considerable success. But even the most skillful engineers have been fooled by the moving sand. Experimental solid walls of corrugated steel were a dismal failure, for the wind promptly proceeded to undermine, topple and then cover them with sand. Other solid barriers only served to create new dunes, for the wind eddying around them piled more sand against the obstructions.

Plants, which so often trigger the start of a dune, seemed to offer one solution, but early efforts at planting beach grass got nowhere. The tufts of grass were quickly covered by sand, while others were destroyed by having their roots laid bare. The U.S. Soil Conservation Service found that tufts of grass planted exactly the same distance apart, in a checkerboard pattern, sometimes kept the sand from piling up more in one place than another. But when the grass died out after a few years, the dunes were on the march again.

Another trick is to lay a covering of brush, shingle fashion, over the surface of a dune. The sand fighters also erect "picket networks," 13-foot-squares of 18-inch stakes driven into the sand to a depth of six inches. In one area, small saplings worked pretty well until some took root and sprouted leaves. Soon the sand began to build up around the sapling stakes that sprouted.

One procedure seems to tie the dunes down more satisfactorily. That's getting them planted to forests. Not any old tree will do, however. Jack or red pine work best, if they ever get a good start, for they develop powerful root systems and seem to flourish in the sand. These forested hills, scattered around many parts of Michigan, aren't even recognizable as dunes. Occasionally, when some ancient tree is ripped up, its roots reveal that it grew in the pure sand of what was once a barren dune.

Today, most of the moving sands of Michigan lie in splendid silence. Some find in them the same kind of

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peace and solitude that man has always found in the desert.

Several of the most spectacular dunes areas are now open to the public for sports, hiking and just plain loafing. Since few persons wanted such wandering real estate, the state was able to acquire some sections of duneland lake front. Now it boasts of a series of sandy state parks strung out along the entire length of Lake Michigan. For years the southernmost one, Warren Dunes, was one of the most troublesome. At one time farmers made a try at farming the land, but the sand engulfed the farms. Then cottagers, attracted by the glittering golden strand of beach, moved in. It was a losing battle from the start.

Eventually the dunes had it all to themselves, until the state took over the 1,066 acres they covered, built a road through them and opened them up to the enjoyment of thousands of visitors. The trick was not to fight the dunes, but to let them go where they wanted to. The Michigan Park Service cheerfully accepts the task of shoveling away tons of sand from roads and parking lots.

Turning the dunes into state parks may be a happy solution for most, but many cottagers are still challenging the sand.

These days they're jacking their cottages up on piles, letting the sand pour under them. Each year their cottages rise higher on the slopes of the advancing dunes.

"Has its advantages," one cottager says with a wry grin. "Improves the view. And we get a clean new yard every year."

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BIG BUSINESS IN SHOW BUSINESS

Special musicals featuring Broadway stars are industry's newest sales gimmick. Last year they cost $15,000,000—yet nobody pays to get in

BY DAVID BOROFF

THE CROWD milling around the Winter Garden Theater one evening last August had the nervous glitter of a Broadway first-night audience out to size up a new production. But this was no Broadway musical or drama. It was a splashy, star-studded "industrial" loaded with tunes and girls. Starring were Florence Henderson, leading lady of *Fanny*, and Bill Hayes of *Me and Juliet*. Backstage, Carol Haney of *Pajama Game*, a brilliant dancer and comedienne, was the director-choreographer. All in all, the show had a pooling of theatrical know-how that few Broadway musicals could afford. But the real stars were the gleaming new 1960 cars that made their debut that evening.

Industrial theater, with one leg in show business and the other in big business, is the lusty new giant of the entertainment world. It has grown prodigiously; over 2,000 performers worked in industrial shows last year. At a conservative estimate, at least $15,000,000 was spent for "product presentation" in 1959, with budgets for the big automobile shows running well over $1,000,000 —lots more than the cost of a Broadway musical. As *Variety* recently exulted, "there's no biz without show biz."

An industrial show is a sales message, put to music and packaged with lots of hoop-la—dancing girls, skits and razzle-dazzle. Presented to dealers and salesmen, it is intended

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to "kickoff" the company's new line with a bang. In the old days, new lines were unveiled amid the monotonous drone of sales oratory. Corporations are now sold on the idea that show girls and comics and hit songs can make a joy out of a chore. "It entertains while it trains," an executive summed up. And why not use show people to convince dealers that this year's line is the hottest ever? After all, theater people have been "selling" audiences since ancient Greece.

Some years ago, corporations used whatever local talent was at hand. It didn't work. When amateur carpenters built a turntable to display new cars, it promptly collapsed in front of thousands of dealers and landed somewhere in the basement. A sales executive recently recalled the old days: "There I was in the spotlight saying, 'Now, folks, watch this one!' But nothing happened. The boys backstage were all scrambled up."

The trend these days is toward a full musical comedy. But the story is always the company's story. Jamison Handy of The Jam Handy Organization, which produces industrial shows, explained: "Our business is like Broadway or Hollywood. But the end result is different. On Broadway the curtain falls and people go home to bed. When the curtain falls on an industrial, people get up and go out to work."

The Winter Garden auto show of last summer had 28 singers, dancers and comedians, and was presented 25 times in five cities coast-to-coast to drive home to dealers: Don't let the customer who says "I'll be back" get away!

Bill Hayes, playing a young salesman, lets influential customer Mr. J. Holiday Van Snuff get away. Stung by his sales manager's rebuke, the salesman chases his customer across the country, through San Francisco's Chinatown, a Beatnik den called "The Purple Goatee," and finally catches him at the swank Pebble Beach Golf Club. Van Snuff wins the golf tournament and the salesman persuades him to accept the new car as his prize rather than a trip to Europe, a swimming pool or other glamorous prizes. (The spotlighting of the new car—called "the reveal"—is always the climax of such industrial shows.)

After the show the audience was bundled into busses and taken to an armory where the entire new line was displayed.

The show used Gershwin music, with new lyrics. Gershwin's *I Got Rhythm* became: "I got beauty! I got styling! I got sweet lines! Who can ask for anything more?" The show was so beautifully done that Bing Crosby, who saw it in Pasadena, California, came backstage to congratulate the cast.

A textile show started out a few years ago with a cast of two before a handful of buyers in a small restaurant. Last year it was a "Spectacular" in the Grand Ballroom of the Statler Hilton Hotel in New York City, running for three weeks before a total of 15,000 buyers from all over the country. Its story was about a contest among the company's nine departments to develop the best fab-

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ric. In the end they all win. But before that, the whole fabric line has been displayed.

The music was borrowed from various hit shows, and *You Gotta Have Heart* came out as: "Each customer buys/ What's attractive to her eyes/ So at (company name) there's one simple rule/ Which all of us know by heart/ That you gotta have Art. . . ."

For a long time in the 50-year history of industrials, it was a cliché that "the product is the star." Big name entertainers were shunned for fear they would "upstage" the product. Today, big names of theater and movies are being used more and more. Ray Bolger and Jane Powell appeared last year in an auto show. Bolger made a sales pitch for a new small car and then broke into his celebrated *Once in Love with Amy* routine. "We don't want to overshadow the car," an executive said, "but having a celebrity makes the product seem more attractive."

AT AN electric-appliance manufacturers' show in New Orleans last spring, a galaxy of stars, including Ronald Reagan, Richard Tucker and Dorothy Kirsten, entertained electric utilities executives. Cliff Arquette, "Charley Weaver" of The Jack Paar Show, appeared in a show given by a hybrid corn and sorghum company.

Some industrials are presented directly to consumers. The biggest—now discontinued—was the Motorama of General Motors. It took 80 outsized vans to move the show to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where it opened. The show had a cast of 100. It was produced by Maurice Evans. In addition to the usual song and dance, the show's most striking feature in 1958 was a huge hydraulic lift which had the new cars virtually doing an aerial ballet over the heads of the astonished audience.

Also geared for the consumer are the New York City summer concerts sponsored by a brewer. In Manhattan, Richard Himber and his band offer noonday dance music in various public parks. Bandleader Himber, incidentally, is one of the most active figures in industrial show production. In recent years, he has organized big shows for many other large firms.

A new feature in industrial theater is "The Show of Stars," that a supermarket chain has been presenting in the Southwest. For 13 days, a huge assemblage of stars shuttled through Oklahoma City, Lawton, Tulsa, Dallas and Fort Worth. The stars included Jack Carson, Tommy Sands, Jane Morgan, The Goofers, Homer & Jethro and the June Taylor Dancers. Admission was secured by saving pink stamps representing $29 of supermarket purchases. As many as 10,000 people were entertained in one day!

On a very different level is the Cadillac Show for dealers, which was presented in ten cities. Finding the right girl for "the reveal" at the end of the show meant a tireless search that took months. "We wanted a girl," the producer explained, "who idealizes the kind of woman dealers like to see in the car —attractive but not flashy. Cadillac

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endorses sex, but it has to be presented in a dignified way." After looking over almost 100 girls, he selected Ann Amouri, a tall, elegant model who had studied acting at the Royal Academy of London and had worked as an ingénue in summer stock.

Industrials are by no means all elegance and high style. One producer was asked by a petroleum company to spur service station operators to tidy up their rest rooms. He prepared a sketch on closed circuit TV in which service station operators the country over were asked why they were successful. They kept slugging away at the same theme in a variety of regional accents: "Because we keep our rest rooms clean!" The audience got the point. The next year the company's rest rooms sparkled from coast to coast. And business went up too!

Sometimes company brass gets into the act. In one show, a salesman dreams that he has been granted a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to talk straight to top management. He appears in the paneled board room, and there onstage—in the flesh—is the actual Board of Directors sitting in high-backed chairs. Another show opened with a motion picture of a company president leaving his office, traveling to the airport and boarding a plane. He lands at the local airport—still on the screen—takes a taxi and is shown arriving at the auditorium where the sales convention is taking place. Then, he walks onto the stage—in person!

Most theater people acknowledge that working in industrials can be exhilarating. As in TV, there is occasional pandemonium when quick changes have to be made. (Sometimes a product, or a sales pitch, is changed at the last minute when the company discovers that its competitor has a similar model.)

Before they write a line for an industrial, writers have to research the product, and that can be a real education. Some simply fake the research; and some find it hard to take the shows seriously. "It's more like a highly-paid typing job," one remarked. But there is a limit to cynicism. As in every branch of theater, absolute conviction is required "to sell" an audience. "You can't afford not to believe in the product," a director said. "It would show."

SOME CREATIVE people in theater turn to industrials out of despair with Broadway. "You can't do anything original on Broadway any more," an actor said. "They just build shows around stars. Industrials are what Broadway used to be; you can try out new things."

Ervin J. Brabec, vice president in charge of the industrial division of Music Corporation of America, said bluntly: "I don't brood about art." He pointed to one of his directors. "He used to make $5,000 a year in community theater. Last year he made $49,000. Do you think he was happier when he was directing *H.M.S. Pinafore*?" There is little patience with artistic temperament. A producer said: "We want creative people, but the client comes first."

How do performers like this chromium-plated world of big budg-

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ets and small temperament? Most of them love it for the most practical of reasons. The money is great. Actors Equity minimum on Broadway is $103.50 a week. For industrials it's $185 per week for a minimum of two weeks, more for a single week's work.

Moreover, there is full rehearsal pay, unheard of on Broadway, and generous expense money on the road. Some performers "double"—they do industrials while appearing in Broadway shows like *Destry* and *My Fair Lady*. (Industrials frequently take place during the morning and afternoon; that makes it feasible.) Also, unknowns get a chance to do individual bits, and that helps their morale. Some unknown singers and dancers earn as much as $7,000 a year from industrials.

They have few illusions about the content of these shows. ("This is no immortal sonnet," an actor said wryly.) But a show is a show and industrial audiences are likely to be wildly enthusiastic.

How do you get rapturous about refrigerators or portable radios? "You feed from within," a Method-trained actress explained. "You get romantic about the boy in the chorus next to you and sort of transfer that feeling to the product." One actor became so enchanted by the company for which he performed that he invested in it. Others were lured away by corporations to become salesmen.

Being around company executives has a sobering effect on flamboyant Broadway types. A director said flatly: "The performers we hire are not only good on stage, but they come from good homes. They're the kind of people I would want to know socially."

And the living is easy in executive suite territory. Company officials find show people exciting and glamorous, and even a bit player is likely to be treated like a leading lady. (The tycoons also discover that show business is no idler's paradise; for actors it's work, work, work.)

A few years ago, an automobile company would not let the cast of its show see the new models for fear they would spill the big styling secret: double headlights. At the dress rehearsal, the new line was unveiled. As a shattering anticlimax, they discovered that most competitors' cars had double lights.

Up until recently performers took jobs in industrials merely to keep them going between shows. Today the picture is changing. With top-level directors and choreographers doing the shows, industrials are an important showcase for a performer's talent. The attractions are so great that when a casting call went out for a hit musical two seasons ago, much of the best talent was busy in industrials.

Perhaps the best proof that industrials have come of age is that the traffic has been reversed. In the past, industrials borrowed lavishly—tunes and production ideas—from Broadway. But recently Richard Himber bought up industrial show tunes and skits with a view towards adapting them for use in a Broadway show.

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MARITAL BLITZ

by Will Bernard

MORE DIVORCES are caused by hash than by infidelity," quoth Hetty Green some years ago. Here, culled from the halls of justice, are more flies in the matrimonial ointment:

IN CONNECTICUT, a woman sought a divorce on the ground that her husband tried to scare her mother out of the house by pretending to be a ghost.

IN MASSACHUSETTS, a woman complained in divorce court that her husband was so lazy she had to squeeze the tooth paste for him.

IN MARYLAND, a man won a decree after charging that his wife had described herself in a lonely-hearts ad as 5′4″ and 118 pounds, then turned out to be over 6′ tall and weighed more than 300 pounds.

IN MICHIGAN, a man testified in divorce court that his wife put this sign in the garage: GARAGE FOR RENT AND MAN FOR SALE.

IN CONNECTICUT, a woman earned her freedom on her testimony that her husband put itching powder in her corsets.

IN ARKANSAS, a man suing his 15-year-old wife for divorce accused her of acting like a child.

IN CALIFORNIA, a woman got a divorce after complaining that her husband hung pictures of his four ex-wives in the bedroom.

IN MAINE, a man, suing for divorce, said his wife served pea soup for breakfast and dinner and put pea soup sandwiches in his lunch box.

IN FRANCE, a woman won a decree after testifying that her 39-year-old husband never gave her any Christmas presents because he remained serenely confident that Santa Claus would bring them.

IN CALIFORNIA, a boxer's wife asked for a divorce, claiming she was tired of being used as a sparring partner.

IN INDIANA, a woman complained in divorce court that her husband demanded $1.50 an hour from her for doing odd jobs around the house.

IN NEW YORK, a woman told the judge that her husband taught their parrot to shout "Damn you, get up!" early every morning.

IN CALIFORNIA, a woman charged in divorce court that her husband was so stingy he insisted on her wearing his old false teeth.

IN PENNSYLVANIA, a woman got a decree on the complaint that her husband brought his pals into the bathroom while she was in the tub.

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Answers to Sightseeing Quiz:

(on page 77)

1. Chicago, Illinois, *Tour 3*
2. Montreal, Canada, *Tour PS-2*
3. Charleston, S. C., *Tour 2*
4. Fairbanks, Alaska
5. On Guatemala City's *Tour IT-10-A*
6. Boston, Massachusetts, *Tour 1*
7. Boys Town near Omaha, Nebraska, *Tour 1*
8. Brockville, Canada
9. Atlantic City, New Jersey, *Tour 1*
10. Denver, Colorado

RATE YOURSELF: 8 to 10—Excellent
5 to 7—Very good
3 to 4—Good
1 to 2—Poor

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TO THE POINT

THE NAVY RECRUITER was trying to interest a young man in submarine duty.

"No, thanks," was the response. "I'm not getting on any ship that sinks on *purpose*!" —HAROLD HELFER

THE GEORGIA HEAT was too much for my four-year-old son, Steve. He had been coming in all morning, first to remove his shirt, then his shoes and socks, and eventually he came into the kitchen with just his bathing trunks on. I asked him if he thought he'd finally be cool enough. He replied, "Well, if I could just slip out of this hot skin for a while, I'd be O.K." —MRS. DON SCHROEDER

MY THREE-YEAR-OLD NIECE, who lives in Southern California, is virtually surrounded by numerous superhighways.

Recently, in early morning hours, she crawled into her parents' bed, squeezing and wriggling her way between them.

Feeling the need of more room, she exclaimed, "Mother, move over into your lane, please!"

—MRS. CHARLES B. MC CUTCHEN

NOT LONG AGO I served a favorite dessert for Sunday dinner. It was a chocolate cake roll filled with peppermint-flavored icing.

My five-year-old grandson took a generous bite, made a wry face and whispered to his mother, "I don't like this cake. Grandma put tooth paste in it." —LOURIE MORRILL

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QUAINT COMMENTS

OVERHEARD at a Hollywood nursery school: "My parents thought I was having a neurotic reaction to an emotional disturbance at first but it turned out to be measles."

—DR. L. BINDER

TWO GOLFING enthusiasts were discussing their scores in the locker room of their golf club. "I can't understand it," said one disgustedly, "I've been playing golf for 20 years and I get worse every year. Believe it or not, last year I played worse than the year before. And the year before, I was worse than the last year."

"That's too bad," commented the other, "How are you doing now?"

"I am already," said the man unhappily, "playing next year's game."

—FRANCES BENSON

THE OFFICIOUS new nurse was determined to show her authority on her first day on the job. When a man walked into the office, she ordered him to step into the next room and undress.

"But I only want my sore throat checked," he protested.

It made no difference. Without listening further, she again ordered him into the next room. There he found another man undressing, and again he complained that he was merely a throat patient.

"What are you complaining about?" asked the other man. "I'm the *doctor!*"

—MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

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then I acted!

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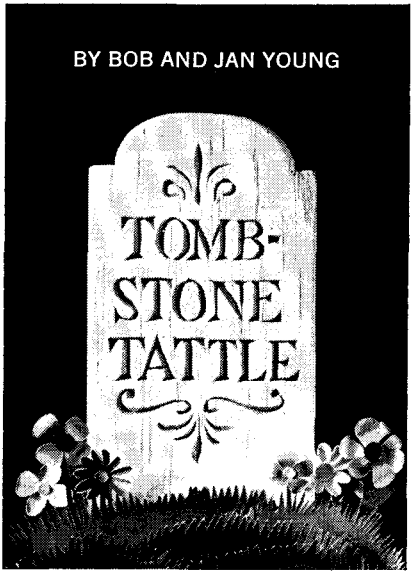

EPITAPHS are usually matter-of-fact statements perpetuating a name, a date and a memory. But frequently the tales told by tombstones also reflect the personality of the deceased or the sentiments of the survivors. And sometimes the sentiments are faintly mocking and macabre. For example, this inscription:

HERE LIES A MAN WHOSE CROWN
WAS WON
BY BLOWING INTO AN EMPTY GUN

Another, rich with heavy-handed irony, was placed over the grave of a Girard, Pennsylvania, girl:

IN THE MEMORY OF
ELLEN JOHNSON WHO WAS
FATALLY BURNED BY THE
EXPLOSION OF A LAMP
FILLED WITH
DANFORTH'S NON-EXPLOSIVE
BURNER FLUID!

The Arizona Chamber of Commerce might object to this epitaph, carved during frontier days:

HERE LIES JOHN COIL
A SON OF THE TOIL
WHO DIED ON ARIZONA SOIL
HE WAS A MAN OF CONSIDERABLE
VIM
BUT THIS HERE AIR WAS TOO HOT
FOR HIM

A more macabre inscription, which showed the old West's persuasive fear of infectious disease, appeared on this grave marker:

JOHN BLAIR
DIED OF SMALL POX
COWBOY THROWED A ROPE
OVER HIS FEET AND
DRAGGED HIM TO HIS GRAVE

Cowboys were not alone in remembering how the deceased had been carried off. One statement on a six-year-old child's grave says bitterly:

KILLED BY AN UNSKILLED DR.

And when his second child died as a result of what he believed to be medical bungling, an Iowa father purchased a memorial which stood above both graves. It read:

LET MEDICAL SCIENCE LOOM UP
HIGH AS IT WILL
THE ORDER OF QUACKS
WILL STICK TO IT STILL

But not all headstones proclaim gloomy thoughts. One chap—who apparently had been free-handed in picking up tabs for food and drinks—continued the tradition into the grave with his last comment:

THIS ONE IS ON ME TOO

Occasionally, professional men have taken as their epitaphs phrases from their earthly work. One doctor,

(Continued on page 174)

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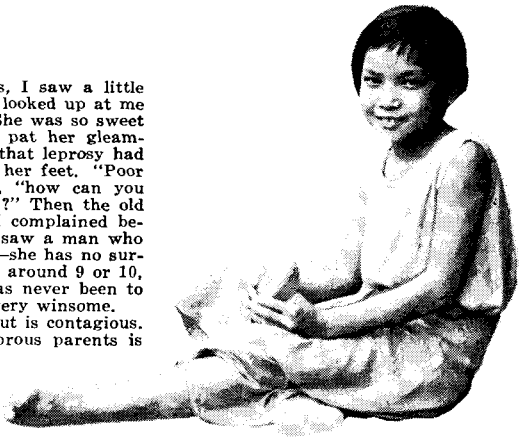
Pin



Passing through the wards, I saw a little girl sitting on the floor. She looked up at me with such a friendly smile. She was so sweet and attractive, I stopped to pat her gleaming black hair. Then I saw that leprosy had eaten her toes and a part of her feet. "Poor little brave girl," I thought, "how can you smile when you have no feet?" Then the old saying came to my mind, "I complained because I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet!" Pin (just Pin—she has no surname) is a little orphan girl, around 9 or 10, in faraway Thailand. She has never been to school but is intelligent and very winsome.

Leprosy is not hereditary but is contagious. A healthy child left with leprous parents is certain to contract the disease. CCF helps to remove such children to school colonies and keeps them safe from leprosy's horrors. To let them remain with infected parents is like leaving children to play in a river infested with crocodiles. Yet many remain for the lack of funds to save them. CCF helps children like Pin, too, who are leprous. She needs to have her legs amputated, her disease arrested and then, later, with artificial limbs she will be able to stand up again.

CCF also assists blind, deaf, crippled, retarded and tubercular children. But the greater number of the children are orphans, refugee or "cast off" children—normal except for their hunger, homelessness and neglect. There are children who need help because they have never eaten a full meal, never worn anything but rags. Some of them have never even been in a house. There are children who sleep on the streets and search refuse cans—for whom a spoiled banana is a treat! In India, parents within the past two months have sold their children for as little as seventeen cents, hoping the purchaser would feed them when they could not. Children like these can be cared for in a CCF home. The cost is the same in all countries listed below—$10.00 a month.

COUNTRIES
Africa, Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Ceylon, Chile, England, Finland, France, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Portugal, Puerto Rico, Spain, Syria, Taiwan (Formosa), Thailand, Turkey, United States, Vietnam, Western Germany, American Indians or greatest need.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 340 affiliated orphanage-schools, assists over 30,000 children in 40 countries. It is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 35 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious. Children can be "adopted" in any of the countries listed.

For information write:
Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ for one year in.....
(Name Country)
I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the ☐ full year ☐ first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.
I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving $.....
☐ Please send me further information.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....
STATE.....
Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts are deductible from income tax.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond 4, Virginia

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(Continued from page 172)
for example, finally flouted the rule that prohibits physicians from advertising. He had the following carved on his headstone:

OFFICE UPSTAIRS

Not to be outdone, a California lawyer's gravestone read:

FINAL DECREE

And a henpecked Illinois barrister simply listed the names of his three wives, then proclaimed:

THE DEFENSE RESTS

Other toilers in the mortal vineyard simply sought identification with their professions: A newsman's epitaph said: COPY ALL IN. An Iowa traveling salesman ordered: MY TRIP IS ENDED; SEND MY SAMPLES HOME. Survivors of a railroad man buried in a Colorado cemetery carved a curious question on his stone: PAPA—DID YOU WIND YOUR WATCH? An Indiana teacher had a brief memorial: SCHOOL IS OUT. TEACHER HAS GONE HOME. And the consuming interest of another dead man was told in two words: PLAY BALL!

According to one legend, the first wife of a man named Jim Corde died from his physical abuse, but his second wife was a woman of Amazonian durability. When she died of natural causes, widower Corde respectfully inscribed:

SHE WAS HARD TO BEAT

But wives often have the last words on funereal occasions, such as this caustic gravestone squelch:

STRANGER CALL THIS NOT
A PLACE OF GLOOM
TO ME IT IS A PLEASANT SPOT
MY HUSBAND'S TOMB

Another wife bequeathed a few thoughtful, albeit bitter, lines:

AFTER HAVING LIVED
WITH HER HUSBAND FOR SOME
65 YEARS, SHE DIED IN HOPES
OF A BETTER LIFE

Sometimes the slip of a stonecutter's chisel can result in a monumental *mot*. One tombstone proclaimed that the man beneath it had GONE TO BE AN ANGLE, instead of ANGEL. When a New Hampshire man wanted to say, MY GLASS IS RUN, the last word came out RUM. And a grieving husband wasn't advertising his wife's physical shortcoming when her tombstone read: LORD, SHE IS THIN. Later, it was amended to read as intended: LORD, SHE IS THINE.

Some tombstones indicate the inevitability of death. One said: NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD. Another marker, possibly that of a suicide, read: ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE. And sometimes survivors are hard-put to say anything significant about the deceased. One stonecutter was ordered to chisel this memorial for a Vermont woman:

SHE LIVED—WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID?
SHE DIED—AND ALL WE KNOW SHE'S DEAD

And one man apparently couldn't resist his last opportunity to make a play on words when he ordered this grave tablet:

UNDER THIS SOD
UNDER THESE TREES
LIES THE BODY OF JONATHAN PEASE
HE IS NOT HERE
BUT ONLY HIS POD
HE HAS SHELLED OUT HIS PEAS
AND GONE TO HIS GOD

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An important announcement just for readers of Coronet

NOW YOU CAN GET 10 LEADING MAGAZINES

At Tremendous Savings

How would you like to get magazines like ESQUIRE, which sells on the newsstand for 60c, for only 25c! Or CORONET, regularly 35c, 14c! Imagine buying SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, which usually sells for 25c, now for about 8c! Or McCALL'S, regularly 35c, for 17½c; or HOUSE & GARDEN, from 50c to only 27c!

Why are we making such amazing offers? Because the publishers of ten outstanding magazines are interested in welcoming new subscribers. They have slashed their regular rates, and have authorized us to invite you to enjoy your favorite publications in your own home . . . at up to 50% off.

Just look at this list of sensational values.

CORONET—celebrated magazine for everyone (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $3)
14 MONTHS NOW ONLY $2 You save $1.50

ESQUIRE—vigorous editing especially for men (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $6)
8 MONTHS NOW ONLY $2 You save $2

McCALL'S—homemaking & women's interests (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $3)
*17 MONTHS NOW ONLY $2.98 You save $2.97**

LIFE—important happenings in the world today (regular subscription rate: 52 weeks for $5.95)
21 WEEKS NOW ONLY $1.91 You save $.50

GLAMOUR Incorporating Charm—fashion news (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $4)
*10 MONTHS NOW ONLY $2 You save $2**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—sportsmen's authority (regular subscription rate: 52 weeks for $7.50)
23 WEEKS NOW ONLY $1.97 You save $1.34

LIVING FOR YOUNG HOMEMAKERS—décor tips (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $4)
*14 MONTHS NOW ONLY $3.78 You save $1.82**

TIME—complete coverage of news and people (regular subscription rate: 52 weeks for $7)
27 WEEKS NOW ONLY $1.97 You save $1.66

HOUSE & GARDEN—inspired home planning (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $5)
*14 MONTHS NOW ONLY $3.78 You save $3.22**

REDBOOK—fiction & articles for Young Adults (regular subscription rate: 12 months for $3)
*16 MONTHS NOW ONLY $2.80 You save $2.80**

This is no ordinary offer. It may be withdrawn at any time. So reach for a pencil now and check off the magazines you want to enjoy at home every month. You need send no money today; we will bill you later if you prefer.

SPECIAL LIMITED-TIME OFFER

Mail to: PUBLISHERS' DISCOUNT SERVICE, 1255 Portland Place, Boulder, Colo.

Please send me the magazines I have checked at their special introductory prices. (Note: This offer is limited to new subscribers only.)

☐ I enclose a check (money order) in the amount of $_____.

☐ Bill me later

NAME_____

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☐ McCall's, 17 months for $2.98
☐ Life, 21 weeks for $1.91
☐ Esquire, 8 months for $2.00
☐ Sports Illustrated, 23 weeks for $1.97
☐ Time, 27 weeks for $1.97
☐ Coronet, 14 months for $2.00
☐ Living For Young Homemakers, 14 months for $3.78
☐ House & Garden, 14 months for $3.78
☐ Redbook, 16 months for $2.80
☐ Glamour Incorporating Charm, 10 months for $2.00

*Starred savings based on single copy price. Unstarred savings based on regular subscription rate.

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CLINICAL STUDIES REVEAL

Now! You Can Have More New Young Red Blood Cells

New medical research proves high-potency Rybutol can help your body build young red blood cells . . . to make you feel younger, peppier than ever before!

THESE startling new findings have just been released after recently completed clinical research tests.

Over one hundred volunteers took the Rybutol blood test under strict medical supervision.

The amazing results: Better than *three* out of *four* volunteers testing Rybutol showed an increase of up to *three times* the number of young, active, red blood cells.

These are the young red cells that must be replenished daily, or you soon begin to feel run-down —to look, act and feel years older than you actually are.

It is a medical fact that to maintain normal good health, your red blood cell count must be continuously replenished. However, *quantities* of red blood cells die off in your body daily. And these old cells must be replaced by at least the same number of young, active red blood cells, just to keep you feeling "as usual."

But Rybutol can help you do better than that! Because high-potency Rybutol actually helps your body *increase* the number of young, active red blood cells, as proved by case after case in the research study.

So, as you start taking Rybutol, day by day, your blood grows better—more active—because it's growing *younger!*

You can look and act and *feel* younger! You can be helped to be a young fifty, instead of an old fifty; a young sixty instead of an old sixty; yes, even a young seventy-five!

Unlike other vitamin preparations which dissolve in the stomach, Rybutol's exclusive Gelucap forms a protection for the vitamins so that they are carried right

(Advertisement)

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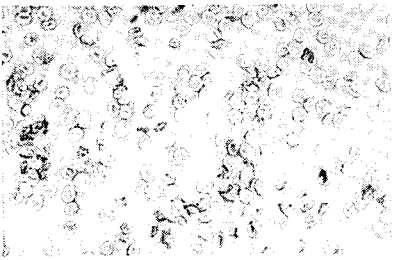
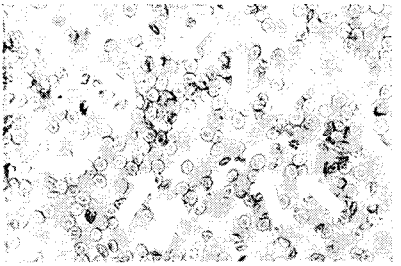


In this illustration of living blood, arrows indicate the number of young red blood cells present before taking Rybutol.



Now see the dramatic difference Rybutol makes! This illustrates how, just one week after taking high-potency Rybutol, the number of young red blood cells has increased 3 times!

. . . . . .

into the intestinal system and are absorbed directly into the blood stream at full strength.

Your doctor can tell you how effective Rybutol is in helping you live the fuller, more active life you were meant to live. (Did you know that women may require more B complex than men? Check with your doctor and he will tell you why.)

Regardless of your age, it's how young you look, act and feel that counts. So if you are in need of Vitamins B-1, B-2 and Niacin, isn't it wonderful to know that, with high-potency Rybutol, you can help yourself avoid the risk of becoming run-down—of looking and feeling years older than you actually are!

As soon as you start taking Rybutol, you'll begin to get that *young blood* feeling again—fast. So fast in fact, Rybutol makes you this guarantee:

High-potency Rybutol will help you look, act and feel younger in just one week—or your money back!

Compare the Potency!

Each Rybutol Gelucap contains:

Vitamin B-1 (Thiamin Chloride)	15 mg.
Vitamin B-2 (Riboflavin)	6 mg.
Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid)	30 mg.
Niacinamide	10 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	3 mg.
Vitamin B-6 (Pyridoxine HCl)	0.5 mg.
Mixed Tocopherols (Vitamin E)	5 mg.
Powdered Whole Dried Liver	100 mg.
Dried Debittered Yeast	100 mg.
Choline Dihydrogen Citrate	20 mg.
Inositol	20 mg.
Dl-Methionine	20 mg.
Folic Acid	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B-12 (Activity Equiv.) (From Vitamin B-12 Activity Concentrate)	3 mcg.
Ferrous Gluconate	30 mg.
Dicalcium Phosphate, Dried	200 mg.
Potassium Iodide	0.15 mg.
Magnesium Sulfate, Dried	7.2 mg.
Copper Sulfate, Dried	5 mg.
Manganese Sulfate	3.4 mg.
Potassium Chloride, C.P.	1.3 mg.

Compare the price!

Take advantage *now* of this special can't-lose offer. Buy 3 months' supply of high-potency Rybutol in the handsome, new apothecary jar, and get an extra 25 days' supply—*free!* Regular $7.33 value—115 days' supply—now only $3.98. Limited time only—so don't wait!

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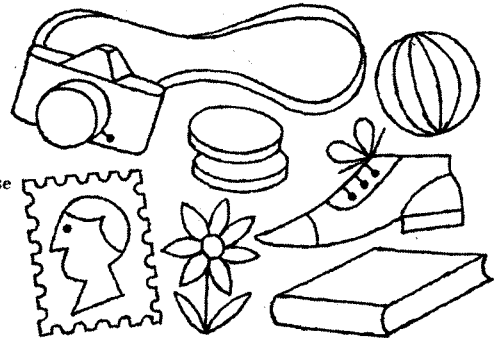
CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER



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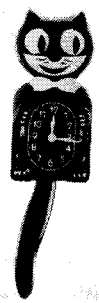

ONLY $11.95

All America Loves the KIT KAT KLOCK

Yes, the country's most popular electric novelty clock is tail-wagging its way into the homes and hearts of America. Rolling eyes, clock hands and grinning mouth glow in the dark. 15¼" high, 4" wide, self-starting synchronous electric motor—approved by Underwriters Laboratories and guaranteed for one year against defects, this accurate timepiece can blend into any room of your house. Available in Jet Black, Rustic Copper, Lime Yellow, Chinese Red, Pastel Pink or Pastel Blue. $11.95 ppd., Fed. Tax Incl. Dealers inquiries invited.

GALENTINE NOVELTY COMPANY
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South Bend 17, Ind.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 12,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information—on insertion in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: June 20 for September issue; July 20 for October issue.)

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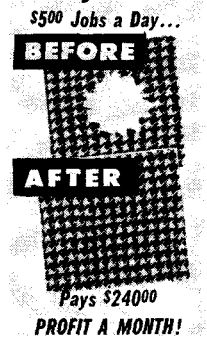
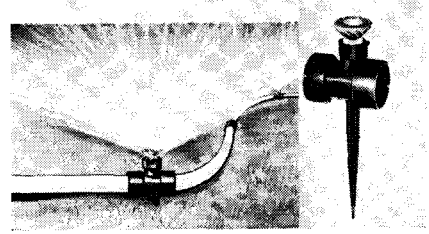
Invisible mending pays up to $10.00 profit in an hour. Be the invisible reweaver in your community and make big money at home! Make cuts, burns, tears, moth holes in suits, coats —all garments, all fabrics —disappear like magic. Big demand from tailors, cleaners, department stores, individuals, bring steady profits. Do only two $5.00 jobs per day at home in your spare time, and take in $240.00 cash per month. Learn how to do this work, turn spare time into cash. Invisible Reweavers are scarce in most communities. Write now for free details of this thrilling all profit opportunity. No obligation, no salesman will ever call. Fabricon, Dept. 396, 6238 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.





SPRINKLE UP TO 1500 SQ. FT., $1

New turbine-action Sprinkler spins a fine mist of water up to 1,500 square feet! Attaches to any hose. Set up singly, or in series . . . it's the world's lowest-priced sprinkler system. Versatile—can be moved where needed. Rugged, moulded-nylon design . . . can't clog, rust or get out of order! Guaranteed the most effective sprinkler you've ever used or money back! Only $1, postage paid . . . three for $2.79. Order Whirl-A-Jet from Sunset House, 658 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

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GRIN AND SHARE IT

"MOTHER," asked the youngster, "when can I shave like daddy?"

"Oh, I'm afraid that will have to be a little time off yet," smiled the mother.

"But, why?" the boy persisted. "I know all the words." —HAROLD HELFER

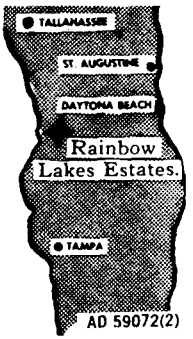
"YOU PLEAD GUILTY to stealing this man's overcoat," said the judge, "and now you want me to reduce your fine. Why?"

"Please, your honor," begged the man, "I had to have the sleeves shortened." —CARL ALPERT

WHEN PRESIDENT Warren G. Harding was a newspaper publisher, he was frequently called upon to address the congregation of his Marion, Ohio, church. After he had finished his talk, there would be singing by the church choir.

For many years, the choir consisted of both men and women sing-

REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES



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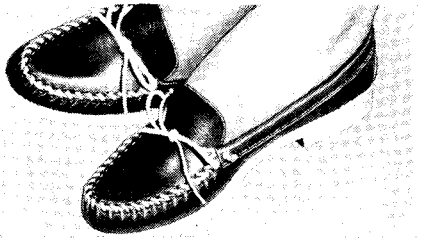
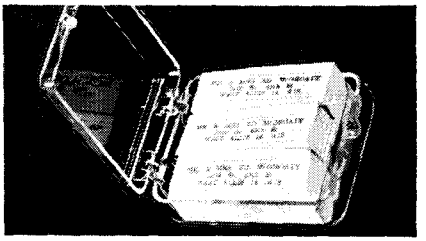
Better voice and speech in a few short weeks—or your money back in full! Exclusive tested method first created for executives, public speakers, announcers. No other speech course like it! Includes big LP training records, top quality self-testing microphone, easy illustrated lessons. . . . Tape-recorded final exam assures maximum results. You'll open a whole new world of social and business success—in just minutes a day at home. Fascinating free booklet. Send name, address, age today. No cost or obligation. No salesman will call. Hollywood Voice-Speech Institute, Studio N-601, 5504 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.



LIKE WALKING ON AIR

Narrow as an arrow are handlaced moccasins for the lass who's hard to fit! Over 223 sizes in stock for the outdoor gal who likes to hike, or the gal who likes to relax indoors. Flexibly set on foam crepe soles in White, Smoke, Red, Taffytan or Black leather. Full and half sizes 3 to 13, AAAAAA to EEE widths. Guaranteed to delight! Naturally purchases can be exchanged. Fast delivery! Factory-to-you $5.95 plus 50¢ postage. (COD's accepted.) Moccasin-Craft, 58-CH Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.



PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS—$1

1000 sparkling gummed name and address labels nicely printed with your full name and address with a lovely plastic box for just $1, postpaid! Special: 3 orders for $2.00. 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order. Worth much, much more! Stick 'em on letters, checks, pkgs., etc. Big bargain! Makes a fine gift! 300 name and address labels 50¢. Same fine quality labels but no plastic box. Just 50¢ postpaid for 300 labels. Money back gaurantee. Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-KC, Lynn, Massachusetts.

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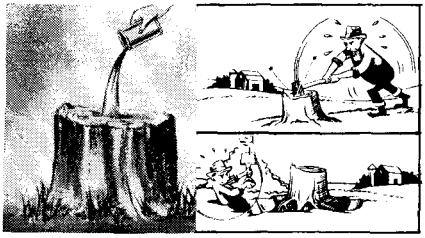
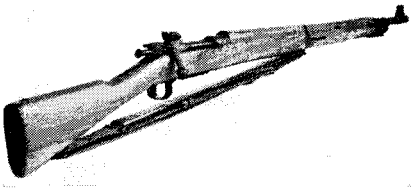


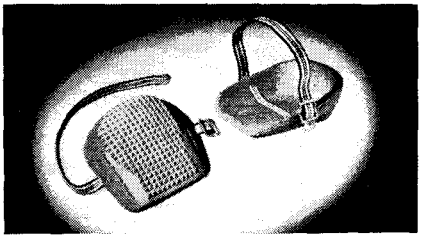
MAGIC STUMP REMOVER—$1.50

Don't dig! Don't chop! Don't blast to get rid of those ugly tree stumps on your property. Remove them like magic with wonderful new chemical which quickly decomposes wood fibres all the way to the root tips. Simply pour it into center of stump. Final removal's a cinch. Harmless to nearby planting. 8 oz. (for 1-2 stumps). You must be pleased or your money back! Stump Remover, only $1.50, postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 658 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



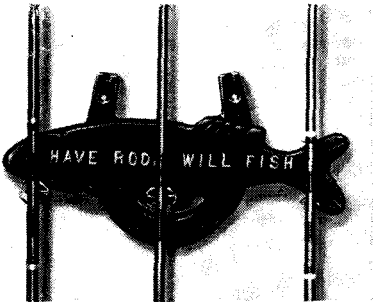
SURPLUS SALES

—of U.S. Government. Anyone can buy direct from U.S. Government Surplus Depots for himself or for resale. Cars, Jeeps, Trucks, Motorcycles, Tires, Tubes, Tents, Furniture, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Radios, TV's, Tools, Typewriters, and thousands of other items at a fraction of the cost. Save Dealer profits. For list of hundreds of U.S. Government Surplus Depots, located in every State and overseas, with Procedure "How To Buy", also how to get free surplus, Mail $2.00 to Surplus Sales, Box 954, Dept. 407, Dallas 21, Texas.



CUSHIONED KNEE PADS

The handiest pal an active person ever had. Protects your knees and clothing. For gardening, changing car wheels, working cement, building. For all indoor work, too . . . plumbing, painting, flooring. Made of thick, lightweight sponge rubber pads with rugged web straps and slip-proof "soles." Easy to put on, easy to walk in or kneel on. For men or women. Only $2.25 pr. ppd. Lord George, Ltd. Dept. C-6, 1270 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

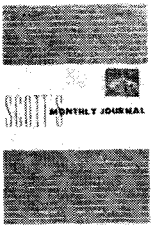


NEW LUCKY FISHING ROD HOLDER $1.98

For the fisherman of the family . . . a handy holder for his prized rods. Lucky Rod Holder in cast aluminum, keeps rods safe and prevents warping. It holds three rods. Buffed aluminum raised lettering on dull black finish. Rod hooks will not damage guides. Sensational value! Only $1.98 plus 25¢ postage and handling. Medford Products, Dept. COR-2, P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, New York.

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

Foot flatterers that are exquisitely comfortable. Hand laced washable glove elk moccasins with built-in wedgie heel and leather sole make walking a delight! Hand laced with authentic Indian Designs. Moccasins come in *these exciting colors: turquoise, red, palomino* gold, black or white. Sizes 4 thru 10 for only $7.95 ppd. Order from Miller's of Tucson, 4877 East Speedway, Department COR-6, Tucson, Arizona. Be sure to send for our free new fashion and gift catalog today!



STAMP COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL

Keep yourself posted on latest stamp-world developments; Keep your Scott catalogs current and up to date with the authoritative Scott's Monthly Journal. Carries latest prices, new-issue information, catalog changes, articles, illustrations, facts of interest to both the specialist and the average collector. 1 year (11 issues) $4. Canada $4.50. Foreign $5. Each copy sent by first class mail. Payment with order, please. Write today: Scott—Dept. CL—Portland Pl.—Boulder, Colorado.

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ers. Then it was decided to replace the women with boy sopranos. When Harding learned of this, he said to the minister:

"I see you have abandoned women in the choir."

"Oh, no," protested the shocked clergyman. "They are all highly respectable, I assure you!" —E. E. EGDAR

THE REAL ESTATE dealer had shown us several homes in the $18,000 to $25,000 bracket.

As this was more than we wanted to pay, we asked, "Haven't you one around $8,000?"

"Come to think of it, I have," he said.

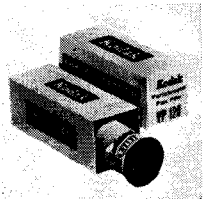
We found the house in a ravine.

"I can't see beyond the lot," I told him.

"That's true, but you can see for miles overhead. These $8,000 homes only come with one view."

—HENRY O. WINTERS

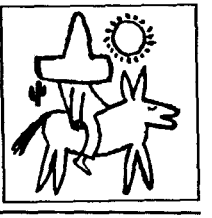
GET FREE KODAK FILM FOR LIFE!



For every exposed roll of black and white or Kodak color film you send, you receive with your Jumbo prints, a Fresh Same Size Roll of Kodak Film Free! Only pay for processing; up to 40% less than store rates, your new Film costs you nothing extra. It's Free! Send for Free Film Mailer Envelopes today! Write: Free Film Co., Box F, Hillside, New Jersey.

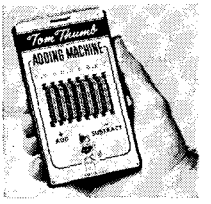
YOU CAN RETIRE ON $160 A MONTH

In popular Mexican resort area. Ideal climate. English-American colony on beautiful lake near large city. Paved roads, modern conv., servants $10-$15 per month. For a retirement plan of peace and serenity mail $2.00 to J. Schneider, Department 2, P. O. Box 3814, Memphis, Tennessee (money back guarantee).

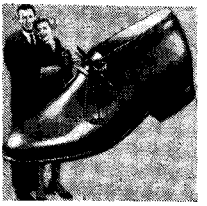


ADDING MACHINE

$1.97 ea. or 2 for $3.49. Add—Subtr.—Mult.—Divide. Does all 4 operations. Handles 9 columns of numbers. Settle for no less. Leatherette case. Lowest price adder made in America. Beware of cheapened foreign imitations. Money back guarantee. Agents wanted. $1.97 add 4% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb, Dept. V-50, P.O. Box 5066, Phila. 11, Pa.



DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE



It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-60, Brockton 68, Mass.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

FREE: 100 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS

Send today for valuable collection of 100 Worldwide stamps, just released. Get new issues of past 12 months, free. Ghana, Togo, Polynesia, Iceland, Honduras, many more. All different, tropicals, pictorials, bi-colors. Limited supply. One to a customer. Other offers for free inspection. Send name, address, 10¢ handling Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. 4CRX, Calais, Maine.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., FP-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

(Continued on next page)

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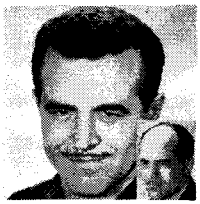
FREE CATALOG—LADIES WIDE SHOES

New for summer enjoyment and comfort in ladies wide width shoes is our "Doll," a smartly proportioned pointed-toe pump. In widths C to EEE, all sizes 4-11, in Black Patent; White, Black or Beige Calf, 2⅛" heels. Only $9.95 ppd. money-back guar. Order now or get free summer catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-6, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!



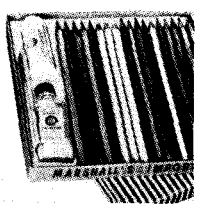
Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price $170. Write for Booklet Q. "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., NY 17.

KODACOLOR—BLACK AND WHITE

Send us your Kodacolor film for Free developing when prints are ordered. *Pay only for prints. 8 exp.* roll $2, 12 exp. $3, reprints 25¢. Black & White—8 exp. roll 40¢, 12 exp. 60¢, reprints 5¢ ea. Full credit for negatives not printed. Movie Processing—8mm roll $1, Mag 75¢. 35mm slides 20 exp. $1. Send for Free folder; Fast-X-Foto, Dept. C, Box 7A, Jersey City, N. J.

FREE FILM DEVELOPING
Introductory Offer

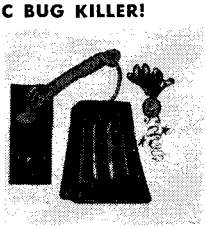
NOW! A NEW WAY TO EARN MONEY



At home, full or part-time with new Photo Painting Pencils. Earn money now by coloring photos, snapshots, and Polaroid prints. Studios and friends will pay to have photos colored. Rush $4.98 for complete coloring Kit (*includes 18* pencils) or send for Free instructions. Marshall's, 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn. 11, N.Y. At photo art & hobby stores everywhere.

NEW ELECTRONIC BUG KILLER!

Guaranteed to scientifically kill all insects—flies, moths, ants, roaches, mosquitoes, spiders, silver fish, etc. Safety approved for use near children, food, pets. Defleas dogs, cats! Used by hotels, hospitals, restaurants, farms. Clean, odorless. 5-yr. guar. One unit sufficient for average home. Send $6.95 to Me-Hi, Box 34608-K, Los Angeles 34, Calif.



"I CAN CATCH the 6:15 train," explained the hiker, "if you'll let me cut across your field."

"Go ahead," said the farmer, "but you'll catch the 5:45 if my bull spots you."

—MRS. JAMES WALTERS

A BUSINESSMAN was finally beginning to see some profits so he figured he could now get married and settle down. "Darling," he said, "I'm not rich yet and I don't have a Cadillac or a yacht like Tom Carney, but I love you."

"I love you too," answered his girl. "But tell me more about Tom Carney."

—MIMI KURTZ

LOOKING FOR A PUBLISHER?

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by a successful, reliable company noted for prompt, personal service. All subjects considered—fiction, nonfiction, poetry, etc. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from new authors. *Send for Free* Booklet packed with sound ideas for every writer. Vantage Press, Inc., Dept. CD, 120 West 31, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

SAVE UP TO $12 & MORE

Magnifying reading glasses with the finest plano-convex lenses. *For people over* 40 who need simple magnifying lenses to read fine print, and do not have astigmatism or eye disease. 30 Day money back guarantee. Send name, age, sex and $3.95 or order C.O.D. postage extra. Nu-Life Products, Department U-234, Cos Cob, Connecticut.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports 3224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book and free trial lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk 58, Wilhoit Building, Springfield 4, Missouri.

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A HIGH SCHOOL shop teacher in Virginia is being ribbed for an incident that took place in one of his classes recently. A careless student made a mistake and ruined a piece of wood.

"What's the matter with you," said the instructor, "do you think that wood grows on *trees?*"

—CYNTHIA BOSSOWICK

IN YONKERS, NEW YORK, a taxpayer sent the Internal Revenue people 25 cents with a note saying he understood he could pay his income tax by the quarter. —FLORENCE TAUSZ

50-STAR AMERICAN FLAG $1.89 PPD.

Giant, 5' x 3' flag of amazingly durable polyethylene. Brilliantly printed, lasting colors. Cleans easily with damp cloth or suds. Brass grommets on nontearable, triple ply end. Comparable to cloth flags at $10 or more. Only $1.89 ppd. Money-back guar. Send check or M.O. to Barclay Distributors, Dept. 69 G, 86-24 Parsons Blvd, Jamaica, New York.

MAGIC PADS RID HOME OF BUGS! $1

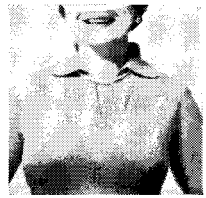
Positively no work. No poison, baits, mess, oil odor; no need to remove humans, food, plants, pets! No chores with Bug-Mix, scientific killer of ants, roaches, silverfish, waterbugs, carpet-beetles, crickets, box elder bugs, brown dog ticks! Kills all the insects exposed to pads. Amazing results! 18 pads $1.00 ppd. V.C. Babcock Co., Dept. C, Box 61, San Francisco, Calif.

UGLY BLACKHEADS—OUT IN SECONDS

Keep your complexion free of blackheads — look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely. No pinching or squeezing. Try 10 days—if not delighted return for refund. Send $1, plus 10¢ for postage and handling. Ballco Products Co., Dept. 74, 735 East State Street, Westport, Connecticut.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

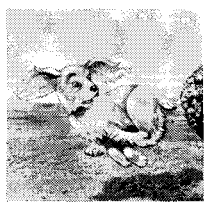


KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently, in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg), for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 320H, Providence 15, R. I.

STOP DOG AND CAT DAMAGE—$1

Dog Wicks are perfect solution for repelling pets. One sniff, away they'll run! Hang chemical Wick on shrub or branch. Safe, harmless to animals. Use inside or out — protects lawns, garbage pails, flowers, furniture. Trains your pets & neighbor's dogs. Money back guar! Pack of 20 $1, postage paid. Sunset House, 658 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



BUY REAL DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY

"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well-known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-4, Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N.Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-6.

60 to 80? YOU MAY BE INSURABLE

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help you take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard giving year of birth to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. 1625M, 4900 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

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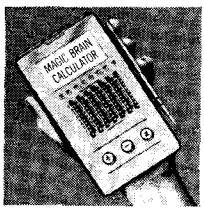
PRESCRIPTION GLASSES—$7.95

Now order prescription glasses by mail for $7.95 in regular clear lenses ($8.95 for Sun Glasses) including frame and case. Your prescription filled or your lenses Duplicated by N. Y. State Approved and Licensed Opticians; bifocals $6.00 add'l. Money back guar. Send for free catalog. Prism Optical Inc., Dept. C1, 30 Beekman St., New York 36, N. Y.

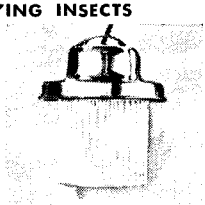
MAGIC BRAIN CALCULATOR—$1



New type pocket adding machine Adds—Subtracts—Multiplies to 99,999,999. This Magic Brain Calculator automatically balances check books, adds grocery tapes, bridge scores, children's schoolwork, income tax statements, car mileage. Gives the answer in seconds. Only $1, postage paid. Sunset House, 658 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

KILLS ALL FLYING INSECTS

Mosquito, Moth, Fly, etc. No Chemicals, Gases. No Insect Recovery. Hang up anywhere. Covers ½ Acre guaranteed. Should last 25 years. Plug into any 110V Outlet. Uses up to 200W Lamp. Grid cost 10¢ month. Has Fly Attractor, Dead Insect Tray . . . Cord, Directions . . Reasonable price. Write: Sing Sing Bug Chair, Inc. Box K3708 Oak Park 37, Michigan.

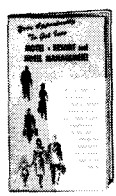


SPRINKLE MINDER SAVES YOU MONEY

Amazing new garden "tool" tells instantly when your plants or lawn need water or fertilizer. Saves your plants . . . save you water and fertilizer. Easy to use, just insert Sprinkle Minder into the soil. Great for potted plants, too. Fully guaranteed. Only $4.95 . . . postpaid. Clarion Products, Box 76 Highland Park, Illinois. Ask for free gift catalog.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-60, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.



BOBBY HAD EARLY SHOWN a great interest in anatomy, and always sought information about the various parts of the body. One day he came to his mother in great perplexity and said:

"Mother, I know where my liver is, but where is my bacon?"

—SUSAN M. BLACK

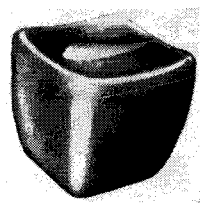
A BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL under construction stopped an admiring passer-by. He fell into conversation with the foreman, and many adjectives later, asked: "What denomination is it?"

"Don't know," said the foreman, "we're building it on speculation."

—CHARLES SNYDER

POLAR PAIL—FOR EVERY HOME

Guaranteed to keep Ice Cubes 24 hours. Made of ice blue foam plastic weighing ½ lb. Holds 2 large trays of ice cubes, over 4 qts. of potato salad, baked beans, etc. (9" x 9" x 9"). Is water resistant, sweat proof, washable, and non-toxic. $2 or 3 for $5, ppd. Dyer Products Co., 202 Stevens Street, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Phone EX 2-4686.



FIND PENNIES—WORTH DOLLARS

Coin collecting is lots and lots of fun and can be extremely profitable, too. This Lincoln penny album is worth $50 or more when completed. Fill 89 spaces with Lincoln pennies: dates and marks are printed in album. Only $1.00 postpaid from No-El Enterprises, Dept. C, Post Office Box 7, North Hollywood, California.

STAMP COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL

Published 11 times a year, Scott's Monthly Journal keeps all Scott catalogs up to date. Carries price changes, latest-issue information, illustrations, articles, facts of interest to enthusiastic collectors. $4 yearly; $4.50 Canada; $5 foreign. Payment with order, please. Scott—Dept. C-1—Portland Pl.—Boulder, Colorado.

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SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 32-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

CAN you sew? It is easy to have a smart looking purse to match every dress in your wardrobe with our Make-A-Purse Kit. Send $1.25 to Dept. C., P. O. Box 8301, Orlando, Fla.

CANDLEMAKING, terrific hobby, great business. Learn fascinating molding, dipping, creating & decorating candles for year-'round demand—holidays, birthdays, weddings, anniversaries. Spare time fun & extra income now, expand to colorful candle shop later. No age limit. Write for free facts on home instru.; Candlecraft Inst., Dept. X55, Fallbrook, Calif.

SKYSCRAPER-heel shoes! Gleaming black patent pumps with 5" high pencil thin heels—$25.50 in sizes 4-12, A to C. For custom made shoes, buy our photo catalog with full instructions, $1.00. Finecraft, Box 442, Dept. 11, Hollywood 28, Calif.

HOLD cosmetic parties—Earn $25 for 3 hours' work. Make 60% profit. Hire others. Everything furnished. Send name for full details and free usable samples. Write Studio Girl Cosmetics, Dept. 1806R, Glendale, Calif.

AAAAAA ULTRA-NARROW SHOES as low as $8.95; no extra charge for sizes to 12! Free booklet R6 shows dozens of newest spring-summer fashions. Order by mail; perfect fit guar. or money back from famous Mooney & Gilbert Salon, 17 W. 57 St., NYC 19.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog and Free list of Baby names! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

$15.00 THOUSAND possible, addressing envelopes, postcards at home for advertisers! Longhand, typewriter; Full, sparetime; days, evenings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Further details free. Economy Publishers, Box 2580-W, Greensboro, North Carolina.

HOMEWORKERS: earn money sewing precut ties for us. We supply materials; instructions. No selling! Home-Sewing, Inc., Dept. 209, Box 2107, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS

BOOKS! No Matter how old or how long out-of-print located by expert staff. "Name the book—we'll find it." Fiction or non-fiction. All authors, subjects. Free search—courteous service—no obligation to buy. Write Books-On-File, Dept. HDC, Union City, N. J.

BOOKS

7,000 Good books 50% to 90% off. List free. Werewolf Bookshop, Verona 14, Pa.

LOANS BY MAIL

LOANS Entirely By Mail—$600 or less for any purpose. Strictly confidential. Repay in 24 low monthly payments. Employed men, women eligible anywhere. Write: Budget Finance Co., Dept. A-50, 114 S. 17, Omaha 2, Neb.

RESORTS — MIAMI BEACH

COLONIAL INN. 300-rm. complete resort Motel, Oceanfront, 181st St. 3 swimming pools, 500 ft. private beach, dancing, entertainment, Teenagers' Nite Club, Supervised Kiddies. Low summer rates, free TV, parking. Write for FREE brochure.

FOR THE MEN

CUSTOM Shirts, Made-to-Measure. Tailored to Your Personal Styling Preferences from our outstanding Selection of Custom-Maker Fabrics. Send for free Catalog and Fabric Samples. Henlein Bros. Co., 203 W. 4th, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

FOR PARENTS

"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 1356, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR THE HOME

THROW PILLOWS direct from Manufacturer. Save! Retail $2.49. Only $1; 4 for $3.75 (plus 25¢ each postage). 15" x 15". Cotton filling. Decorator materials: Aqua, Mint, Pink, Toast, Brown, Green, Maze. Specify button or plain. Ridge Fabrics, 597 Ridge Road, No. Arlington, N. J.

(Continued on next page)

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FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. Y-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

FOR THE FAMILY

FOLD-N-CARRY. Slimmest, Trimmest Folding Baby Bed of all—and priced so low! For traveling, visiting, at Grandmother's. 47" x 22"—it folds to *suitcase size. $19.95 compl. w/mattress.* Free folder. Porta-Products Co., Dallas 9, Texas.

IRIS

COLLECTIONS of gorgeous modern varieties tall, bearded Iris. For beginners, fanciers, dealers, garden clubs, hybridizers. Pool orders for lowest price. Best rhizomes anywhere. Guaranteed to grow or we replace. Send for free catalog describing over 500 beauties. Iris Test Gardens, Inc., 2307 Butterfield Road, Yakima, Washington.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

JOBS in foreign countries for men and women; also fascinating jobs on steamships and yachts traveling foreign countries. Experience not required. Ages 18 to 55. Free information. Davenport Foreign Service, Dept. A-97, G. P. O. Box 1354 N.Y. 1, N.Y.

VACATION every weekend with compact camping trailer. Built-in bed, folding tent accommodates five —takes just one minute to set up complete camp anywhere! Eliminates work of making camp, saves hours for fun. Always 90% packed, ready to go. Wives love its neatness, roominess. Free color folder. Heilite Trailers, 1442 South Sacramento, Lodi, Calif.

FOR HORSEMEN

"HOW to train Horses"—A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have. Free. No obligation. Simply address Beery School of Horsemanship, Dept. 1456, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR SPORT AND OUTDOOR FANS

CAMPING supplies, tents, outdoor clothing, boating and government surplus offered at biggest savings in exciting 116 page catalog sent free. Write to I. Goldberg & Company, Dept. C-5, 429 Market Street, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania.

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Reduce the size of your hips and waistline

without losing an ounce of weight!

You can have a far lovelier figure before the end of July...IF you can change your mind about certain "well-known *facts.*"

Do you *believe* that you must lose weight to reduce the size of your hips, thighs, waist, abdomen and most other parts of your figure?

Do you believe that exercise must be tiresome to "do any good"?

Do you believe that all exercise requires effort and energy?

If you can change your mind about these 3 "facts" you can, **before the end of this month,** enjoy reassuring compliments and the nice confidence that comes when you **know** you look your loveliest. And, you can have a firmer, younger looking face, too!

About 12 million women will read this ...yet, even after reading the true, modern scientific reasons for the 3 "facts" listed all being false, only a few thousand will be able to change their minds!

If you are one of those few, you will want, now, to know more about Relax-A-cizor.

Don't, though, confuse it with oscillating couches or vibrators. Relax-A-cizor is completely different from these...and from mechanical massage, "reducing belts" and bicycles, too.

And, don't confuse the *kind* of "exercise" given by those devices with that given by Relax-A-cizor. Again, there is a great difference.

Almost all of the devices are "part of a plan or system" that depends upon dieting for results. You will notice (if you read the advertisements *carefully)* that no reducing claims are made for the *device.*

Relax-A-cizor is completely different from such devices and "systems." It is NOT "part of a plan." It does NOT depend upon dieting or weight-loss.

Relax-A-cizor, instead, reduces the size of selected figure areas with localized, natural, active, vigorous exercise...and reduces the size of such areas while you REST...and usually without the slightest feeling of fatigue.

She's reducing the size of her hips and abdomen with an unusual kind of exercise... while she RESTS ...and without losing an ounce of weight.

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This is difficult to believe. Yet more than 300,000 Relax-A-cizor owners know that it is true.

Proof? In one of several controlled clinical tests, a group of housewives who used Relax-A-cizor enjoyed these reductions in size:

WAIST	**½ to 4 inches**
ABDOMEN	**½ to 5 inches**
HIPS	**½ to 4 inches**
THIGHS	**½ to 3½ inches**

These women did NOT diet . . . the results were caused by Relax-A-cizor alone.

Relax-A-cizor gives such results because of the physiological fact that our bodies are held erect and "in shape" by our muscles. When natural aging and inactivity cause these sheaths of muscles to become lax, they stretch . . . and "bulges" appear.

After 25 or 30 many women are distressed to find such bulges spoiling their figures. Many of these women are "average" or even slender . . . yet "bulges" appear in such areas as hips, thighs, waistline, abdomen, upper-arms . . . and many other parts of the body.

Muscles of the face, too, lose elasticity . . . especially the supporting muscles under the eyes and chin. (This is why a number of "over-35" motion picture actresses . . . and actors, too . . . use Relax-A-cizor!)

When these muscles are actively and vigorously exercised they regain much of their youthful "tonus." Then, like the "natural-tip-to-toe-girdle" that these muscles are, they firm and tighten-in to give you a smoother, trimmer, younger-looking figure . . . and face.

If you have always thought that such active, vigorous exercise must require effort and be tiresome . . . change your mind!

Relax-A-cizor doesn't require effort. It doesn't make you tired. You, instead, rest and relax while you use it!

Because of this absence of effort and fatigue you can give much more exercise to the areas selected. To illustrate this let us contrast a familiar "reducing exercise" for abdominal muscles with the same kind of active, vigorous exercise done with Relax-A-cizor. Perhaps you have tried the familiar one; you lie on your back and slowly raise and lower your legs 5, 10, or 20 times. This requires conscious effort and, soon, you become too tired to raise your legs another time. So, the duration of your exercise is limited by your endurance . . . and this means, usually, that your results are limited and require days more time.

How different when done the modern Relax-A-cizor way!

Relax-A-cizor gives the same active, vigorous, natural exercise . . . and has the same tightening, toning, firming effects. However instead of 5, 10 or 20 "contractions" or exercises of your abdominal muscles, Relax-A-cizor gives 40 exercises every minute . . . or 1200 during each ½ hour! You can exercise from 3 to 6 sets of muscles . . . all at the same time . and do it while you rest, read, catnap, watch your favorite daily ½ hour television show! This is your time for relaxing . . . and after this pleasant time-out from your daily duties, you feel refreshed, relaxed . . . and rested.

Modern scientific advancements *do* make the modern woman *glad* to change her mind!

Included at no extra cost, the Regular and NEW Fingertip Facials. Use either or both 5 minutes at makeup time.

The NEW 1960 "Verve." Tiny, portable, self-powered for anywhere use. Four Relax-A-cizor models—there's one to fit your budget.

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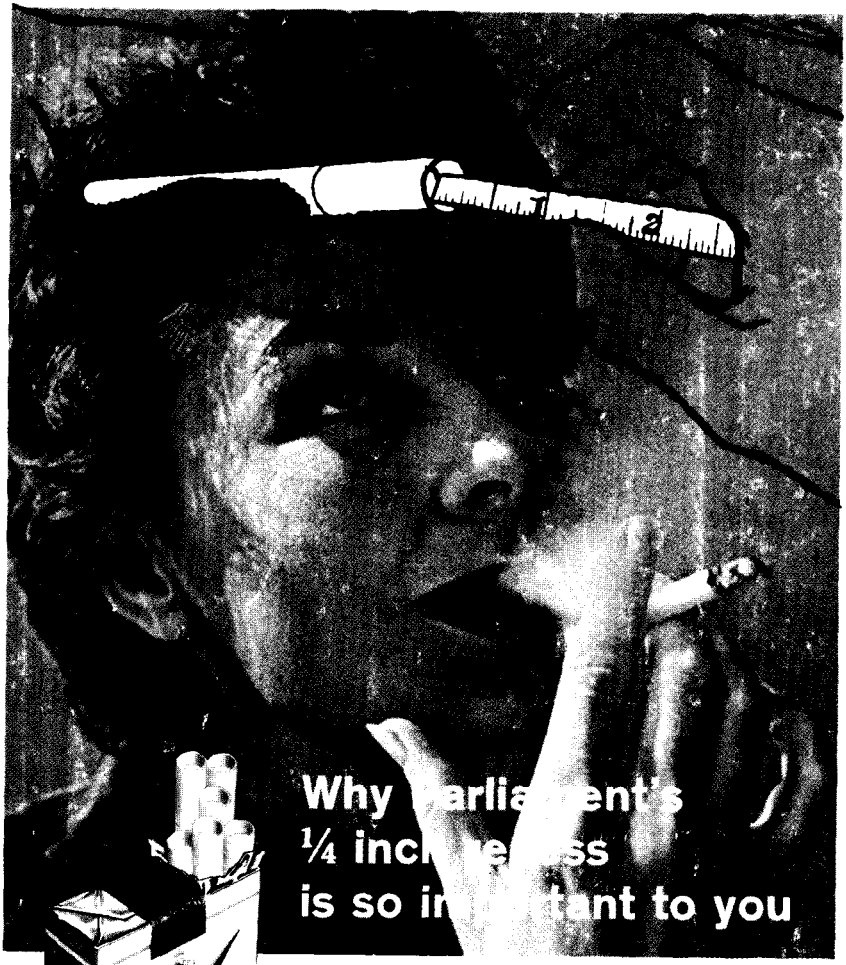

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